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THE NEW YORKER

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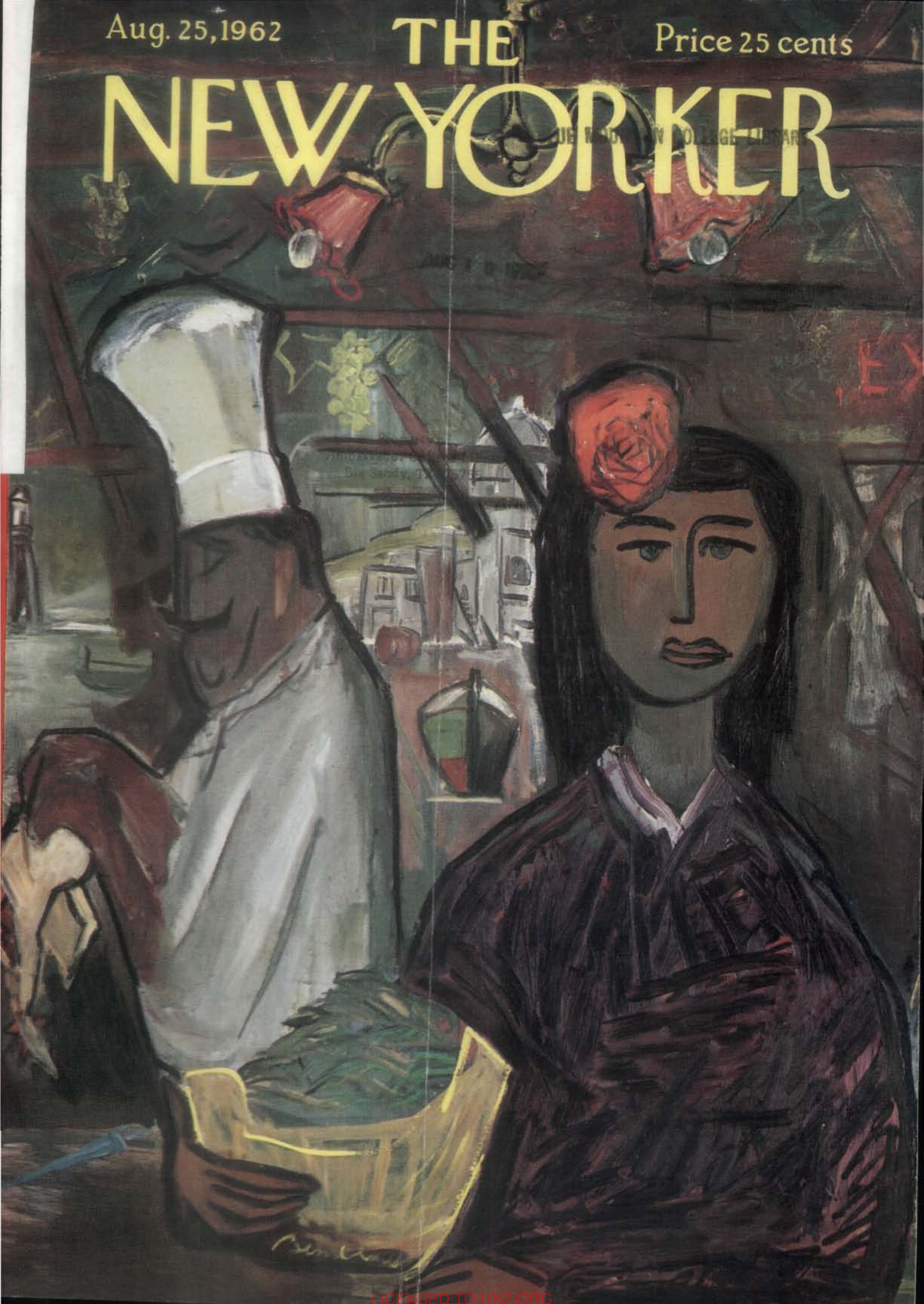

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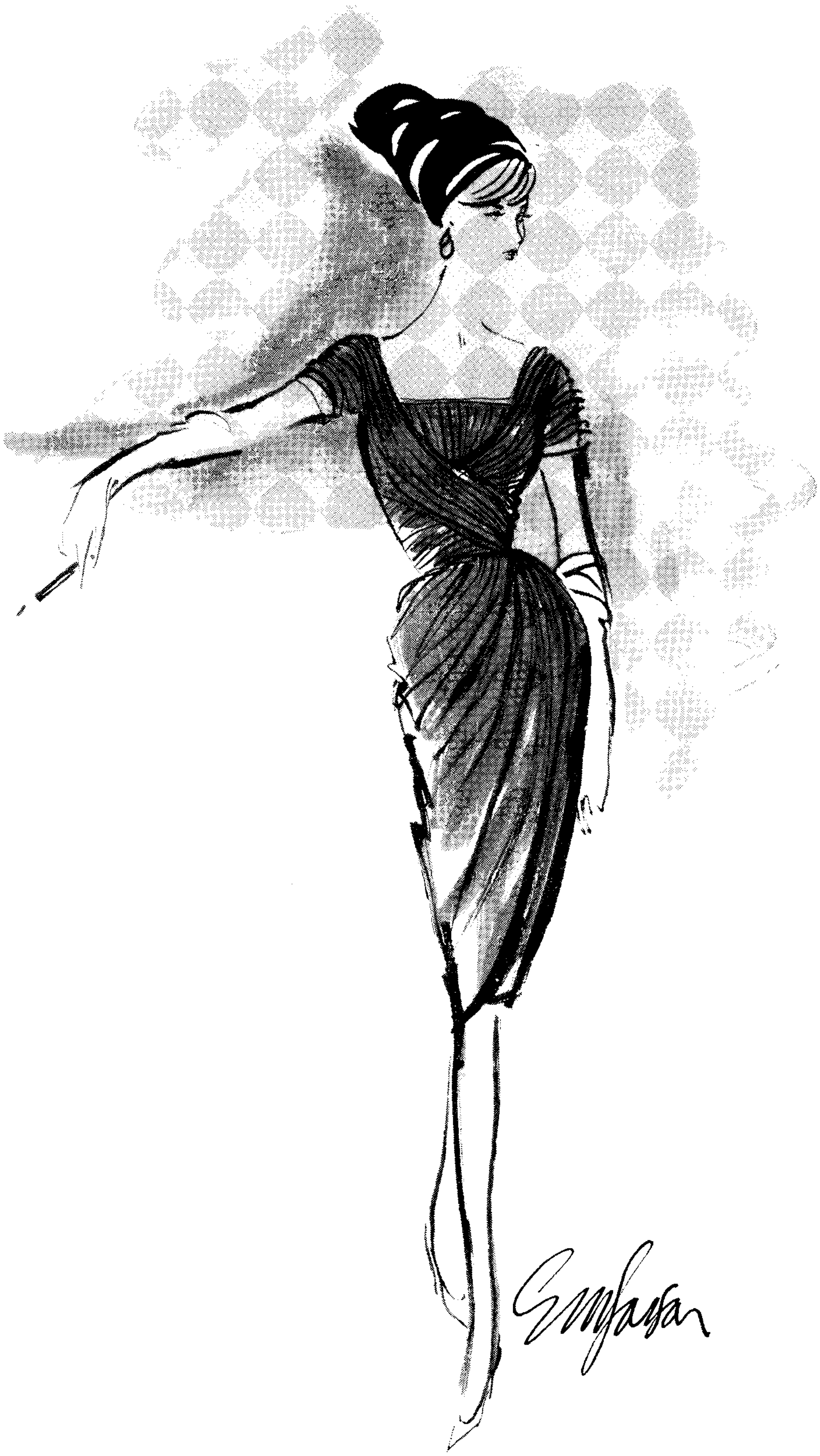

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Night of the Iguana—Shelley Winters and Patrick O'Neal play two of the mixed-up people whom Tennessee Williams has assembled in a seedy hotel on the west coast of Mexico. Mr. Williams has invented an occasional powerful scene in this drama, which is capably acted, but on the whole it is a loose and sprawling enterprise. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Take Her, She's Mine—Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are mildly amusing in this comedy, by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, about a West Coast father who dispatches his daughter to an Eastern college and then broods heavily about what might be happening to her there. However, the humor is so low-keyed as to be practically inaudible at times, and the plot isn't long on originality. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Thousand Clowns—A comedy by Herb Gardner concerned with a television writer who has shaken the dust of Madison Avenue from his shoes and doesn't want to get them soiled again. Sometimes it's up, sometimes it's down, but it has many antic rewards as acted by Jason Robards, Jr., Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**COME BLOW YOUR HORN:** Neil Simon's comedy about the doings of a pair of youths who have absolutely no interest in their father's artificial-fruit business. Tom Poston, Martin Huston, and Lou Jacobi are now in the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 22.) . . . **A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS:** A play (by Robert Bolt) concerning Sir Thomas More, the sixteenth-century martyr, now played by Emlyn Williams. Other performers in the cast include George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, and David J. Stewart. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson (George Grizzard fills in for him on Mondays), and Edward Mulhare are in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **A SHOT IN THE DARK:** Julie Harris plays a pert little French maid who is hauled up on charges after her lover of the moment—a Spanish chauffeur—is murdered. William Shatner, Fritz Weaver, and Louise Troy support Miss Harris. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 22.)

MUSICALS

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, and John Carradine, among others, clowning about ancient Rome in a jolly combination of burlesque and vaudeville. The comedy was put together by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, who based their play on the works of Plautus. The score, by Stephen Sondheim, is undistinguished, but his lyrics are volatile, and so is the direction, by George Abbott. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—A funny and exciting show that mirrors the cutthroat excitement of life in the garment district. Jerome Weidman has done his own adaptation of his novel about the rapid ascent of a pushy young crook; Harold Rome has written breezy and melodic songs to go with it; and a couple of newcomers (Elliott Gould and Barbra Streisand) and a trio of veterans (Harold Lang, Bambi Linn, and Lillian Roth) play the principal Seventh Avenue types. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Strings—The music of Richard Rodgers, the choreography and direction of Joe Layton, the scenery of David Hays, and the presence and voice of Diahann Carroll, as a model for Paris *Vogue*, combine to make this show a thing of beauty. Only the weakness of the book, which deals in part with the who-cares literary frustrations of an expatriate American novelist (Richard Kiley), prevents it from being a joy forever. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAMELOT:** King Arthur and all that. With William Squire, Janet Pavek, and Robert Goulet. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **CARNIVAL:** Susan Watson portrays a young orphan girl who falls in love with a group of puppets. Among her associates are James Mitchell, Jerry Orbach, and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Robert Morse plays the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée plays his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MILK AND HONEY:** A tour through modern Israel with a clutch of American widows, all anxious to head for the altar again. The cast is led by Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Molly Picon. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Michael Allinson has the part of Professor Higgins, and Margot Moser that of Eliza Doolittle. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us all about the Austrian Trapp family. Now with Jeannie Carson and Donald Scott. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

American Savoyards—The final performances of a four-week season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday evening, Aug. 23: "Iolanthe." . . ¶ Friday evening, Aug. 24: "The Mikado." . . . Saturday matinée, Aug. 25: "H.M.S. Pinafore." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Aug. 25: "Iolanthe." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Aug. 26: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Aug. 26: "H.M.S. Pinafore." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Aug. 28: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Aug. 29: "H.M.S. Pinafore." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Aug. 30: "Iolanthe." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Aug. 31: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 1: "H.M.S. Pinafore." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 1: "Iolanthe." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 2: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 2: "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées at 4.)

Anything Goes—A snappy revival of Cole Porter's hit musical of the 1934-35 season. The book, an affable bit of foolishness, is the work of P. G. Wodehouse, Guy Bolton, Russel Crouse, and Howard Lindsay. The score is, of course, one of Mr. Porter's best, so the addition of several songs from his other shows may make you wonder if those responsible haven't taken the title a bit too literally. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Brecht on Brecht—David Hurst, Viveca Lindfors, Lenka Peterson, Alfred Ryder, George Voskovec, and Michael Wager in excerpts from the writings—public and private—of Bertolt Brecht. Mr. Brecht's words are, for the most part, quite brilliant, and the actors' performances are entirely worthy of

Page
BOOKS 108
THE CURRENT CINEMA 67
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON 101
THE RACE TRACK 97
A REPORTER AT LARGE 71

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

them. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Hostage—Geoff Garland, as a Cockney soldier held captive in a Dublin lodging house, is particularly good in this revival of Brendan Behan's wild, poignant comedy. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 2.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A new playwright named Arthur Kopit has made a Surrealist comic strip out of the violent story of a hateful, possessive mother and her miserable son. The staging, by Jerome Robbins, is all that any playwright, new or old, could wish for, and the performances, by Jo Van Fleet, Austin Pendleton, Sandor Szabo, and especially Barbara Harris, are highly satisfactory. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Plays for Bleecker Street—Thornton Wilder's triptych of new one-acters, directed by José Quintero. In "Childhood," a near triumph of sleight of hand for both playwright and players, a father assumes a role in his children's fantasy. "Infancy" is a serious farce, in which two grown men appear as raging infants in perambulators, and, not surprisingly, a Father Francis is the leading character of a rather frail work called "Someone from Assisi." (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40. There was a fire in the theatre last weekend, so you'd better check with the box office.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and **The Barroom Monks**—A selection of scenes, well chosen and plausibly performed, from Joyce's novel. In "The Barroom Monks," which is the curtain-raiser, a young medical student tries to rescue a priest almost hopelessly lost in alcoholism. The setting is a saloon, and the author is Joseph Carroll. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is funny in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 8:30 and midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

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Note—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. LF 3-5020. The schedule: Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30 and 10:30; Fridays at 8, 10, and midnight; Saturdays at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "King Lear," with Frank Silvera, Donald Harron, and Michael Higgins. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, Sept. 1.)

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company including Freddie Trenkler and Lynn Finnegan. Opens Wednesday, Aug. 29, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 16. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Paradise Island," a Hawaiian musical fantasy by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. Arthur Treacher and William Gaxton, who never say die, head a cast of more than two hundred. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 2. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Many of the Foreign Legionnaires who usually bivouac here are on summer maneuvers, defending their Southampton, Newport, or Hollywood homelands. Nonetheless, Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra buzz like mad night after night. The adjoining Champagne Room, where Gleb Yellin's piano muses, is for people who *think* they'd like to get away from it all. Curfew for the whole place every Sunday.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A sort of Regency rectitude is the guiding spirit of the Café Pierre, where Renato Rossini's body-and-soul guitar soliloquizes in Mediterranean fashion, and Stanley Worth's band does the exercise tunes. Another band fills in for all hands on Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The music that cheers blows free and clear in the Persian Room, where Milt Shaw's and Mark Monte's larricking dance bands hold forth. One appearance an evening during the week and two on Fridays and Saturdays is the work schedule of Russell Nype, boy troubadour. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill, a huge recreation area, is sounding more like New York since Gunnar Hansen's band reported for duty. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Twinkle, twinkle go the little stars as they waltz in the arms of their partners under the pink vault of this particular heaven. The urging is done by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and the Jean Berleaza ensemble. No action on Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Ray Hartley, the young Australian who spends every night but Sunday, from cocktails through supper, in the leisurely Savoy Room, turns out piano that, no matter how relaxed, is pièce de résistance.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Peter Pans and Wendys who are planning never to grow up, plus a lot of genuine youngsters. The leading pro at this country club is Goldie Hawkins himself, who does single piano during the evening and double piano, with Wayne Sanders, along about midnight; Mr. Sanders is around the whole evening, too, and Bob Printz patrols a piano from five-thirty to eight. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter's home is indeed a castle, with all the perquisites pertaining thereto. His pianoforte, decisive without being domineering, is in operation from cocktails until one in the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The Puccini copyright on this Florentine opera house will probably never expire. Aldo Bruschi—pianist, basso profundo, and commentator—is the mainstay of the sound department, as distinguished from the *prosciutto*-and-melon department. From Thursday through Sunday, he also runs a minute dance band. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): When knights were bold and all that, but not enough to suppress Norbert Faconi and his drink-to-me-only fiddle, whose orbit includes every table in the house. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): King Henri IV's other château, glittering like a crazy Christmas tree. Through its delirious décor a violinist and a pianist make their way every evening but Sunday. . . . **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): In the board room of the Carlton House, Victor del Monte quietly addresses his piano at the cocktail hour and again from nine to one every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco running close to riot. Dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar of this banqueting hall, Jules Kuti makes modest passes at the piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A Roman

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

army that loves to travel on its stomach. Strolling among the viands and *vini* are a group of street musicians who arrive at six and reluctantly go home at two. Closed Sundays.... **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life is real, life is earnest when guitar, piano, voice, and girl flamenco dancer get to work on Spanish fandangos. They can go on far into the night. Closed Sundays.... **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Every once in a while, the prevailing calm is broken by a set of singers and dancers who like to do things the hard-as-nails Spanish way. The rest of the time, a piano is apt to brood out loud, but not very. Sundays, there's dancing from two to seven; Thursdays and Fridays, there's dancing after eight.... **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Cal Bostic's whoop-de-do voice and piano start their call to arms at ten in the well-cushioned small greenroom, and Andy Hamon's sort of soulful voice and piano are due at the same hour. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ PICARDIE,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The corner room of the Hotel Delmonico is not so small that it can't accommodate both a dinner for two, three, or four and a piano of fair dimensions. On and after Monday, Aug. 27, it will again be in the hands of Marty Berns, who is apt to use it softly and well. His hours will be six to one every night but Sunday.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Happy, happy villagers (the locale is musical-comedy Budapest, circa 1910) at song, at dance, at play. Dancing for the guests, too. Closed Mondays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): This path of glory will reopen on Monday, Aug. 27. Karl Inwald will be tinkering with the piano. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Nothing here troubles the careworn mind, since the principal subject matter is not the body politic but the body of the species beautiful. Among the numerous specimens are the girls of an enormous earthbound ballet, not to mention the girls of the Wallenda aerial ballet. A reminder that life can be earthbound, and even earthy, is presented by the chatter of Jack Durant. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

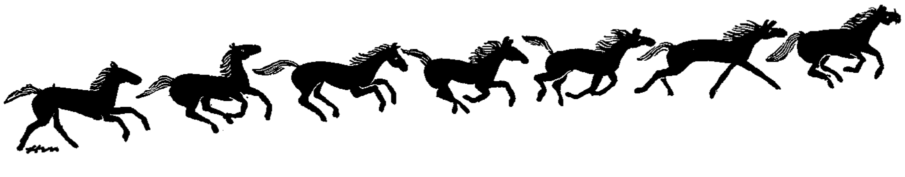
(No dancing, unless noted.)

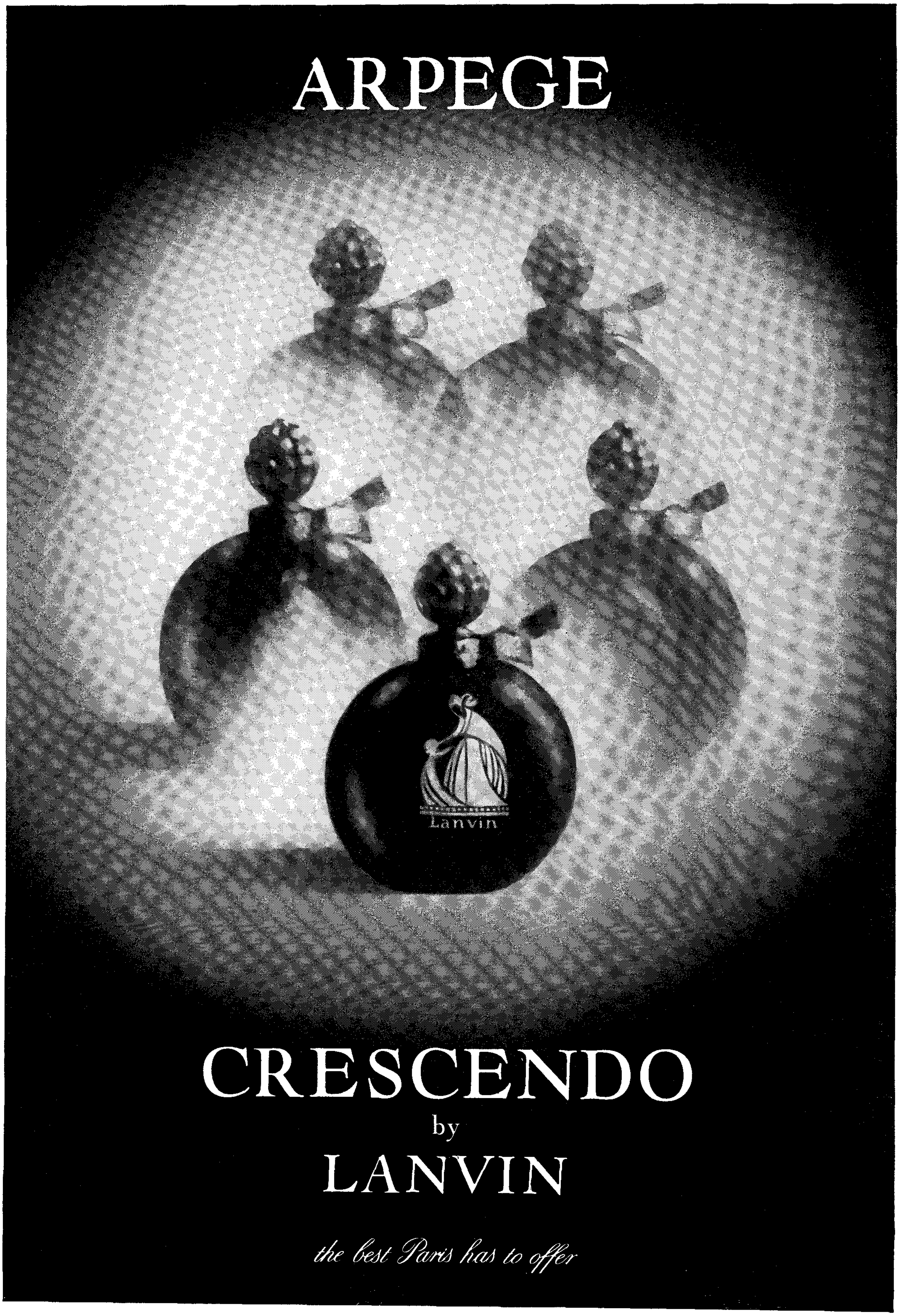
BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The sweet chariot of the Phoenix Singers, a triad of voices once worthily involved in the Belafonte Singers, really swings, and high. Another inhabitant is Georgie Kaye, a self-made comedian with ready-made jokes that now and then catch fire. A brief vacation ensues after Saturday, Aug. 25.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): More sock than buskin are the antics of the Latinos now let loose upon the stage, and the rules and regulations of Spanish merrymaking are most firmly adhered to. Between the sessions of song and prance, a brace of persuasive dance bands—one of them Pupi Campo's—calls upon the customers to outdo the mummers. The Sunday tea dances are works of art.... ¶ After ten, in a little den next door to the bar, the flamenco songs of José Moreno and the guitar of Pedro Cortes compare notes on the love life of Iberia.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The current edition of "Seven Come Eleven," an apparently inexhaustible revue, resembles the first edition in name only, for both cast and conversation have been reorganized, practically beyond recognition. Cy Young is first-rate in his skits, however, and the same can be said for some of the words and music. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Tony Parenti, an Old Condon Blue, is heading up a steeped-in-tradition band that has Sammy Price on piano. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The horn of Stan Getz (perchance to dream) gently dominates his quartet. This comes to an end on Sunday, Aug. 26. On Tuesday, Aug. 28, the quintet of Miles Davis, whose occasional absences from the stage make the heart grow fonder, arrives, along with the trio of Blossom Dearie, who imparts a splendid mock naïveté to the ballads she intones. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland lays a pair of feminine but powerful hands on the local piano in successful pursuit of the modern idiom; Dave Bailey and Ben Tucker are her lively aides. Howard Reynolds plays adequately awake piano during intermission. No sounds of music on Mondays.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Woody Herman, a venerable who simply will not give up the ship, carries cheerfully on—with the assistance of a rousing band—as though yesterday were still tomorrow. He ceases fire on Thursday, Aug. 30; next evening, Gene Krupa's bearcats start raging. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of the hall.... ¶ Saturdays, upstairs in the hayloft, the Twist is making what may be its last stand in our town.... **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM,** 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): The jazz that came up the river to 52nd Street has now come down to the Village. It's fostered by Wilbur de Paris and band (Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, Doc Cheatham, et al). Closed Sundays.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Dizzy Gillespie, who has an enormous talent to amuse simply by a word or a gesture, is leading a carefree quintet; Olatunji's band is a non-Thomas Cook tour of Africa. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Zoot Sims and Al Cohn will be removing their quintet from the premises on Sunday, Aug. 26. On Tuesday, Aug. 28, the room will be taken over by the foursome of Phil Woods, a tenor sax of a venturesome sort. Gene Quill will be his leading man. Closed Mondays.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): It's hard to tell whether the convention is being called to order for fun and games or to listen to music. Just in case, there is Ahmad Jamal's trio, which doesn't need to take candy away from a baby. Closed Sundays.... **KENNY'S STEAK PUB,** 565 Lexington Ave., at 50th St. (EL 5-0666): Herman Chittison just keeps rolling along his piano in his steady, measured way from eight until two every night but Sunday. His post is a corner of the hoity-toity bar.... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 3-9533): If lemon peel is an insufficient supplement to one's espresso, there's always folk music of sorts in this frontier tavern, principally by Juan Serrano, proof that a guitar is never so mettlesome and high-strung as when it's in Latin hands. The players all stay home Tuesdays.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The piano of Thelonious Monk is sometimes just gruff and moody, sometimes so exploratory that it attains complete serendipity. He keeps company with three first-rate sidemen and the fivesome of Eric Dolphy, disciple of the unique Ornette Coleman. Herbie Mann's Caribbean fife-and-drum corps, also on the lot, departs on Thursday, Aug. 30, and the Monks will be absent on Monday, Aug. 27.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The mome raths known as Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan are up to their fine old tricks of gyre and gimble in the songs they tackle. The Gildo Mahones trio is their eminent background. Joe Williams, bursting with the blues, and Art Blakey's quintet, bursting with sound, are on hand, too. Closed Sundays.... **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Monday, Aug. 27, is the forever-and-a-day closing

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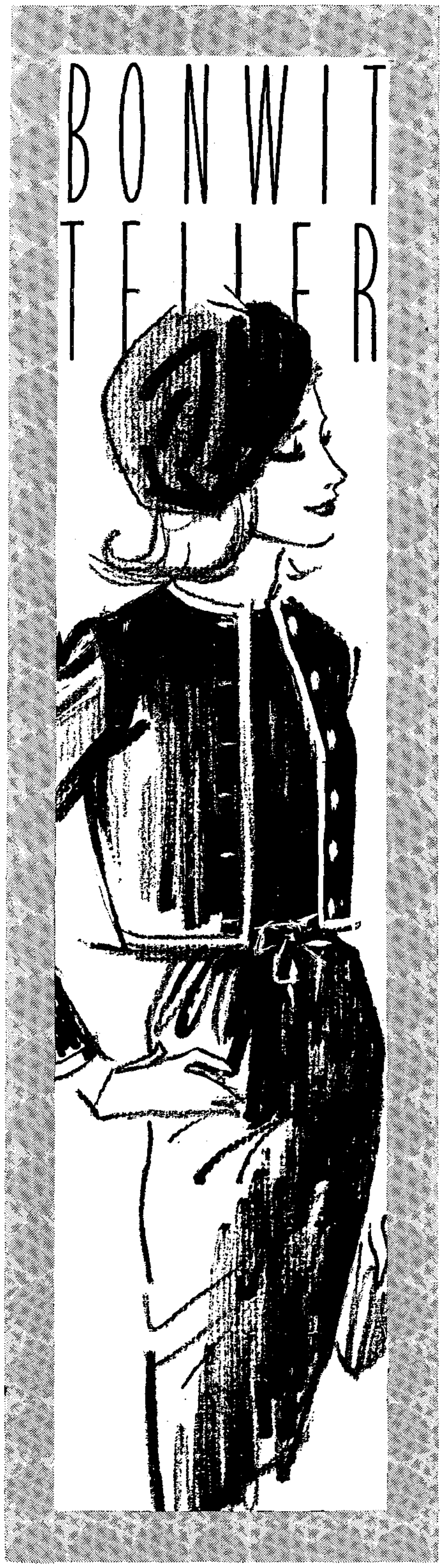

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

night of an institution that has launched a thousand valid new instrumentalists. The requiem will be played by the noble band of Charlie Mingus, whose music is itself a requiem for all conventional jazz.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

MARC CHAGALL—A hundred etchings for La Fontaine's "Fables," hand-colored by the artist; through Sept. 7. (Hacker, 54 W. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: A summer show of new paintings by the gallery group, including Anton Refregier, Moses Soyer, and William Gropper; through Friday, Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.) . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.: The figure is the theme of an exhibit of prints, and three of the twenty-five artists represented in it are Rico Lebrun, Chaim Gross, and Raphael Soyer; through Sept. 22. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by, among others, William Kienbusch, John Koch, and Leonard DeLonga; through Friday, Aug. 31. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: William Thon, Robert Vickrey, and Raymond Puccinelli are on the roster of contributors to a season's retrospective of works in a variety of mediums; through Friday, Aug. 31. . . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Edward Dugmore, S. W. Hayter, Michael Lekakis, and other gallery artists in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Friday, Aug. 24.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: A display of portraits (Jefferson by Rembrandt Peale, John James Audubon by John Syme, and so on) and other paintings and sculptures having to do with American history; through Friday, Aug. 31. . . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: A mixed-mediums show, comprising pieces by Saul Baizerman, Jean Dubuffet, Edvard Munch, and others; through Sept. 29.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Still-lifes from the past three hundred years, by Jacques Linard, Pissarro, van Gogh, and the like; through Friday, Aug. 31. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

MEXICAN ART—An exhibit called "The Bold Tradition," made up of paintings and prints (by Rufino Tamayo, Diego Rivera, Miguel Covarrubias, and others), plus a group of sculptures, mainly pre-Columbian; through Friday, Aug. 31. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The ninth annual loan exhibition of paintings from private New York collections, consisting chiefly of French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist pictures, by, for instance, Degas, Monet, and Renoir. It is supplemented by a group of French sculptures, by Rodin, Maillol, and others, lent by Mrs. Stephen C. Clark. Through Sept. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Picasso survey, spanning six decades, in honor of his eightieth birthday. Included are paintings, sculptures, collages, drawings, prints, and illustrated books from the Museum's collection, together with a dozen canvases promised as future gifts. Through Sept. 23. . . . ¶ "Recent Painting U.S.A.: The Figure," composed of seventy-four pictures (by the same number of artists, among them Elmer Bischoff, Nathan Oliveira, and René Bouché) that were selected from almost ten thousand entries submitted for the show; through Sunday, Aug. 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Modern paintings and sculptures (by such artists as Braque, Gris, and Giacometti) from the collection of Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller;

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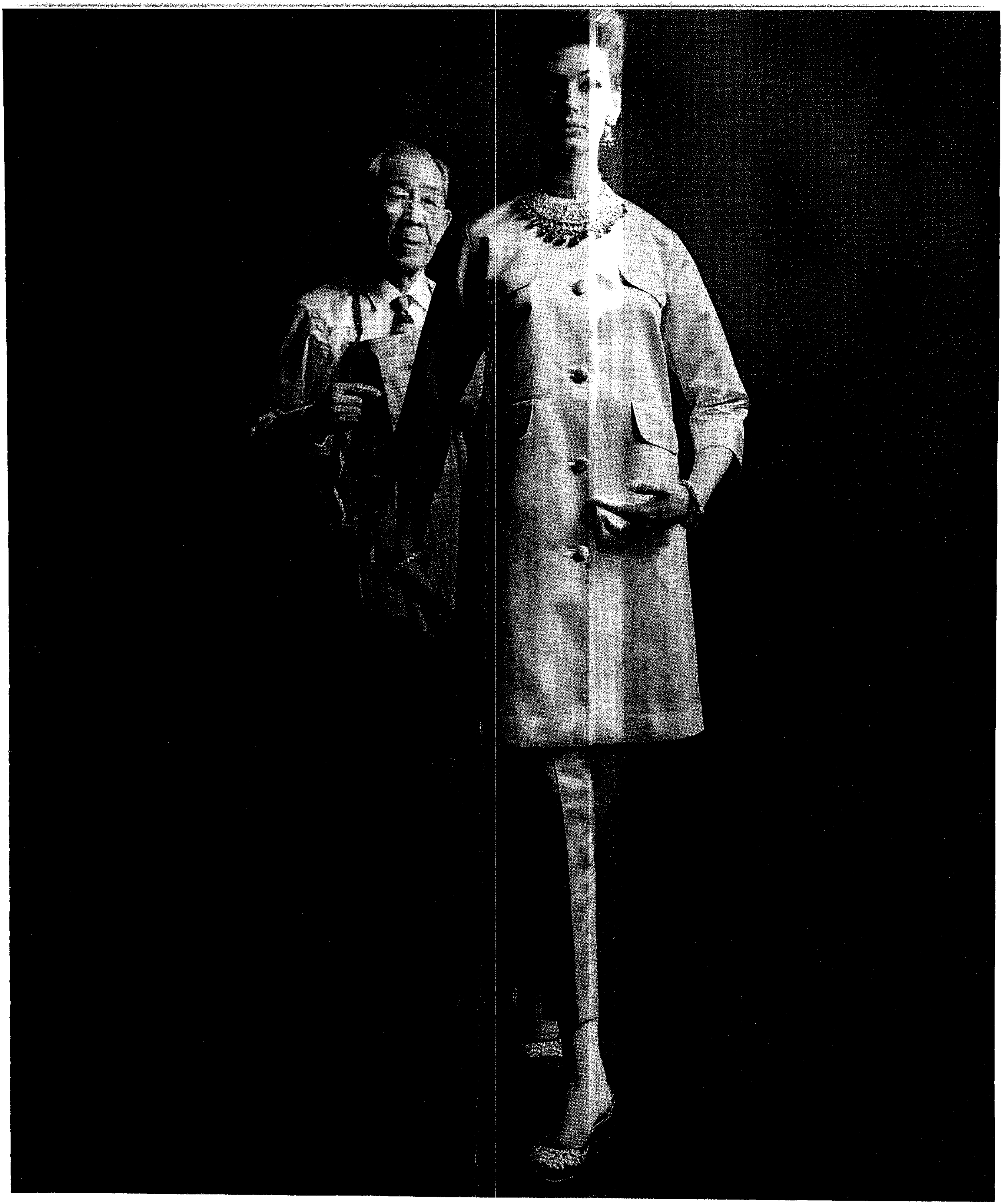

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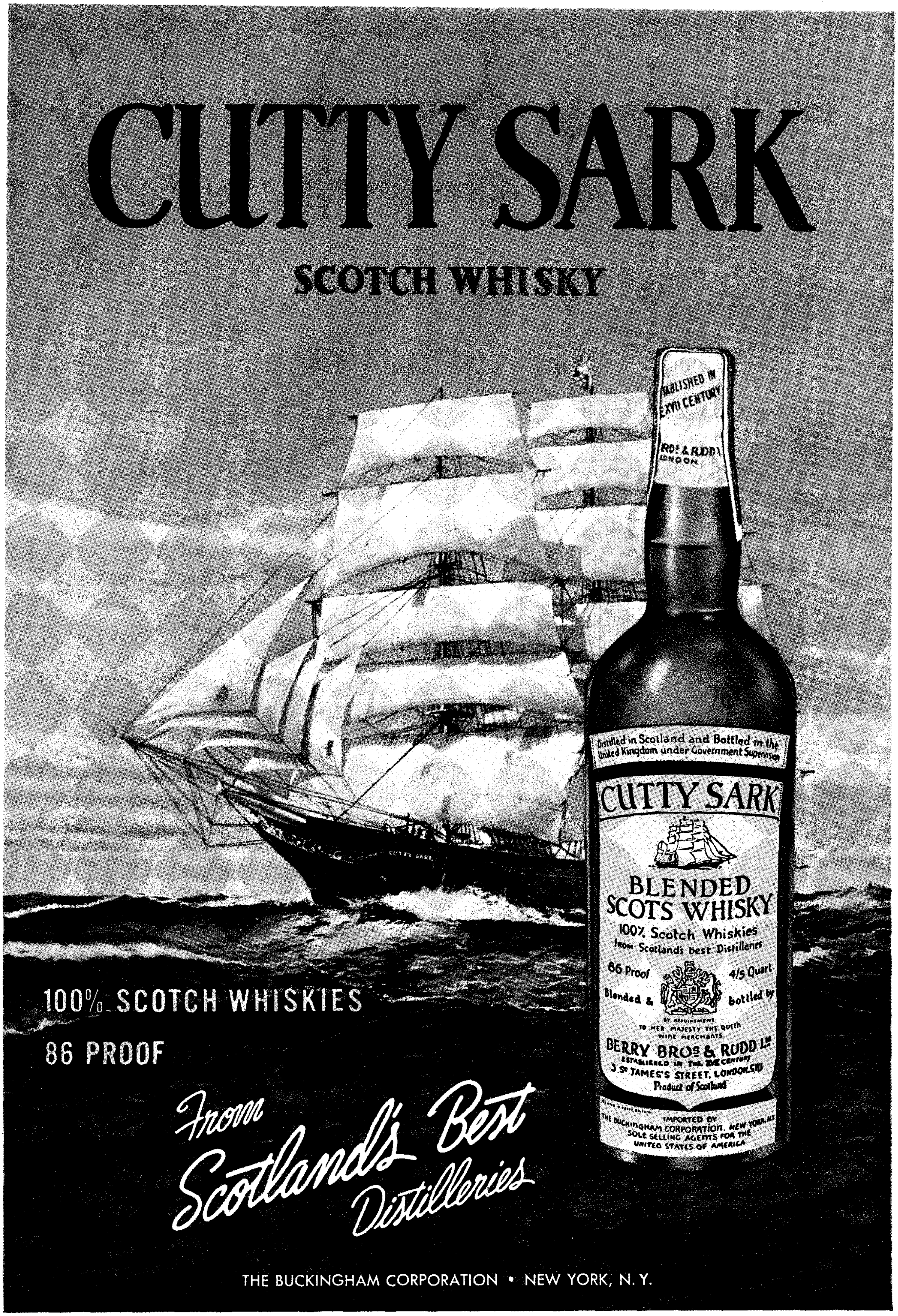
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Sunday, Aug. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A summer selection of paintings from the Museum's permanent collection, offering, in chronological order, oils by Seurat, Rousseau, Chagall, Feininger, Sam Francis, and so on; through Sept. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Young Americans 1962," the ninth competitive exhibition of ceramics, jewelry, textiles, wood, glass, enamels, and plastics by artist-craftsmen under thirty (two hundred and eighty of them in all); through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Sculpture from the Pacific," including an elaborate shell ornament (Solomon Islands), a canoe prow (New Ireland), a sculptured figure of a goddess (Hawaii), and other items created by the Melanesians, Micronesians, and Polynesians before they came into much contact with the West; through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A work apiece in various mediums by forty artists under forty, three of whom are Marcia Marcus, Robert Rauschenberg, and Richard Stankiewicz; through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century sculptures, oils, water colors, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection, with items by, among others, Charles Burchfield, Lyonel Feininger, and David Smith; through Sept. 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Carl Schurz Park Concerts—Anton Coppola conducting an orchestra in a program of operatic music, with Rita Wynne, soprano, and Gene Varrone, tenor. The last in a series of free concerts. (Thursday, Aug. 23, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

Municipal Concerts Orchestra—Julius Grossman conducting, with Arthur Delmoni, violin. The last in a series of concerts. (Central Park Mall. Saturday, Aug. 25, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music in Washington Square—Leo Peracchi conducting a chamber orchestra in a program of Brazilian music, with Rey de la Torre, guitar. The last in a series of free concerts. (Monday, Aug. 27, at 9. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway.)

Jazz Concerts—Thursday, Aug. 23: George Russell's sextet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 30: To be announced. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8000. Evenings at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Aug. 23, at 4: The annual "Gala Evening" program of offerings by the various student departments of the Berkshire Music Center, including a concert by the school orchestra and the Festival Chorus, directed by Richard Burgin, with Florence Kopleff, contralto. A benefit for the Tanglewood Revolving Scholarship Fund. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 24, at 8: Pierre Monteux conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 25, at 8: Charles Munch conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 26, at 2:30: Charles Munch directing a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Adele Addison, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; John McCollum, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; and the Festival Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Final jazz and folk concerts of the season—Saturday, Aug. 25, at 3:30: Miriam Makeba. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 26, at 8:30: Maynard Ferguson's band. . . . Saturday, Sept. 1, at 8:30: Cannonball Ad-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

derley's quintet, with Nancy Wilson. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 2, at 8:30: The Modern Jazz Quartet. (Lenox, Mass.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire Quartet, with Frederick Baldwin, piano. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, Aug. 26, at 4.)

SOUTHERN VERMONT ART CENTER—The Svetlova Ballet Company, in the final programs of the season. (Manchester, Vt. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 1-2, both at 8:30.)

NOTE—Final performances of the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival's season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 25: Maria Tallchief and Scott Douglas, the First Chamber Dance Quartet, and Balasaraswati. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 1: Sally Wilson and Ali Pourfarrokh, the Jacob's Pillow Dancers, La Meri, and Alonzo Rivera. (Lee, Mass. Fridays and Saturdays, and Thursday, Aug. 23, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays; Friday, Aug. 24; and Thursday, Aug. 30, all at 3:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: Mets vs. San Francisco, Thursday, Aug. 23, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, Aug. 24, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 25-26, at 2. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Monday, Aug. 27, at 8; Tuesday, Aug. 28, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader); and Wednesday, Aug. 29, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, Aug. 31, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 1, at 2.

BOXING—Joey Archer vs. José Gonzales, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Saturday, Aug. 25. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

HORSE SHOWS—Farmington Hunt Club Horse Show. (Charlottesville, Va. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 23-25.) . . . ¶ Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Sept. 1-3.)

POLO—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30. . . . MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho: Sundays at 4.

RACING—At SARATOGA: Daily at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 25. The Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 25. . . . AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Aug. 27, through Saturday, Sept. 29. The Fall Highweight Handicap, Monday, Aug. 27, and the Jerome Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 1. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 2. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Aug. 25, at 1.

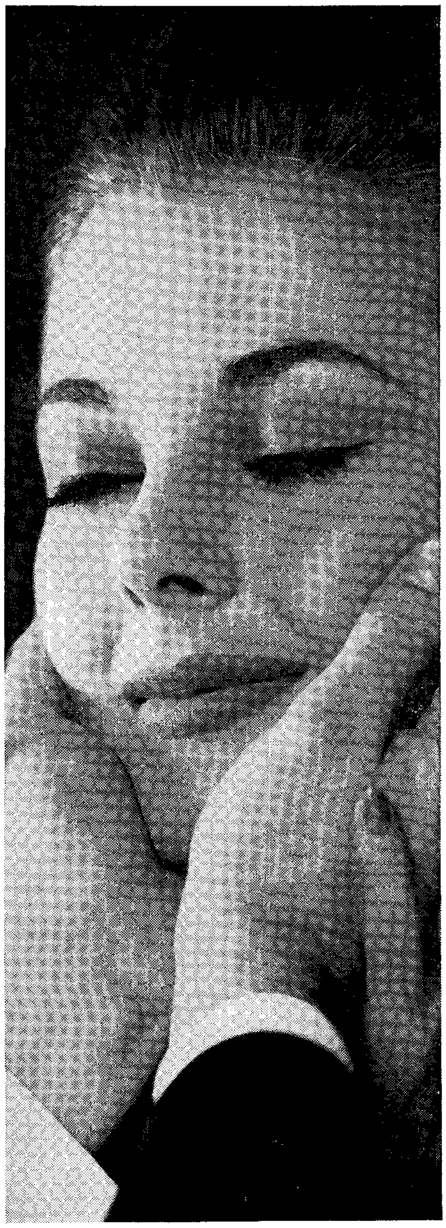
TENNIS—U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 26.) . . . ¶ National Singles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Starting Wednesday, Aug. 29. *Tickets may be obtained at* the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Cedar St., and the West Side Tennis Club.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 13.

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset, L.I. Through Sunday, Aug. 26.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.



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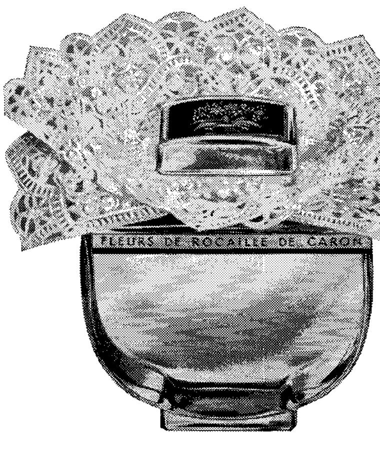

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Advise and Consent—Otto Preminger's smooth melodrama about political life in an imaginary city called Washington, D.C. Superlative acting by a passel of attractive stars. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Aug. 29.)

Hatari!—An amusing, sporadically exciting, and very long movie about the trapping of wild animals in Tanganyika. John Wayne is the man who brings them back alive, and he is assisted by Red Buttons and Elsa Martinelli, among others. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Aug. 28. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; Aug. 26-28.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—A long, forthright, and often painful examination of the nature of accountability, told in terms of four Nazi judges, on trial before an American military court. The almost too starry cast includes Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Marlene Dietrich, Judy Garland, Maximilian Schell, and Montgomery Clift. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

Jules and Jim—A funny-sad and sometimes hair-raising French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. Marvellously directed by François Truffaut, and starring Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Aug. 29, tentative.)

Last Year at Marienbad—It is impossible to be sure what is happening from one moment to the next in this beautiful French film, which is a sort of ghost story about love, only without ghosts or love. Screenplay by Alain Robbe-Grillet and direction by Alain Resnais. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Lolita—A surprisingly successful adaptation of the famous novel. Screenplay by Vladimir Nabokov, who has known what to omit from his original work, and direction by Stanley Kubrick, who has drawn the performance of his life from James Mason, and admirable performances from Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

A Matter of WHO—Terry-Thomas is at his jauntiest as a detective for World Health Organization, overcoming all obstacles to track down the source of a possible smallpox epidemic. The obstacles include the British Foreign Office and a sinister conspiracy in Middle Eastern oil. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Money, Money, Money—Jean Gabin is in top form in this French comedy about an old criminal who comes out of retirement to steer a trio of inept crooks through a counterfeiting operation. With Bernard Blier and Martine Carol. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454; through Aug. 26.)

The Notorious Landlady—A comic mystery, set in London, that concerns a couple of American diplomats (Jack Lemmon and Fred Astaire) and a Scotland Yard inspector (Lionel Jeffries) who become involved in the case of an American damsel in distress (Kim Novak). The script is especially amusing, and so are most of the performances. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Only Two Can Play—An underpaid librarian in a small town in Wales can think of hardly anything except making love, preferably not with his wife, and since Peter Sellers is the troubled thinker, this turns out to be a very funny picture. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Aug. 28.)

Shoot the Piano Player—Using any number of practical and impractical cinematic jokes, François Truffaut, who wrote and directed this brilliant French movie, somehow manages to tell a sad and haunting story about a pianist in a Paris café. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

EXIT
COMING

A View from the Bridge—Grim but enthralling family troubles in Red Hook, as taken from Arthur Miller's play and splendidly acted by Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Raymond Pellegrin, and Carol Lawrence. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Aug. 29, tentative.)

War Hunt—This is the sort of excellent, honest, low-budget picture Hollywood used to turn out with its left hand. It deals with two American privates on the Korean front who wage war with each other over the soul of a small Korean boy. One soldier is a born killer, the other an angel of mercy. Stanford Whitmore wrote the clean original screenplay, John Saxon plays the evil one and Robert Redford the good one, and Denis Sanders directed. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Aug. 28, tentative.)

West Side Story—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances but inhumanly overproduced. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 24-25.)

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 26.)

La Belle Américaine (1961)—A French comedy, starring Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and a huge American car—the beauty referred to in the title. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 24-27.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote *novella,* with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 28.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 28.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 28-29.)

Chaplin Comedy—"The Immigrant," a one-reeler from the silent past. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 23.)

La Dolce Vita (1961)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life. Federico Fellini wrote and directed it and Marcello Mastroianni plays the leading role. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Aug. 29, tentative.)

The Forgotten Village (1941)—John Steinbeck's semi-documentary about a Mexican hamlet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 24.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 26.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—A Japanese film dealing with revolt, passion, and suspense in ancient Nippon. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 23.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 28.)

The Kitchen (1961)—A short, ugly, extremely impressive rendering of life among the hard-pressed help of a big and probably dreadful London restaurant. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Aug. 24-25.)

The Mark (1961)—An account of the return to society of a man who has spent three years in prison for committing a crime against a child. Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Aug. 29.)

Rocco and His Brothers (1961)—A portrait of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good. Directed by Luchino Visconti. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Aug. 24-25.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 24-27.)

School for Scoundrels (1960)—Spirited English fun, based on Stephen Potter's mock-sociological studies of lifemanship and gamesmanship. Alastair Sim, Ian Carmichael, and Terry-Thomas. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 25.)

The Spanish Earth (1937)—The Ivens-Hemingway picture about war around Madrid. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 24.)

Sweet Smell of Success (1957)—Burt Lancaster as a Broadway gossip columnist, and Tony Curtis as a press agent who acts as his stooge. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 26-27, last showing at 4:05.)

The Truth (1961)—Henri-Georges Clouzot's scrutiny of life among the beatniks of Paris. With Brigitte Bardot. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 26-27, last showing at 1:55.)

Two Women (1961)—An Italian movie about a young widow who flees wartime Rome with her daughter. Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Aug. 29.)

The Wave (1937)—The Gulf of Mexico, its fisherfolk, its beauties, and its problems. A Mexican picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 27.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Three programs in a series called "The Cinema of Howard Hawks"—Through Aug. 25, showings at 3 and 5:30 (extra performance Thursday evening at 8): "Monkey Business" (1952), with Cary Grant and Ginger Rogers; and "Ransom of Red Chief," an episode from "O. Henry's Full House" (1952), with Fred Allen and Oscar Levant. . . . ¶ Aug. 26-28, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe. . . . ¶ Starting Aug. 29, showings at 3: "Rio Bravo" (1959), with John Wayne and Dean Martin. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

CINERAMA, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Pigeon That Took Rome," Charlton Heston, Elsa Martinelli.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Sky Above—The Mud Below," a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Music Man," Robert Preston, Shirley Jones.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Phantom of the Opera," Herbert Lom, Heather Sears.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Two Weeks in Another Town," Kirk Douglas, Edward G. Robinson.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
LOLITA.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Guns of Darkness," David Niven, Leslie Caron.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The Spiral Road," Rock Hudson, Burl Ives.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 29 (tentative): **JULES AND JIM** (in French).

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Aug. 25 (tentative): "El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.
From Aug. 26 (tentative): "Five Weeks in a Balloon," Fabian, Red Buttons; and "Swingin' Along," Tommy Noonan, Pete Marshall.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 28: **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY.**
From Aug. 29: **ADVISE AND CONSENT.**

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
LOLITA.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Pigeon That Took Rome," Charlton Heston, Elsa Martinelli.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Waltz of the Toreadors," Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Aug. 25: "El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.
Aug. 26-28: **HATARI!**
From Aug. 29: "Five Weeks in a Balloon," Fabian, Red Buttons; and "Swingin' Along," Tommy Noonan, Pete Marshall.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Best of Enemies," David Niven, Michael Wilding.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"A Coming-Out Party," James Robertson Justice, Leslie Phillips.

CINEMA I (PL 3-6022) and **CINEMA II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
"Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider, Anita Ekberg.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Guns of Darkness," David Niven, Leslie Caron.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 29 (tentative): **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE**; and "Light in the Piazza," Olivia de Havilland, Rossano Brazzi.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 25: "El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.
From Aug. 26: "Five Weeks in a Balloon," Fabian, Red Buttons; and "Swingin' Along," Tommy Noonan, Pete Marshall.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 28: **HATARI!**
From Aug. 29: "Boys' Night Out," Kim Novak, James Garner; and "Watch Your Stern," Kenneth Connor, Eric Barker.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 23: **GATE OF HELL** (in Japanese), revival; and "Othello," revival, Orson Welles.
Aug. 24-27: **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (in French), revival; and **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING**, revival.
From Aug. 28: **BREATHLESS** and **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (both in French and both revivals).

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Aug. 23: "Splendor in the Grass," revival, Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty; and "Summer and Smoke," revival, Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey.
Aug. 24-25: **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS** (in Italian), revival; and **THE KITCHEN**, revival.
Aug. 26-28: "My Geisha," Shirley MacLaine, Yves Montand; and "Lisa," Stephen Boyd, Dolores Hart.
From Aug. 29: **TWO WOMEN** (in Italian), revival; and **THE MARK**, revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 29 (tentative): **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian), revival.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER (in French).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 28: **HATARI!**
From Aug. 29: "Boys' Night Out," Kim Novak, James Garner; and "Watch Your Stern," Kenneth Connor, Eric Barker.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
ONLY TWO CAN PLAY.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
A MATTER OF WHO.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Aug. 26: "The Small Hours," Michael Ryan, Lorraine Avins.
From Aug. 27: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 28 (tentative): **WAR HUNT.**
From Aug. 29: To be announced.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through Aug. 26: **MONEY, MONEY, MONEY** (in French).
From Aug. 27: "Tales of Paris" (in French), Dany Robin, Françoise Arnoul.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (in French).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"The Girl with the Golden Eyes" (in French), Marie Laforet, Paul Guers.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Aug. 28: **HATARI!**
From Aug. 29: "Boys' Night Out," Kim Novak, James Garner; and "Watch Your Stern," Kenneth Connor, Eric Barker.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 23: **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS** (in Italian), revival; and **CHAPLIN COMEDY** (silent).
Aug. 24-25: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.
Aug. 26-27 (last showing at 1:55): **SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS**, revival; and **THE TRUTH** (in French), revival.
Aug. 27, at 7 and 9:30: "America" (silent), Neil Hamilton, Carol Dempster.
Aug. 28-29: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and "Panic" (in French), revival, Viviane Romance.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 28: "Bird Man of Alcatraz," Burt Lancaster, Karl Malden; and "Date with Disaster," revival, Tom Drake, Shirley Eaton.
From Aug. 29: "Kiss Them for Me," revival, Cary Grant, Jayne Mansfield; and "Seawife," revival, Joan Collins, Richard Burton.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 23: Four films on psychology—"Psychiatry in Action," "Thursday's Children," "It's a Small World," and "Out of True."
Aug. 24: **THE SPANISH EARTH**, revival; and **THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE**, revival.
Aug. 25: **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS**, revival; and "Expresso Bongo," revival, Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms.
Aug. 26: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival; and **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival.
Aug. 27: **THE WAVE** (in Spanish), revival; and "Child of Man" (in Danish), revival.
Aug. 28: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival; and "Summer and Smoke," revival, Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey.
Aug. 29: A program of seven short films on the dance—"Ballet Tales," "Ballet of the Paris Opera," "Rhythm from Cuba," and others.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
ONLY TWO CAN PLAY.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Aug. 28: **HATARI!**
From Aug. 29: "Boys' Night Out," Kim Novak, James Garner; and "Watch Your Stern," Kenneth Connor, Eric Barker.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Aug. 25 (tentative): "El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.
From Aug. 26 (tentative): "Five Weeks in a Balloon," Fabian, Red Buttons; and "Swingin' Along," Tommy Noonan, Pete Marshall.

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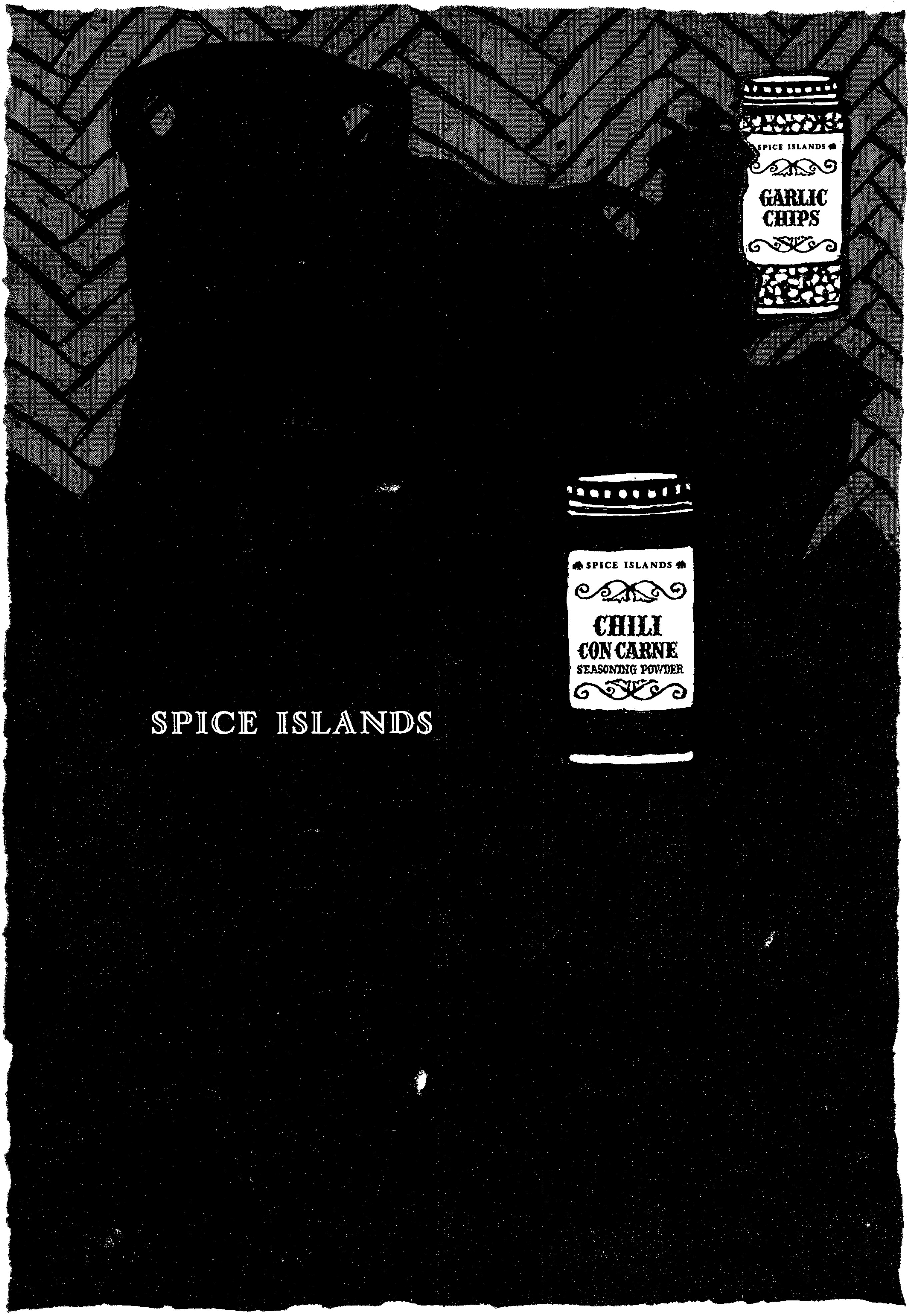
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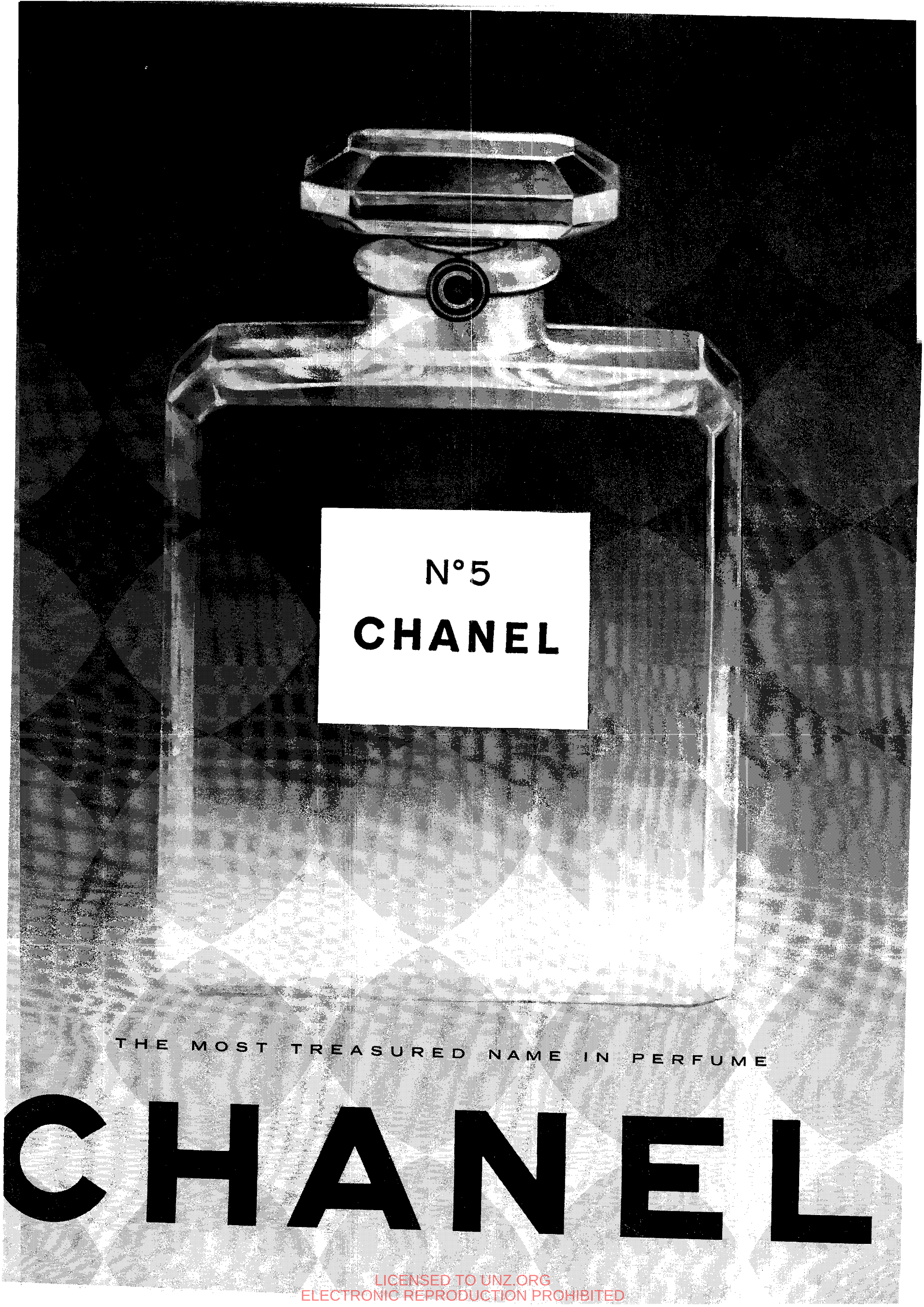
SPICE ISLANDS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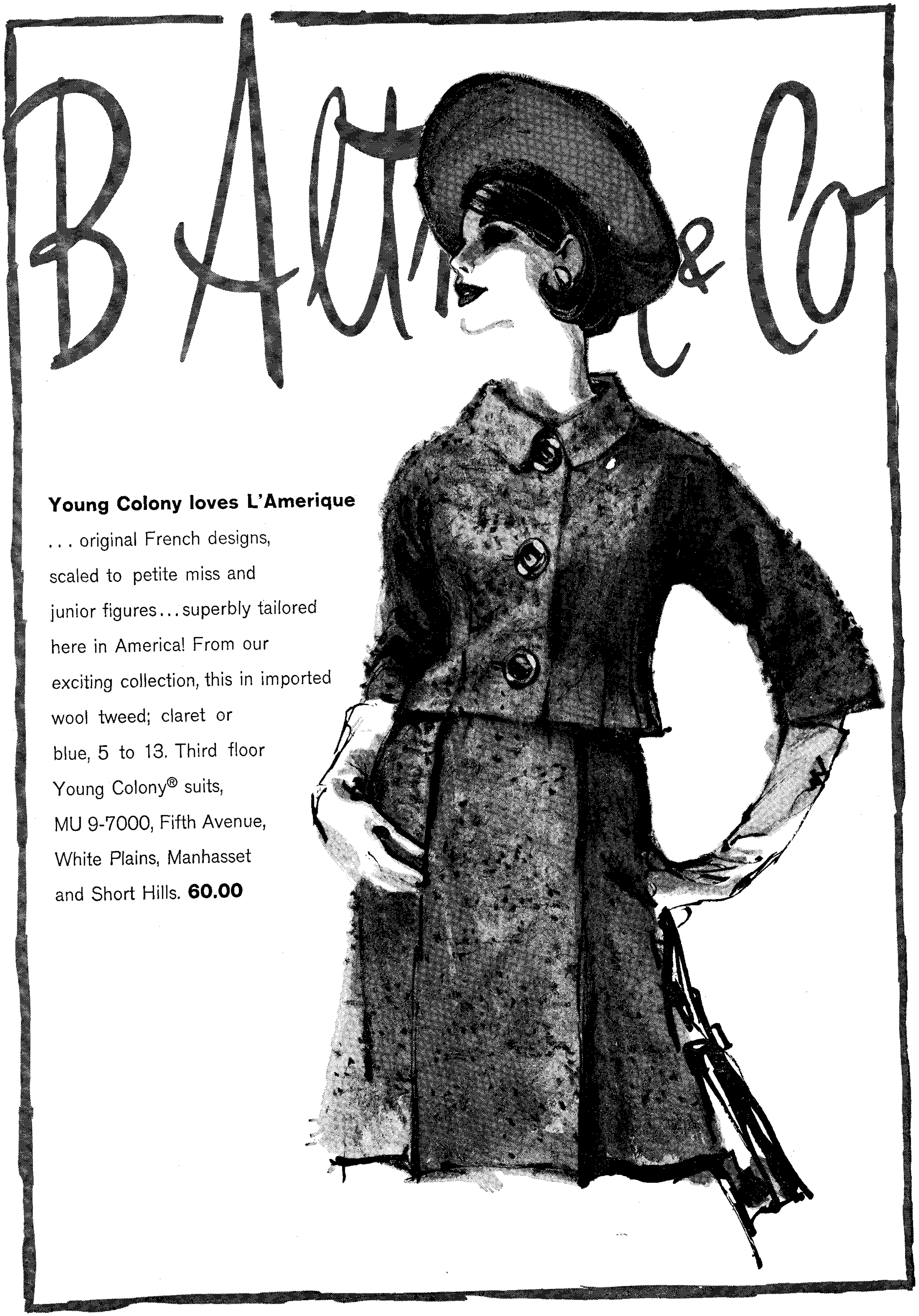

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE of the most remarkable aspects, it seems to us, of last week's remarkable act of Major Andrian G. Nikolayev and Lieutenant Colonel Pavel R. Popovich had to do with something that happened not on high but on the ground. We have in mind the interchange that took place between Moscow and Washington at the time of Nikolayev's blastoff. (Popovich wasn't yet aloft.) Very politely, the Kremlin asked if the United States would desist from nuclear testing while their man was in orbit. Certainly, the White House replied; nothing will be exploded. We think we see, in this summit concern for Nikolayev's safety, a plan for ending tests. Let's start juggling astronauts and cosmonauts—Titovs and Glenns and Gagarins and Carpenters and all the future members of that hardy breed. The instant one lands, up goes another, each in turn, each a fresh defender of a fallout-free sky. The man in orbit—there's our hope. He'll watch out for us below just as long as we let him be.

WE have received an urgent midsummer communication from an acquaintance of ours in Fairfield County, a white-haired, firm-jawed gentleman in his upper fifties who possesses an *en-tout-cas* tennis court, a perpetual tan, an exasperating twist service, and an arsenal of short-fused, explosive opinions. He is also the only man we know who stubbornly continues to wear full-length tennis flannels—reason enough to warrant passing along his letter.

"Damnation!" it begins. "Is a man to be left nothing to call his own? First the Telephone Company warns me that I am in imminent danger of having my telephone exchange (my respectable, rural WOodward 6) amputated and replaced by a ridiculous cloud of anonymous numerals, and now, according to the *Times*, an official of the United States Lawn Tennis Association has come forward to urge that we do away with the tennis scoring system, that system that has always been employed by me and by every other man civilized enough to own a pair of clean white sneakers. This official, Mr. Ralph Westcott, is particularly upset by the distinctive words 'love' and 'deuce,' which he says are confusing to beginners at the game; he would replace them and the entire love-15-30-40-deuce scoring apparatus with a bland, computerish dish of junket made up of 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, on the ground that the latter is easier to remember. To which I say poppycock, and to which I add my conviction that any tennis beginner over the age of eight who cannot be taught the meaning of '30–love' or '40–15' in one morning will never master the half volley or the attacking lob (to say nothing of life's other essential intricacies, such as puts and calls, the Blackwood convention, and the tax advantages of municipal bonds) and should be gently guided into some other, less demanding, sport, such as golf or bingo.

"I myself was once a beginner at tennis, and I can recall vividly the curiosity and tingly excitement I first felt over the game as a small boy, when I sat cross-legged on the grass at courtside and heard my father and his friends uttering their manly, cabalistic cries of 'Deuce!' and 'Vantage in!' Here, I knew at once, was a sport with a code and a past—an insider's game. I have been inside tennis ever since, as a lifetime player, which makes me a stockholder and entitles me to challenge Mr. Westcott's right to meddle with my property. I see that Mr. Westcott is described as being a member of the research and planning committee of the U.S.L.T.A. What is there in tennis that requires 'research'? Modern tennis doesn't need tinkerers and microbe inspectors; it needs more and firmer instruction in the backhand cross-court shot!

"The scoring of tennis is ancient and beautifully practical. Almost certainly, Mr. Westcott knows that 'love' and 'deuce' are simple corruptions of words employed by generations of French players—'love' from '*l'œuf*,' the goose egg, zero, and 'deuce' from '*deux*,' meaning two more points to play. Where Mr. Westcott and I part company on practical grounds is over his belief that the server will find it easier to remember and announce a score, let us say, of '3–3' than 'deuce.' Well, *I* won't find it easier, and neither, I'll warrant, will anyone else living in these damnable, numerical times. The '3–3' reminds me instantly not of a tennis score but of the last two digits of my old Army serial number (32413633), of the sleeve length of my shirts, of a portion of perhaps a half-dozen telephone numbers I know by heart, of yesterday's closing price of a certain stock I am thinking of dumping, of the middle two digits of my 1960 license plate (the last one I managed to memorize), and of the year 1933, which I would rather forget. It is thus easily, almost inevitably, confused with '3–2' (the *beginning* of my old Army serial number, the length of my pants, and 3.2 beer), and even with '1–3' ('I see one-third of a nation ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-nourished'—Franklin Delano Roosevelt). And so forth. By contrast, 'deuce' is brief, unmistakable, and evocative only of itself. 'Deuce' speaks to me; it murmurs advice. If I am serving, 'deuce' tells me that I have probably been hitting my first service too strongly and missing with it, and that I'd better ease up and get it in. If I am receiving, it tells me to try a deep, soft, spinning return down the line to my opponent's backhand—a shot I can always rely on. So, too, for all the other old, *good* old scores. 'Love–40' on my service is a swift, deserved kick in the pants. On the other hand, '40–love' is balm and comfort—a deep leather chair, a fine cigar, and a moment or two in which to reflect on one's achievements and good fortune. Can nervous, overworked little 1, 2, and 3 ever become such familiar, trusted cajolers, advisers, and comforters? Never!

"I will not take up your time by pointing out at any length the remarkable fact that tennis has survived in this century of change without a single major alteration in its rules of conduct, which is more than I can say of most of our institutions, or, for that matter, of most of my friends. I would, however, like to add my heartfelt belief that the removal of 'deuce' and 'love' from our lexicon not only would injure tennis but would tamper with the soft, ancient sounds of summer itself—the cries of jays, the heat-mused whir of locusts, the distant clatter of lawnmowers (hand mowers, that is), and, from just down the green, tree-heavy hill, the *thwock!* of a well-hit overhead smash and the sporting, cheerful returning call 'Oh, good shot! That's 30–love.' "

Birds

WE'VE told you so much about space lately that our mind boggles at remembering back to last fall, when we gave you a report on a huge model of a manned earth satellite that was then hovering in the Roosevelt Memorial Hall of the Museum of Natural History. It was elevated there, as part of the museum's Man in Space exhibit, by the Martin-Marietta Corporation (then the Martin Company), which holds some of the contracts to make the real thing. The other day, we were back in the Roosevelt Memorial Hall for the unveiling of another Martin-Marietta model, a glistening four-and-a-half-foot metal miniature of a modified Titan II missile surmounted by a Gemini capsule, which is the latest thing of its type. This Gemini-Titan is a two-seater designed for a rendezvous in space, and, according to Mr. Holmes Brown, an M.-M. executive who explained things to us, it will pave the way for a successful moon landing as early as 1968, provided it works successfully in some tests that are scheduled for late 1963 and 1964. The finished product will have five hundred and thirty thousand pounds of thrust, and will extend a hundred and three feet from nose cone to nozzle. The model of it was duly presented to the museum by Dr. Douglas Harvey, who is the M.-M. nuclear-project engineer primarily responsible for developing SNAP, or System for Nuclear Auxiliary Power, which is used in some satellites. There to receive it for the museum was Mr. Frederick G. Grambs, Jr., a seventeen-year-old rocketeer from Brooklyn, who holds a thousand-dollar M.-M. scholarship.

At a post-unveiling party in the Tavern-on-the-Green, we found ourself sandwiched between Mr. Grambs, a lanky, tousle-haired youth, and Mr. Brown, neither lanky nor tousled, with Dr. Harvey across the way. Mr. Brown ordered a round of gin-and-tonics, and a Coke for Mr. Grambs.

We asked Mr. Grambs, who alternately nibbled trout *amandine* and sipped Coke, about a rocket he had with him, a shiny, thin tube as tall as the Gemini-Titan model.

"I made it myself, and I call it Matilda I," he said. "It's going up any day now. I hope it'll reach eighty-three hundred feet, but anything over five thousand feet will make me happy. For fuel, I'll use zinc and sulphur, but sometimes I prefer potassium perchlorate and asphalt."

"Lots of luck, kid," put in Dr. Harvey, simultaneously spearing a clam.

"I've made over forty other rockets, without names," Mr. Grambs continued. "A mile and a half is the record for one of my birds—I mean rockets—and the maximum speed is between five and six hundred miles an hour. They land at that speed, too; they're apt to bury themselves in the ground up to their tail fins. Usually, though, I launch them over water. A friend of mine is a skin diver, and we've had about fifty per cent recoveries. Only a quarter of my rockets fizzle on the pad, and I've never had an explosion. I built my first rocket six years back—a finless aluminum job with a putty nose and nozzle. It just stayed on the pad and shook."

We asked whether his rockets had fuses.

"I passed the firecracker stage long ago, though the state classifies amateur rockets as fireworks," he replied. "The American Rocket Society is against amateurs, too, but I can't see why, since the rocket is a basic tool of physics. I built a permanent launching site once, with a concrete pad and everything, but some other kids busted it up. Now we just drive out to the beach in a car, dig ourselves some foxholes, and hook up the birds to the car's battery, for an electrical-ignition takeoff."

"Any time you want to use the Martin-Marietta testing range, in Denver, just let us know, sonny," Mr. Brown said.

We asked Mr. Grambs whether he ever sent anything up in his rockets.

"Yes," he answered. "I've sent up three mice. But none survived. One of the mice bit a friend of mine before the countdown, and my friend had to have shots. Besides mice, I've sent up some scientific equipment, like an accelerometer, to measure rocket speed. It's a weight suspended on a spring, with a pencil attached, to record G forces. The trouble is the impact usually fouls things up, so I think next time I'll send along a camera to photograph the reading before the rocket lands."

"Why don't you try a water shield to cushion the impact?" Dr. Harvey suggested.

"I'll try that with my next mouse," Mr. Grambs replied.

•

OVERHEARD at the American Shakespeare Festival, in Stratford, Connecticut, one matinée lady to another: "Gee, I don't know. The *material* is all right, but . . ."

Sophisticated Furniture

IF anyone should ask you, the largest collection of antique steel furniture and objets d'art in existence, either in private or public hands, is in a duplex walkup apartment in Turtle Bay. It consists, in the main, of a bed, two chairs, a settee, three consoles, three round pedestal tables, a couple of trivets, and two pairs of sconces (with bronze *doré* mountings), all either Directoire (late eighteenth and early nineteenth century) or Empire (early nineteenth), and it has been enthusiastically and conscientiously assembled by Mr. Michael Greer, an interior designer who plies his trade on East Fifty-fifth Street.

"It's military furniture, mostly," Mr. Greer said when we called on him, by appointment, at his home. "It was made during the Napoleonic campaigns, for the use of officers. Most of it disappeared as Napoleon's armies disappeared across North Africa and Russia. A lot of it must have been left in Russia, during the retreat, but I don't know what happened to it. The Louvre has a bed, and the Metropolitan has a Spanish steel chandelier, and—to come back to Paris—the Musée Nissim de Camondo, which is something like our Frick, also has a bed, but that's all. I've bought most of my pieces in Paris during the last four years, either at antique shops or out of people's homes. I think they have an interesting appearance—a polished blue-silver color—and, of course, they're practically indestructible. Unlike wood, they resist parasites. They *do* rust, but they can be oiled or lacquered to prevent that."

Mr. Greer showed us a chair with a sling seat that folded up as small as an umbrella. "Solid enough not to break in transit and collapsible enough to be good for transport," he said. "Doesn't the bed look contemporary? And isn't this room a perfect foil for it?"

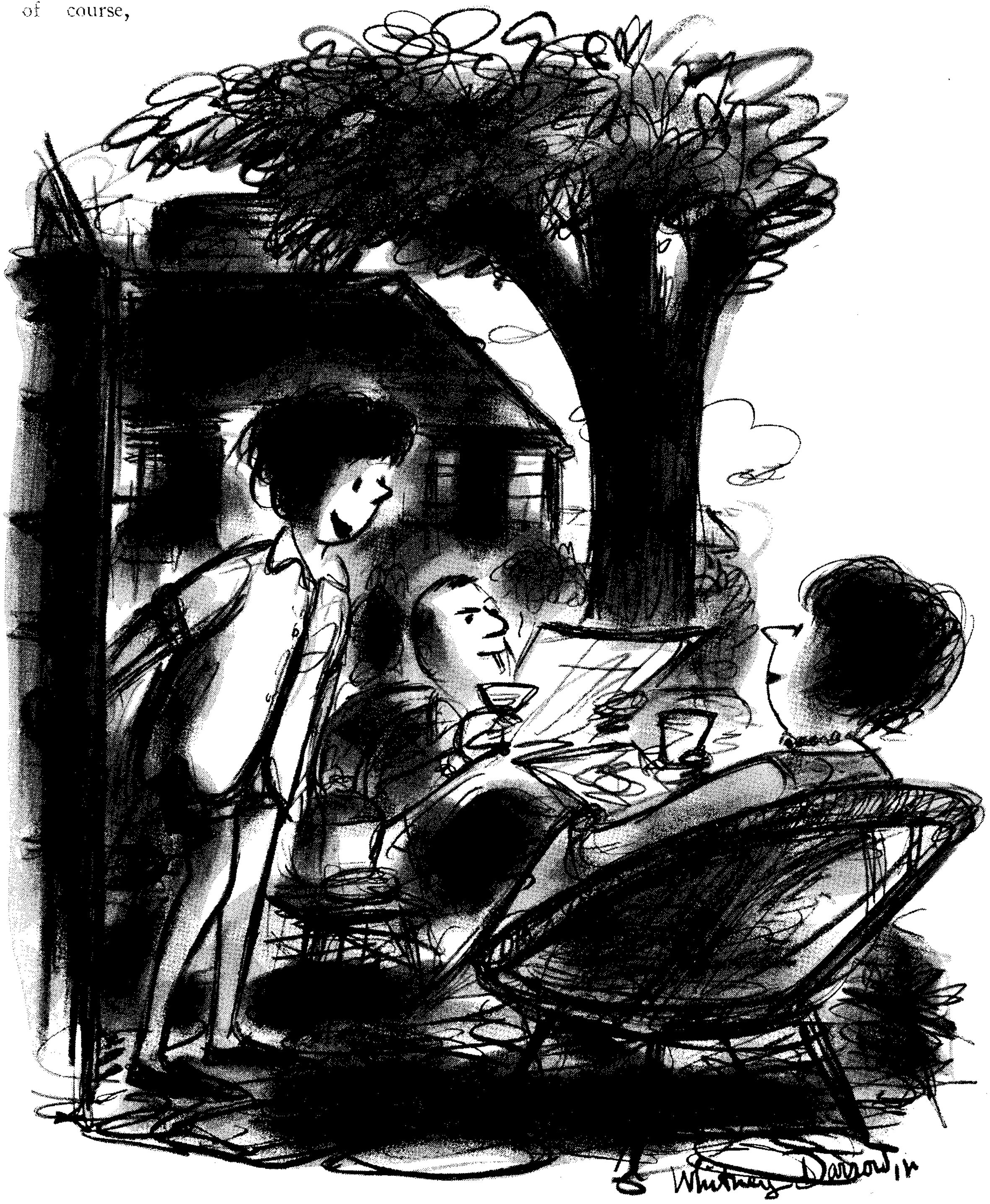
We asked why.

"Because I've fixed it up, with silk taffeta and simulated steel stanchions, to look like a tent," he explained patiently. "A lot of Napoleonic officers had silk tents, and so did the Crusaders, of course. Look at that Louis Seize console—all steel, with an onyx top. Its legs are detachable, and the rosettes and leaf ornaments on its openwork apron can be unscrewed. The books on interior design contain practically no reference to *acier*, as this sort of thing is called in France. I don't sell this furniture—I'm trying to buy more, and it's hard to come by—but I do make reproductions, which sell for three or four hundred dollars. An authentic steel bed was recently sold for seven thousand dollars."

Mr. Greer, who was born in Atlanta in 1919, was an Air Force major during both the Second World War and the Korean War. His firm has dispatched floor tiles, carpets, rugs, and furniture to clients in Palm Beach, Hawaii, Brazil, and Greece, and he is the author of "Inside Design," a lavishly illustrated book of shoptalk.

"Steel is aristocratic and luxurious, and combines solidity and compactness with aesthetic appeal," he told us. "It can be more finely chiselled and chased than wood, and its details can be more delicately accentuated. It's highly sophisticated, and, thanks to its unadorned simplicity, it looks rather modern. It is appropriate either in traditional settings or in rooms done in the present-day eclectic style."

We expressed curiosity about a sophisticated steel-and-bronze *doré* inkstand, with feet in the shape of dolphins, that stood on Mr. Greer's desk, and he said that it was made in Russia around 1810 and was once owned by the Dowager Empress Maria Feodorovna, the second wife of Paul I and the mother of Alexander I. "The inkstand and ten other pieces of steel," he continued, "were presented to her in 1815 by the


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Can I wear the wig tonight, Mother?"

city of—what *was* Leningrad called at that time?"

"St. Petersburg," we said, for we had gone to night school.

Pinpointer

A VISITOR called the Port of New York Authority Bus Terminal the other morning and asked for the schedule of any two-hour trip to an ocean resort. Said the girl at the terminal's information booth, "What ocean?"

Macrobiotics

AN old friend of ours, Burgess Meredith, after informing us that he is on a Zen-macrobiotic diet kick, invited us one day last week to join him for lunch at the Musubi Restaurant, which was recently established on West Fifty-sixth Street, near Sixth Avenue.

On the way to the place ("Zen-macrobiotic cuisine," it advertises), we asked Mr. Meredith to explain this Zen-macrobiotic business.

"It's all based on Yin and Yang," he said. "When Yin and Yang get together, they make a *musubi;* hence the name of the restaurant. Some foods are Yin, others are Yang. Yin is feminine and Yang is masculine, and a proper meal should have one part Yang to five parts Yin. Do I make myself clear?"

"No," we said.

"I've only been on this drill for ten days," Mr. Meredith remarked defensively. "But let me go on. As I get it, Dr. George Ohsawa, who's a big man in the Zen line, discovered a five-thousand-year-old diet in Japan and found that it had all kinds of health-giving properties. The chef at the Musubi is one of the leading disciples of Dr. Ohsawa. He is also the proprietor of the restaurant, which is largely staffed by actresses, dancers, and writers, who volunteer their time because they're hot to keep the Zen-macrobiotic movement going. Physically, I feel young enough to be a juvenile delinquent."

"How are you mentally?" we asked.

"Mystical," said Mr. Meredith.

When we got inside Mr. Meredith's health center, we observed that it looked like any other bamboo tearoom, but we immediately learned that our waitress, a graceful girl named Irma Paule, was a Hindu dancer whose career had been saved by Alcan Yamaguchi, the chef and proprietor of the Musubi. When her muscles knotted up dangerously one day, as a result of an infection, and it seemed that she would never gyrate again, Miss Paule was taken in hand by Mr. Yamaguchi, who applied a plaster of ginger and albi, a kind of potato, put her on a macrobiotic diet, and soon had her as limber as a kitten. Both she and Mr. Meredith recommended that we try the *miso* soup, a salty soybean broth, and follow it up with a vegetable plate, consisting largely of unpolished rice, seaweed, and assorted beans. Feeling a trifle peckish, we said we'd dawdle for a while over some *mu* tea (fifteen carefully blended herbs and roots) while Mr. Meredith relished his *miso* and vegetables. By the time he had got through his soup and had his chopsticks deep in the seaweed of his main course, we were joined by Mr. Yamaguchi, a small, lean man whose front teeth sparkled. Mr. Yamaguchi was loquacious, and he gave us to understand right off that a well-proportioned Yin and Yang diet could work miracles even with physical wrecks. Brown, or unpolished, rice, he informed us, has the very best Yang and Yin elements—one part sodium to five parts potassium. "Do not neglect the chewing," he warned us.

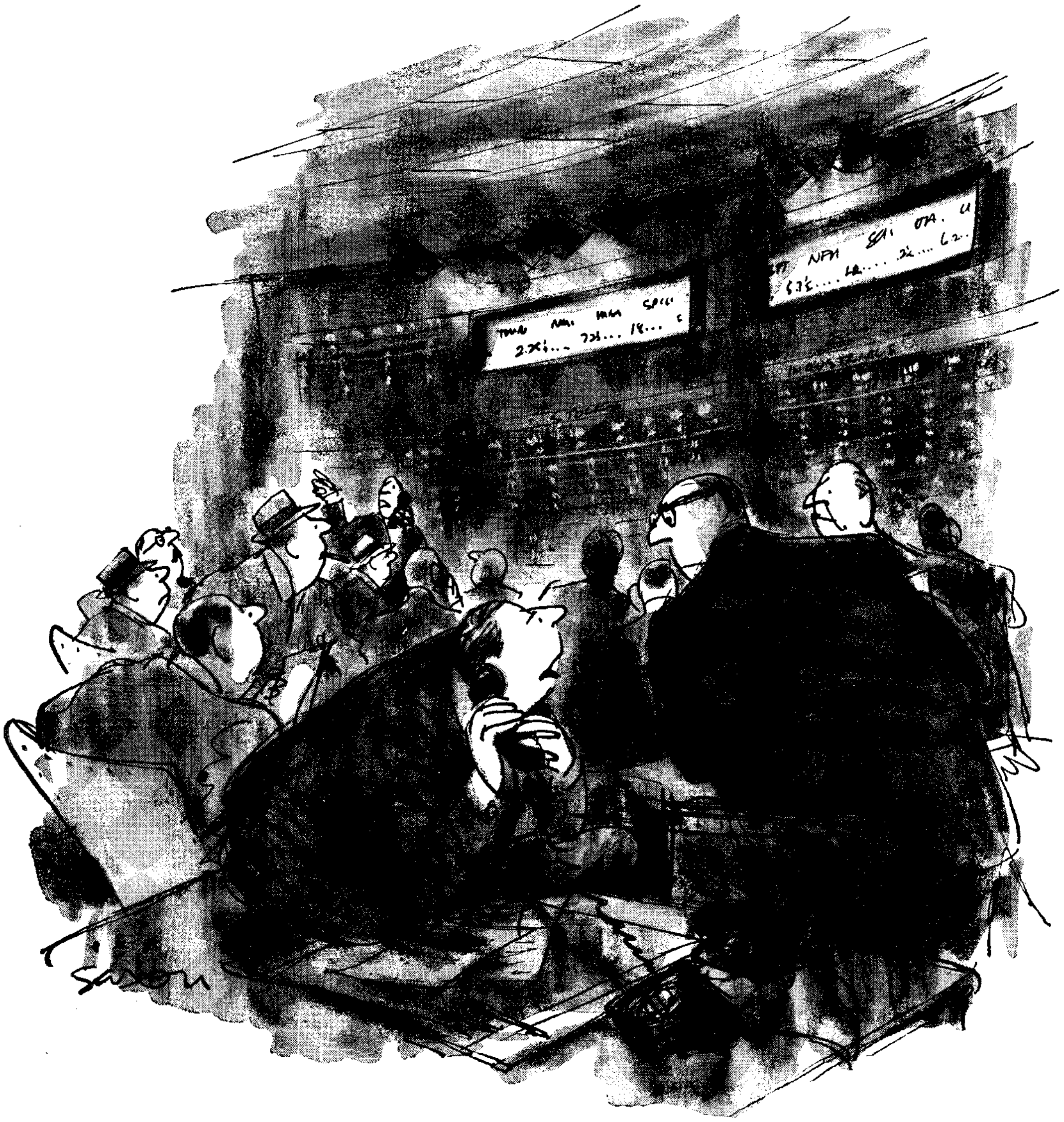
"I give each mouthful fifty chews," said Mr. Meredith.

"The teeth guard the mouth," said Mr. Yamaguchi. "The good chewing man narrows the gateway, but the big eater makes the gateway so wide he gets disease easy. Three hundred chews is ideal. Seventy-five is normally recommended."

"Chewing makes one ruminative," Mr. Meredith said, practically mooing.

Miss Paule, who is a helpful type, suggested at this point that we glance over a bit of Zen-macrobiotic literature, in order to understand what Mr. Yamaguchi was talking about.

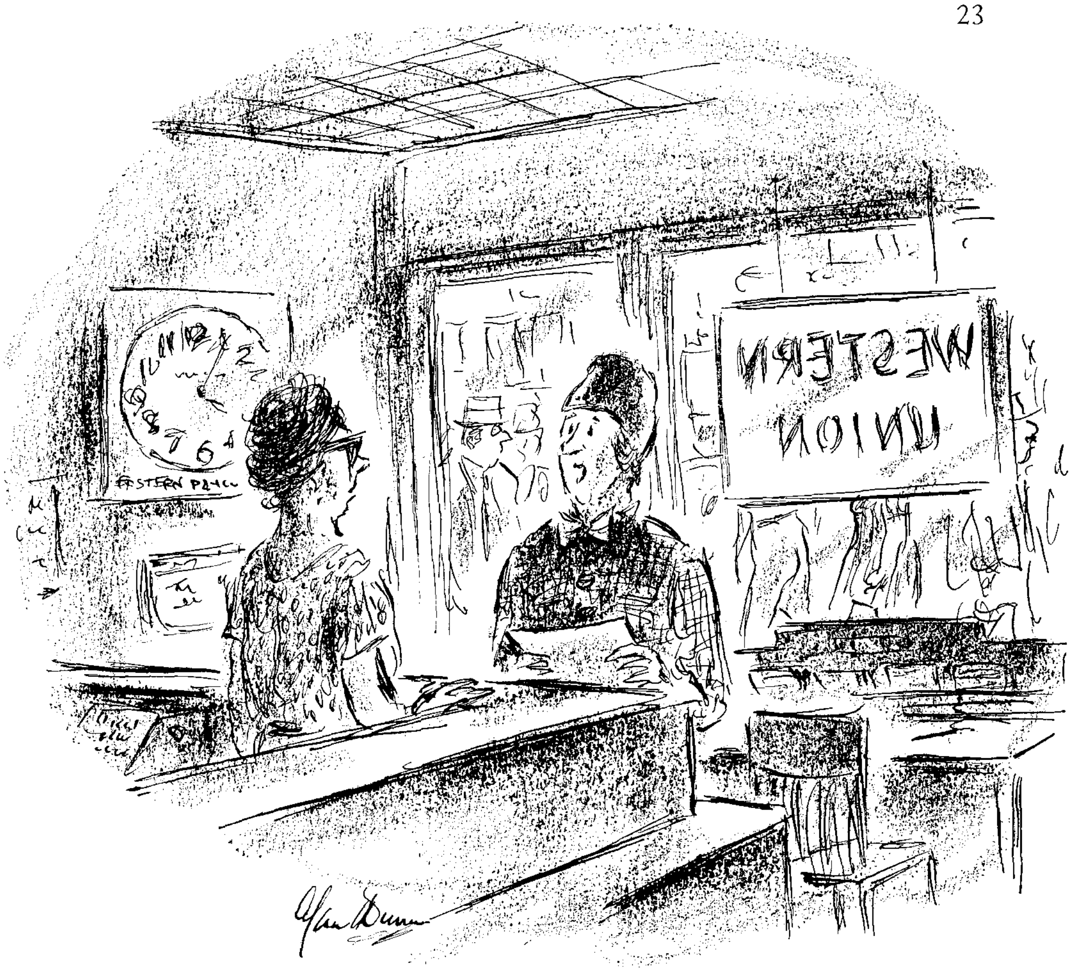
While Mr. Meredith chomped away and Mr. Yamaguchi puffed furiously on a



"It's Mrs. Fanley. She says she wants to tell you a little tale of woe."

cigarette (Yang), we read, "How can we distinguish between Yang and Yin foods? Here are five ways: The color of the vegetable (red to violet is Yang to Yin. By analogy, a baby is red at birth, while the sign of death is blue). The amount of water it contains (water is Yin). See its growth or its shape (Yang foods grow close to the ground or underground; Yin plants grow high and narrow). Yang plants grow slowly, while Yin ones shoot up quickly. In order to make Yin foods more Yang, use fire (cooking), dehydration (drying), pressure (pressure cooker), or age. Vice versa, Yang foods become more Yin by chilling (freezing or cold storage), and adding water (not recommended but illustrates the point). Those who prefer a scientific analysis may note that Na (sodium) content indicates Yang, while a high K (potassium) shows Yin."

We thanked Miss Paule for providing us with this lowdown, and returned to Mr. Yamaguchi.



"If this is going to be bounced off anything, I'll word it differently."

"Many times this diet is saving people," Mr. Yamaguchi said. "Soon after I meet my wife, she has heart and kidney trouble and loses weight like a skeleton. When she eats the diet, she has four children, all born at home with no trouble, no pills, no doctor."

"In ten days, this diet has changed my metabolism, I think," said Mr. Meredith.

"Breathing is also important," said Mr. Yamaguchi. "Breathing in is Yin, breathing out is Yang, same as vegetable is Yin, animal Yang. North people are Yang, south people are Yin. So in war north people conquer south people. Macrobiotic diet is now in England, France, Italy, Brazil, and Japan. Important thing also is happy stomach, soft as baby's. Headaches, toothaches, cold hips and feet all caused by troubled stomach. When Dr. Ohsawa, my mentor, was in Africa, he was sick, and Dr. Schweitzer wished to operate on him. He said no, trusted diet, and recovered. One lady came here and was bald; on diet she got nice black hair."

We told Mr. Yamaguchi and Mr. Meredith that we'd better be getting along.

"If you didn't look so Yin, I'd suggest that you have a drink somewhere along the line," said Mr. Meredith.

"Most drink is Yin," said Mr. Yamaguchi, "but Scotch is very Yang."

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Security

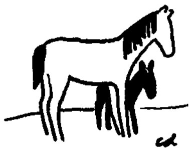
A PHYSICIST whom we run into now and then told us a little anecdote that leads us to believe that, however the moon race may be going, our security system is certainly second to none. Sometime in the late spring, he went to California, where he worked with a large group of fellow-physicists who were studying various effects of nuclear explosions. Needless to say, this enterprise involved some knowledge of military information, and he had to receive a thorough security check before he could be given access to the necessary classified data. The work of the group resulted in a long report, which was submitted to Washington. Its final draft wasn't written until our friend returned East, but while he was still in California he had asked to see it as soon as possible. One day in August, back in his home laboratory, he received a phone call from the laboratory's security office, announcing that it had received a classified package for him from California, which it wanted permission to open. Our friend replied that he did not see how he could give permission unless he knew what was in the package, and was told that the office could not find out what was in the package until he gave his permission to open it. Being assured that this was a customary procedure, he granted the permission.

A few days later, he received a phone call from California—he had heard nothing more from his own security office—informing him that the California security office had received a message from his security office to the effect that it had opened the package and that our friend did not have the necessary clearance in the East to see its contents. The security office in California wanted to know what instructions it should give to the security office in the East about disposal of the package. It also told him that the package contained a copy of the final version of the report on which he had worked in California. Seeing nothing else to do, our friend suggested that the report be returned to California, and several days later he was informed by the Eastern security office that it had returned the report. He hopes to see the document on his next trip West.

PHILPOT

EVERY day, that Coronation summer, a girl we called Philpot turned up and mooned about our house, pushing her little awkward child into the garden to play with those of ours who were approximately the same age. I don't remember how we met her, but in those first years of Jake's career as a scriptwriter we knew many minor characters in the film world, and she must have been temporarily attached to one of them. I liked her because she seemed lonely and eccentric and kept making little rushes at life, which were, as she swore she had always known, doomed to failure. Perhaps in a way I envied her, too. Her husband had left her some time before and, in spite of her daughter, Poppy, it seemed to me she enjoyed remarkable freedom.

By the time Philpot moved in on us, I had been married to four men: two poor men, one careful man, and Jake—who later, in our post-Philpot life, became inordinately rich. The first of these husbands had divorced me because of the second; the second—the careful one—was killed in the war; the third divorced me because of Jake. If this sounds, as I feel it does, oversimplified, I can only say that I loved them all in their time and that it was I, not they, who destroyed the good, average life they may have offered. I destroyed it principally by having children, although I was not aware of this then. I was aware only that there was some irrefutable reason, once a certain point had been reached, for moving on, more heavily encumbered than before, to another childless man, who in time would become another father. There was no rancor. They were all, until Jake, peaceful men. I think that for the first four years of my marriage to Jake—until, that is, the appearance of Philpot—I must have assumed that one day I would again pack up the clothes, sticks, toys, pots, malt, books, diaries, horseshoes, conkers, money boxes, and punctured bicycles and go away. I never consciously thought of this, since I loved Jake—but I must have believed, knowing myself, that it was possible.



Philpot herself stayed indoors that summer, drinking in great draughts of what she called family life. She was tremendously anxious not to disturb Jake, who worked in the basement, but would tiptoe past his study door leaving such a smell of gardenia behind her that in a few moments he would come out, sniffing, and join us in the kitchen or the sitting room cluttered with patterns and pins, for we took to dressmaking at that time. There he would sprawl on the sofa and hold me with one arm while Philpot asked him about the film he was writing. Every day she would ask after the characters as though some mishap beyond Jake's control might have befallen them in the night. She wore striped blouses and large skirts and usually clenched her collar with some sort of cameo brooch—she had a weakness for cameos, china hands and boots, paperweights, stuffed birds, and velvet photograph frames. Occasionally, she would go away for a couple of days with someone who happened to be driving to Exmoor or Cardiff or Leeds. Then we would take over Poppy, though without joy, since none of us liked her very much. She made the boys feel foolish by prodding them, and bored the girls with inaccurate descriptions of love.

"I DON'T know what's the matter with me," Philpot said one morning. "Sometimes I shake all over, and sometimes I have a temperature of ninety-three. Sometimes I cry for hours on end."

"Why don't you see a doctor?" I asked. I was cleaning out the kitchen cupboards, a sign of unease. Philpot had said she was sure there was something she could do to help. I had set her to cleaning saucepan lids with steel wool. She did it slowly, sitting on the edge of the sink and stroking the dented lids round and round as though they were faces.

"They'd just say it was the worry," she sighed. "I mean, there's nothing you can do about worry, is there?"

"Well," I said, "I don't know." I took the new Coronation mugs off the shelf, a clutch in each hand, and put them on the floor. Then I asked Philpot to move so that I could get some more hot water. She heaved herself up onto the fridge and spread her skirt over it.

"Goodness," she said, "what a lot of mugs. Poppy was given one, too. Aren't they rather divine?"

"I think they're hideous. But we've got dozens of spoons."

"Yes," she said. "Poppy got a spoon, too." She looked out of the window to the garden, where some of the younger children and Poppy were sitting each in an individual cardboard box, doing, as far as I could see, absolutely nothing. She sighed again, gustily. "I wonder if there'll ever be another Coronation. I mean, while we're alive."

"Oh, I expect so." I felt she needed reassuring. "Why? Did you like this one?"

"I did indeed. Such wonderful parties. Poppy went to stay with my aunt." I scraped bits of butter off six saucers onto a plate, and moved her off the fridge. She settled like a great duck on the cooker. "And I had a simply wonderful time, although I slept through the actual thing on TV. Shall I hand you the mugs or something?"

"No," I said. "It's all right."

"Well, of course, it all ended in disaster. It always does with me. People's wives get so ratty somehow. And I mean, I *like* them, that's the funny thing. I really like them better than their husbands. Well, look at these Parkinsons."

"What Parkinsons?"

"*You* know. That darling couple I rent my flat from. They live downstairs. *You* know. They've turned me out."

I was sincerely shocked. There was so much of Philpot to be helpless. "But how can they?" I asked indignantly. "Why?"

"I don't *know* why. She just came up last night—and you know, I thought she was my friend, I thought she *liked* me—and said out by the end of the week. No reason, nothing. Out by the end of the week, she said, as though we were strangers. That's when I got this awful temperature."

"Ninety-three?"

"It's dangerous to have a temperature like that. I mean, there's Poppy to think of. She could go and stay with my aunt, I suppose, but . . ." Her voice trembled. "I *love* Poppy. I may not be a marvellous mother, like you, but I do love Poppy."

"Of course you do," I said. "You must come and stay with us."

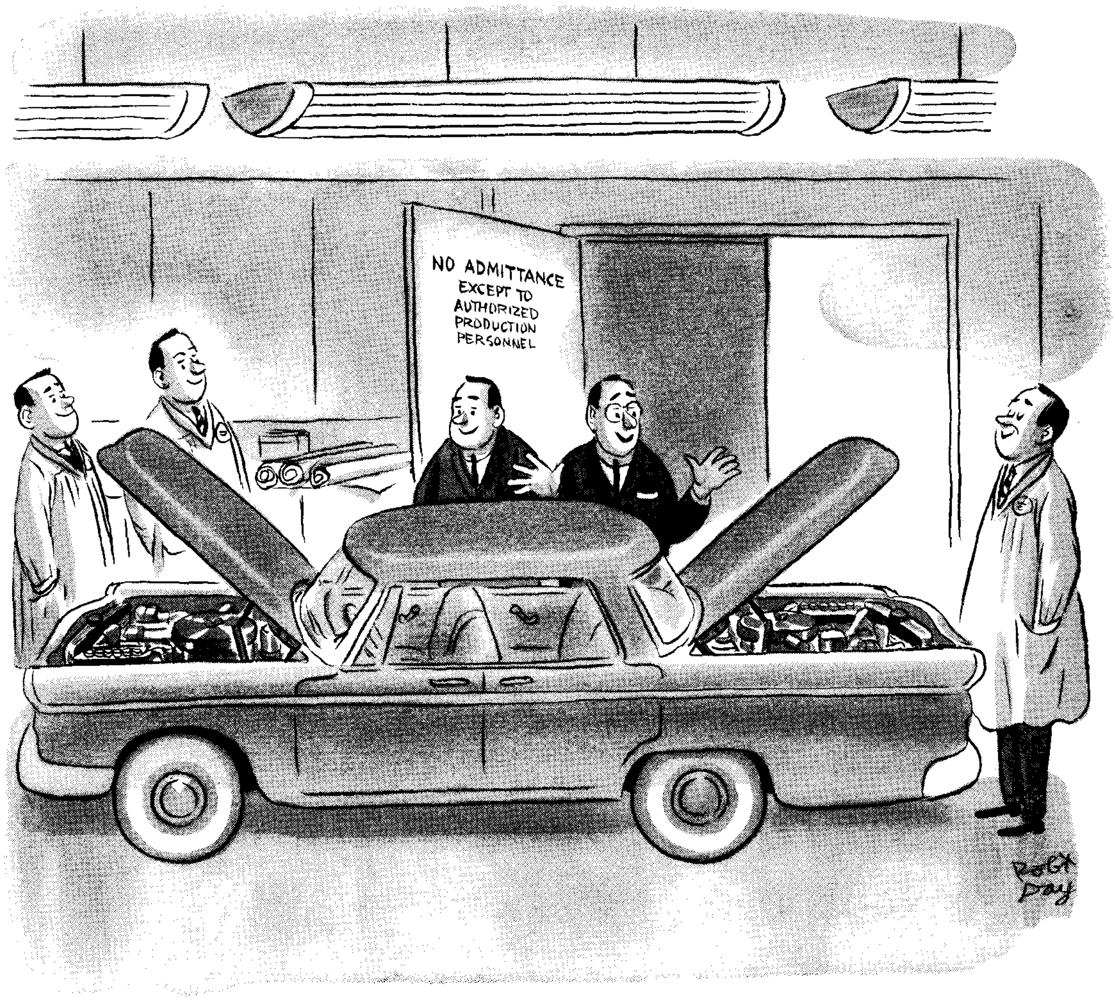
"Not really?"

"Of course. While you look for another flat."

"You are wonderful. I'd be no trouble. I'd help you. I could take the children for walks. I could baby-sit so you and Jake could go out. You really are wonderful."

"That's all right," I said. The problem seemed solved. I wanted to clean the oven.

"You're so marvellous," Philpot said. "You can manage *everything*. Sometimes I wonder if I'm quite normal. I mean, I *have* been told I'm frigid, but I don't see how you can tell. I


NO ADMITTANCE EXCEPT TO AUTHORIZED PRODUCTION PERSONNEL

“And I have just the slogan for it: ‘Double your power, double your joy.’ ”

• •

mean, honestly—how can you tell?”

“I shouldn’t think you are,” I said. “Could I get to the oven?”

“Oh, gosh, I’m sorry. I’m in your way, I know I am. I’m sure there’s something I could do. I feel useless, and you working away like a black. I mean, how can you *tell* about things like that?”

I peered with some despair into the greasy cavern of the oven. “You don’t look it,” I said. “And you can’t say fairer than that.”

“It does me so much good to talk to you,” Philpot said distantly. “I do look forward to coming to stay, because then I’ll really be able to tell you everything, won’t I? It’s marvellous to talk to someone who *knows*. I really can’t think how you manage—I mean, with so little help and all those children. Of course, Jake’s a perfectly gorgeous father, I can see that. Poppy’s mad about him. Well, of course, having no father she’s mad about any man, poor little sweet, but she’s especially mad about Jake. I do wish I had half your luck, although of course I know it’s not luck really, you’re so intelligent and attractive and capable and everything you deserve every bit of it.”

There was a long pause. Being partly inside the oven, I could only imagine the wistful blue eye and the pinkish strand of hair that she nervously pulled down over it.

“But oh, crumbs,” she said, “I do *envy* you.”

“WHY does Philpot have to stay with us?” the children asked.

“She’s been turned out of her flat.”

“But why does she have to stay with us? We’ve got enough people.”

“She’s looking for another one.”

“I’ve never seen her looking. She just stays in bed all the time, if you ask me.”

“In *my* bed, too. Why can’t she bring her own bed? I’m not going to sleep in that awful cot again.”

“It’s a perfectly good cot.”

“It’s not, and I’m not going to sleep in it.”

“Look, there’s a squirrel.”

“Where’s Poppy?”

“Poppy’s staying with her aunt.”

“Then why can’t Philpot stay with her aunt?”

“Because Philpot’s aunt lives in Gloucestershire and Philpot can’t look for a flat—I mean, couldn’t look for a flat if she was in Gloucestershire.”

“She could come in a helicopter.”

“I’m not going to sleep in that cot.”

“I’m glad Poppy’s in Australia.”

“Must you wade in the puddles? You don’t have to wade in them.”

“Well, I wish she’d go home, that’s all.”

“She can’t. She hasn’t got a home.”

“She smells of fish.”

“No, she doesn’t. She smells like roses rather.”

“She smells like roses and fish, but fish most.”

“She had a spot on her chin yesterday, but this morning she’d squeezed it. Don’t tell Dad—he’d say change the conversation.”

“He had to grab her yesterday, when she fainted. It must have been awful for him, the smell.”

“Fainted?”

“She fainted when you were out for your walk.”

“Do you faint like this? Is this how you faint?”

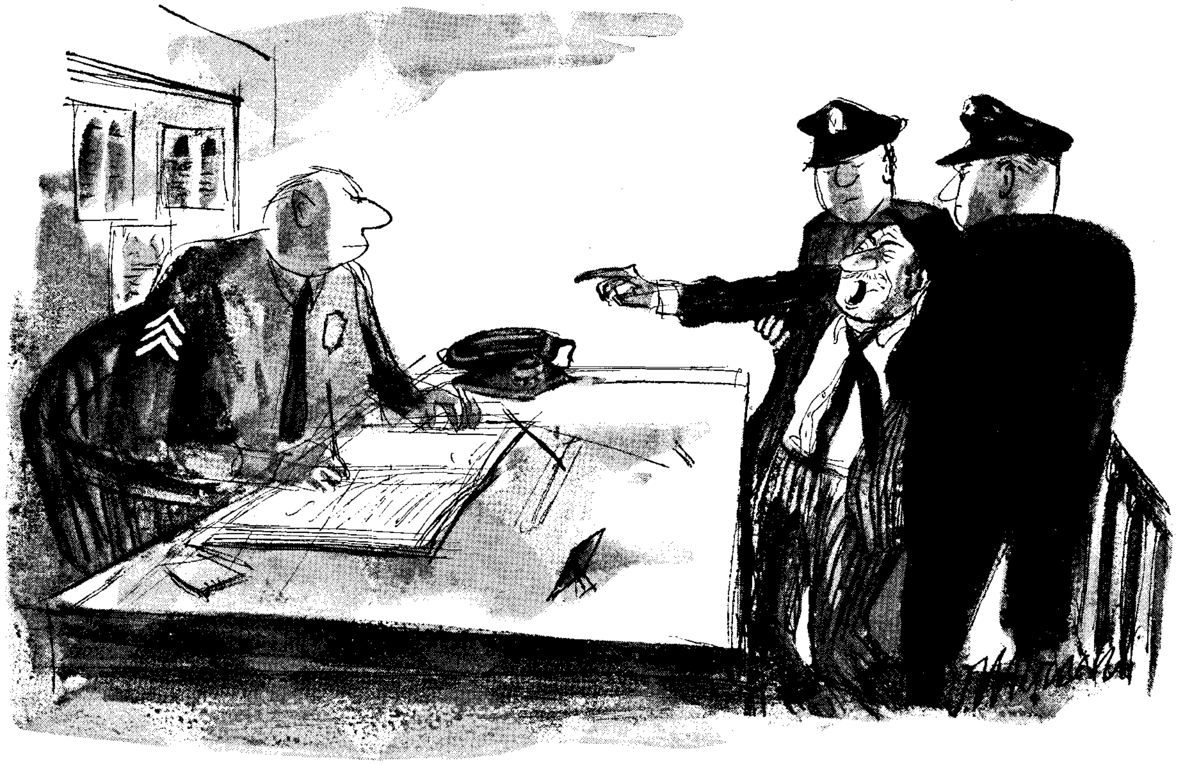
“Oh, for heaven’s sake, get up! You’re smothered in mud, it’ll take me hours to brush it off, hours!”

“I was only asking.”

“I’m not going to sleep in that . . .”

We were spread out over a quarter of a mile of heath, converging, in a brown, sodden afternoon, on Dinah—the nine-year-old and only daughter of my dead, careful husband—playing netball. Why should I suddenly be touched with anxiety? I looked across to one of London’s unexpected hills, topped with a broken steeple. *Fly away home, your house is on fire.* My third husband’s children, in shrunken blue duffel coats, ran pell-mell down the slope and leaped on my back. Jake’s children stamped and fell down in the wet leaves.

“I can see them,” I said, and we stumbled down into a desolate slum patch of ground scattered with a few corrugated-iron sheds. Various children in short-sleeved cotton jumpers and long skirts and gum boots were fes-



"There's your justice! One law for the sober, another for the drunk."

• •

tooned about a great bare tree, while others made vague motions with a ball in the wet grass that someone had tried to mark out with chalk. "Where's Dinah?"

We found her shivering in a corner of the field, holding her stomach and saying she had a terrible pain. She looked at us with envy—even, it seemed to me, with affection. The mistress, a young, quite pleasant-looking woman sensibly dressed in a leather coat, called "Dinah!" with the rising inflection, tinged with strain, that women use toward children at the end of a hard day. Dinah shuffled off, and the mistress pushed them all into a ragged circle and attempted to show them something. The damp, darkening afternoon was quiet except for their coughing. They began to lollop about, throwing the ball with feeble gestures, from hip level. "Keep moving!" the mistress exhorted them. "I'm going to stir you up like a pudding!" She ran among them, darting heavily to and fro while the children fell in the mud and held their stomachs and gazed into the foggy distance.

"Can we go now?"

"I'm cold, I'm freezing."

"Then run about. Run about and get warm."

"Why should I? I'm tired."

"Why do we have to come and see Dinah play football?"

"I'm *tired*. . . ."

A girl in baggy tartan trousers, a windcheater, and a fur hat came slowly over the brow of the hill. For a moment, I thought she was Philpot. She dragged a pram after her and stopped, kicking the wheels viciously because they were stuck up with mud. Then, after looking down on us for a few moments, she went back the way she had come. As she was submerged—first pram and finally hat—I was irrationally convinced that she had come to give me some message from the outside world, but that, like a rescue craft, she had looked, seen nothing, and gone home.

"IS Philpot given to fainting much?"

"Fainting?"

"The children said . . ."

"Well? What? What did they say?"

"They said she fainted yesterday."

"Oh. Well. Perhaps she did."

"They said you were there. That you caught her."

"Caught her when she fainted?"

"Yes."

"Why should I catch her when she faints?"

"I don't know. But did she?"

"I don't know! I don't remember!"

"There's no need to shout."

"Shout? My God, it's not me who's shouting!"

The incessant company of children leads to this kind of dialogue: it was our mother tongue, incomprehensible to most adults, and in it we carried on the complex, subtle, and occasionally tragic conversations that are the last resort of communication between men and women. Jake, although he had learned the language comparatively late in life, had a more perceptive ear and a more imitative nature than I. He was particularly expert at the intonation and the repartee. Now he said, after a moment's thought, "It's you who's shouting."

I looked at him as carefully as I dared over the magazine I had been pretending to read. Since that afternoon, six or seven hours ago, I had felt a very curious sensation. It was like being petrified in the moment of falling; the heart had frozen in its leap, blood thrown out of its course, muscles rigid, throat dry with the onslaught of air. It seemed to me that I was frightened, but I was not sure.

It was midnight. The three of us had been to the cinema. Jake had turned the electric fire on when we came in, but the curtains were undrawn. Philpot had left the sitting-room door open when she went.

"Where has she gone?" I asked.

"How should I know."

"It seems very peculiar."

"What does?"

"Well, to come to the pictures and then just . . . go like that."

"It's none of our business what she does."

"Oh, no," I said. "It's none of our business, certainly."

I stared at the magazine. Jake lay in the armchair with his overcoat on. We trembled like dogs before a storm. High up in the house, beds made little whining noises.

"But," I said, "she's left all her things."

He didn't answer. I thought of Philpot's bedroom in our house: the layers of grime-edged *broderie anglaise* flung over the unmade bed, the spilled powder, little stumps of lipstick, and unstopped deodorants. I thought how in the afternoon one ray of sunlight, if it was a fine day, shone through the small attic window, and how the child who was now asleep in a resented cot grumbled ceaselessly about the loneliness, the darkness of that room, and said nobody would hear if it died. I thought of how at ten o'clock that morning I had taken Philpot breakfast in bed—partly because the knowledge of her sleeping so tirelessly had irritated me, but partly because Philpot was a poor girl who had no one to love her and made such a mess of life and wasn't strong and competent and in command of the situation like myself. I thought of myself strongly and competently and commandingly creeping across the heaths and parks of London every afternoon, returning home to find Philpot freshly pinned and painted saying, "Oh, damn, I really, honestly, meant to get the tea." I thought of Philpot leaving us so quietly, as though she were sacrificing herself that we might survive—eyes a little puffy, but with a great air of nobility about her, now I came to think of it, as she waved her lace handkerchief at us from the living-room door and said goodbye. I looked up at Jake.

Possibly fifteen seconds had gone by, but during that time, under cover, as it were, of these inconclusive thoughts about poor Philpot, some of my innocence, trust, stupidity, idealism had been stripped away from me like skins. I was smaller, uglier, more powerful than I had been before, and I felt bewitched by fear. "What happened between you and . . . Philpot?"

"Happened? What d'you mean—happened? Nothing happened."

"Then why did she suddenly leave like that?"

"I've told you I don't—"

"And you weren't surprised. Were you? You knew she was going."

"Leave it alone, can't you?"

But he did not get up, change the conversation. He hunched farther into his overcoat, staring at me over the upturned collar. It was the steadiness of this stare, not its expression, that was melancholy. I looked at his eyes. They might have been made of glass. They were empty. They moved as I moved, watching me get up, walk up the room, back again, sit down on the sofa.

"You were holding her hand in the cinema," I said. "How extraordinary."

"What's extraordinary?"

"That I knew you were. Perhaps I actually saw you were. But I didn't believe it."

"It's not a crime, for God's sake."

"But you were holding mine as well. Keeping us both happy."

"What the hell does it matter whose hand I was holding?"

The tremendous beats of my heart began to shake my body and my voice. I said, "Oh, it doesn't. It's quite . . . unimportant."

"Well, then."

"Except that you don't usually hold somebody's hand unless you, unless you want to . . ." But I couldn't go on. Dignity, please, a little dignity—this is the most foolish way to behave, shortsighted way to deal with what is, after all, the most common . . .

"It was a mere peccadillo," Jake said abruptly, as though about to recite.

"What?"

"Peccadillo. Bagatelle."

"I don't understand."

"It doesn't matter." He yawned, so widely and for so long that it seemed he must dislocate his jaw. I looked at his back teeth and palate and quivering tonsils. His face, when he composed it, seemed rested. "I love you. So why worry?"

"Did you ask her to leave?"

"Oh, Lord, no. That was her idea."

"Why?"

"I don't know. She thought you might be . . . upset or something."

"Why should I be?"

"Oh, for Christ's sake, don't you *understand*?"

"No, I don't understand."

"Well, then . . ." He got up, stood with his hands in his pockets and his head slightly on one side, smiling at me. "Well, then, I can't help you, can I?"

I stared at him.

After some time, a few moments perhaps, he turned away and said, "Look, I can't see what you're so horrified about. I've told you it was nothing. Hell, I don't want to *leave* you. I don't want to *marry* the girl."

"That's to comfort me?"

"You haven't exactly been a model of faithfulness yourself, you know."

"I was never unfaithful to anyone. To anyone. Ever."

"You really believe that? God, what a bloody hypocrite you are—"

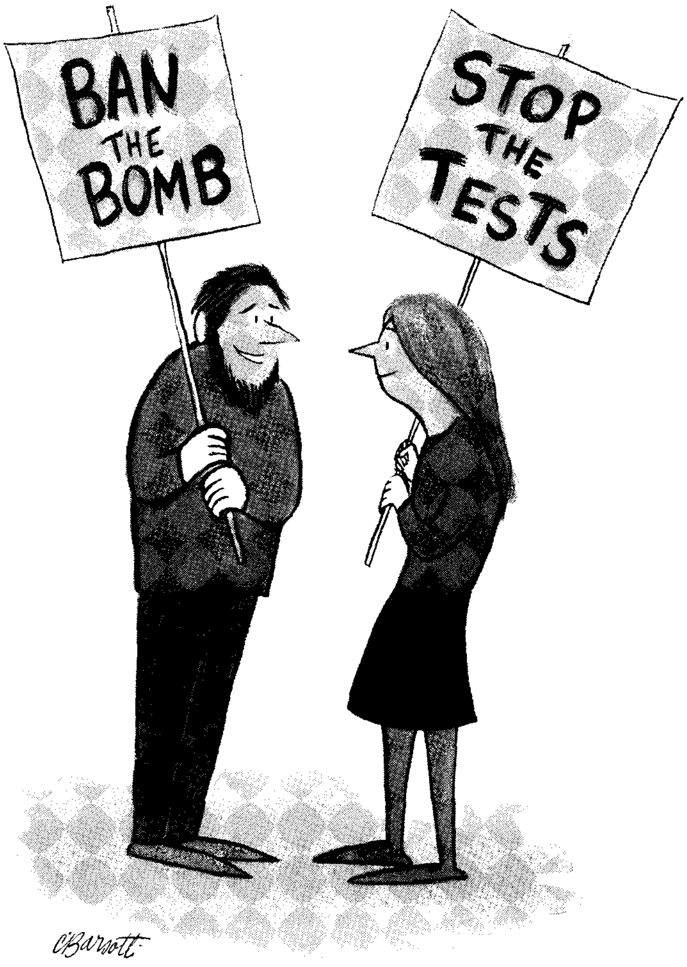
"But you say it's *nothing*. You keep saying it's nothing. Why bother, then? Why hurt people so much, for what you say is nothing?"

"Why do you feel so hurt?"

"Because I care about you! Because I care!"

"About *me*? You don't give a damn for me, and you know it. Shut up! You don't care about *me*—all you care about is the bills being paid and that great bloody army of children that I'm supposed to support and work my guts out for, so I can't even take a bath in peace, I can't eat a bloody meal without them whining and slobbering all over the table, I can't even go to bed with you without one of them comes barging in. If you cared about me, you'd try to understand me, wouldn't you? All right, I'm no good to you! But what joy do you think *I* get out of this god-awful boring family life of yours? Where do *I* come in?"

He was shouting as though I were a mile away. His shouts delighted me. I forgot Philpot. I loved



"Just think! If it weren't for nuclear fission, we might never have met!"

him. He was yelling and bawling like a man being delivered of devils.

"What the hell are you sniggering at? It's funny when *I* tell the truth for once, I suppose? The truth is something strictly reserved for you, isn't it? Well, let me tell you, my sweet, you live in a bloody dream world. You wouldn't know what the truth was if it stared you in the face!"

"I think I would," I said. "It is now."

"Yes. It is now. But you don't know what it is, do you?"

"What is it, then?"

"That I'm capable of fancying someone else. That I'm a perfectly normal man who can fancy someone else."

"I'd forgotten about Philpot," I said.

"Good. Then what the hell are we arguing about?"

"I don't know. Nothing. I suppose it's just. . . . nothing." I got up from the sofa and walked slowly toward the door. I knew that I wouldn't leave him, that I was not going out of the room, but I had to move somewhere.

He said, "You're going to bed now, I suppose."

"No. Just shutting the door. In case the children hear you shouting."

"Give me a drink, then. I'm not going to shout any more."

As I handed him the drink, he caught me and pulled me onto his knee. For a few moments he held me tightly, an awkward, dead armful.

"I didn't mean any of that," he said. "I'm sorry."

"Any of what?"

"About the children. I love the children, you know that."

"You were telling the truth."

"Was I?"

"I think so."

"You do see how it was, don't you?"

"You mean about Philpot?"

"Well, she was here. I know it wasn't very noble of me, or anything like that. I just felt fed up. Bored to death with this script. You did rather hand her to me on a plate, didn't you?"

"I didn't think of it."

"No. Well, you wouldn't, I suppose."

He craned up to kiss me. Like a child, with puckered mouth and closed eyes, he waited. I looked at him carefully. I thought of my other husbands, decent, adult, unselfish men from whom I had escaped while escaping from my childhood—each one an insufficient parent, readily left alone. They seemed to watch me while Jake waited for his maternal kiss. Now it's your turn to suffer, my girl. Now it's up to you to do the forgiving and forgetting. Now it's your turn to refuse freedom or give it out inch by inch.

"You didn't tell me," I said. "But I suppose you slept with her?"

He did not open his eyes, but shook his head violently.

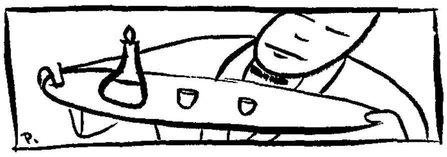
"You didn't?"

"No. Of course not. Now kiss me; forget it."

"You promise me?"

"I promise. I promise."

I bent warily and kissed him. He was filled with the urgency and excitement of a man released from danger.



"But do you still want to?" I asked, merciless.

"Not if I don't see her again." He smiled up at me. His eyes were still quite empty, and I realized now that they never changed, even in love. "You won't let me see her again, will you?"

"No," I said.

For an instant, before he reached again, he looked puzzled.

I TOOK every string and jar and puff and rubber band and hair clip of Philpot's, every velvet ribbon and safety pin, every packet and box, full or empty, every piece of her clothing down to the laddered stockings in the wastepaper basket and I tied them up in her genuine Victorian shawl with black braid round the edges and dumped them in

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SEAGULLS

A gull, up close,
looks surprisingly stuffed.
His fluffy chest seems filled
with an inexpensive taxidermist's material
rather lumpily inserted. The legs,
unbent, are childish crayon strokes—
too simple to be workable.
And even the feather-markings,
whose intricate symmetry is the usual glory of birds,
are in the gull slovenly,
as if God makes too many
to make them very well.

Are they intelligent?
We imagine so, because they are ugly.
The sardonic one-eyed profile, slightly cross,
the narrow, ectomorphic head, badly combed,
the wide and nervous and well-muscled rump
all suggest deskwork: shipping rates
by day, Schopenhauer
by night, and endless coffee.

At that hour on the beach
when the flies begin biting in the renewed coolness
and the backsliding skin of the after-surf
reflects a pink shimmer before being blotted,
the gulls stand around in the dimpled sand
like those melancholy European crowds
that gather in cobbled public squares in the wake
of assassinations and invasions,
heads cocked to hear the latest radio reports.

It is also this hour when plump young couples
walk down to the water, bumping together,
and stand thigh-deep in the rhythmic glass.
Then they walk back toward the car,
tugging as if at a secret between them,
but which neither quite knows;
walk capricious paths through the scattering gulls,
as in some mythologies
beautiful gods stroll unconcerned
among our mortal apprehensions.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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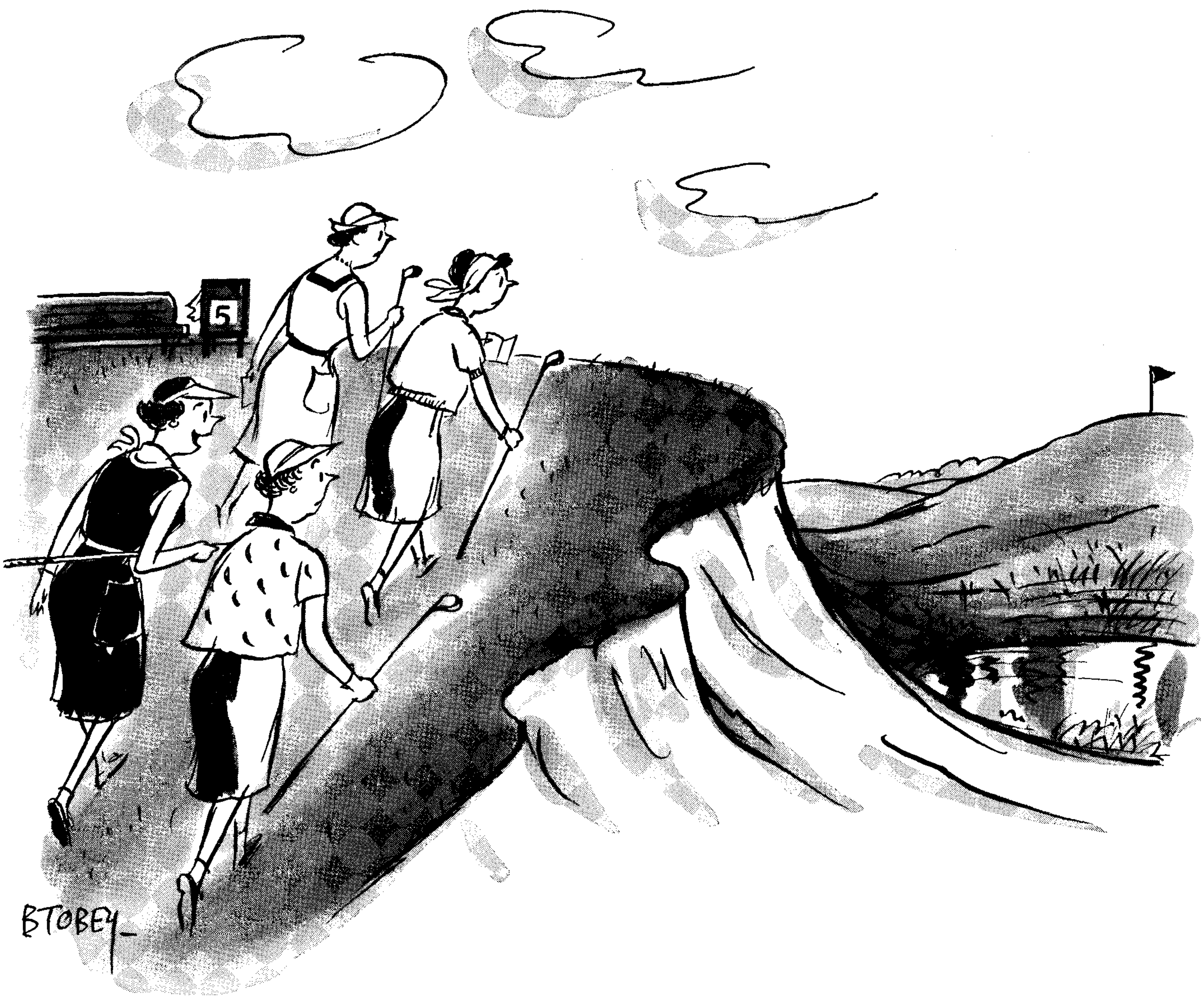

"This is the hole that separates the women from the girls."

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the front garden. It was a fine, warm night. The roses were at their best in the moonlight, when you couldn't see how blackened and blighted they were. I took her sewing machine and dressmaker's dummy and portable wireless, and I piled them neatly beside the dustbins. Then I sat on the front steps and probed the sensation of fear, which after all that running up- and downstairs had dulled to a slight physical pain, as precisely located and bearable as mild toothache.

What, I asked myself, was I frightened of? Thirty-one years old, healthy and whole, married to a fourth husband (why four?) who loved me, with a bodyguard of children (why so many?)—what was I frightened of?

Not of Philpot, surely? Oh, no, not in the slightest of Philpot. Of whom, then? Of what?

I soon began to feel cold. Unused to long, solitary bouts of thinking, I remarked to myself that I was cold, and therefore got up and went indoors. It occurred to me that there was probably some etiquette for this situation that I didn't know. Perhaps I ought to sleep somewhere else. There was nowhere else to sleep, except in Philpot's bed. I didn't consider it. I walked about the house for a while. The younger children were already shifting about, rolling their heads from side to side and muttering. The one in the cot had thrown all its bedclothes on the floor and was so wet that it appeared to be drowned, not sleeping. Dinah opened her eyes and said, "There's the most awful smell in this room," and shut her eyes and slept on.

At last, I went into the bedroom, undressed, and got in beside Jake. In his sleep he looked puzzled again. I thought of waking him up, but for the first time I could not touch him. This paralysis, this failure of my will to make my body move, revived all my fear, and I lay there sweating, shaken by great beats of my heart, ignorant as in a first labor but with no instinct or memory to help me. It must have been then, I think, that Jake and life became confused in my mind, and inseparable. The sleeping man was no longer accessible, no longer lovable. He increased monstrously, became the sky, the earth, the enemy, the unknown. It was Jake I was frightened of; Jake who terrified me; Jake who in the end would survive. He rolled over, his mouth slightly open, and began to snore. —PENELOPE MORTIMER

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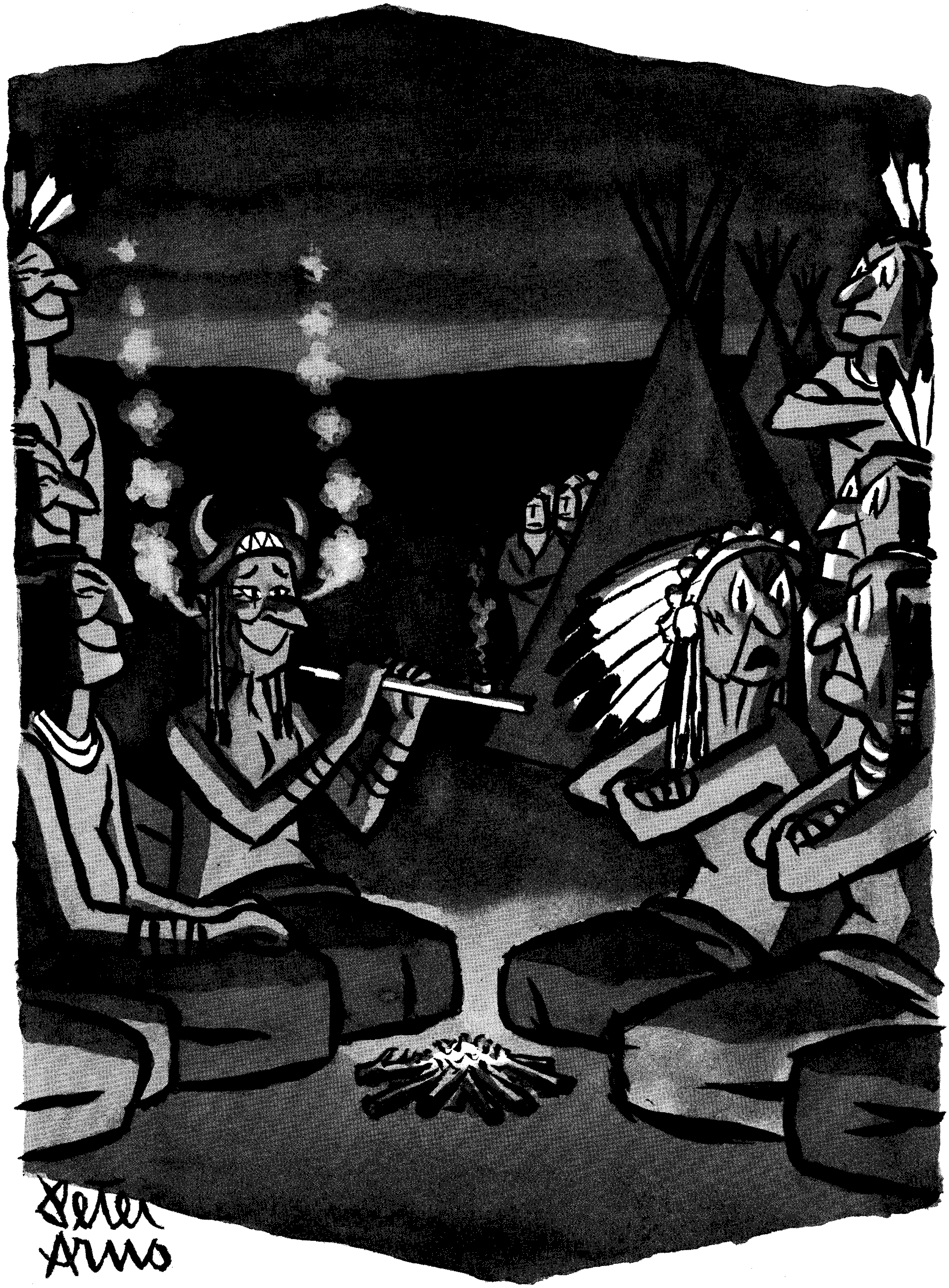
MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF FIFTY YEARS AGO

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from "Fifty Years Ago" in the Albuquerque Journal*]

ROSWELL—One of the most remarkable demonstrations for a man in public life in the history of the Pecos Valley occurred here when Capt. W. C. McDonald of Carrizozo, Democratic candidate for governor of New Mexico, stepped from the train.



“This means war!”

THE BUCKET OF BLOOD

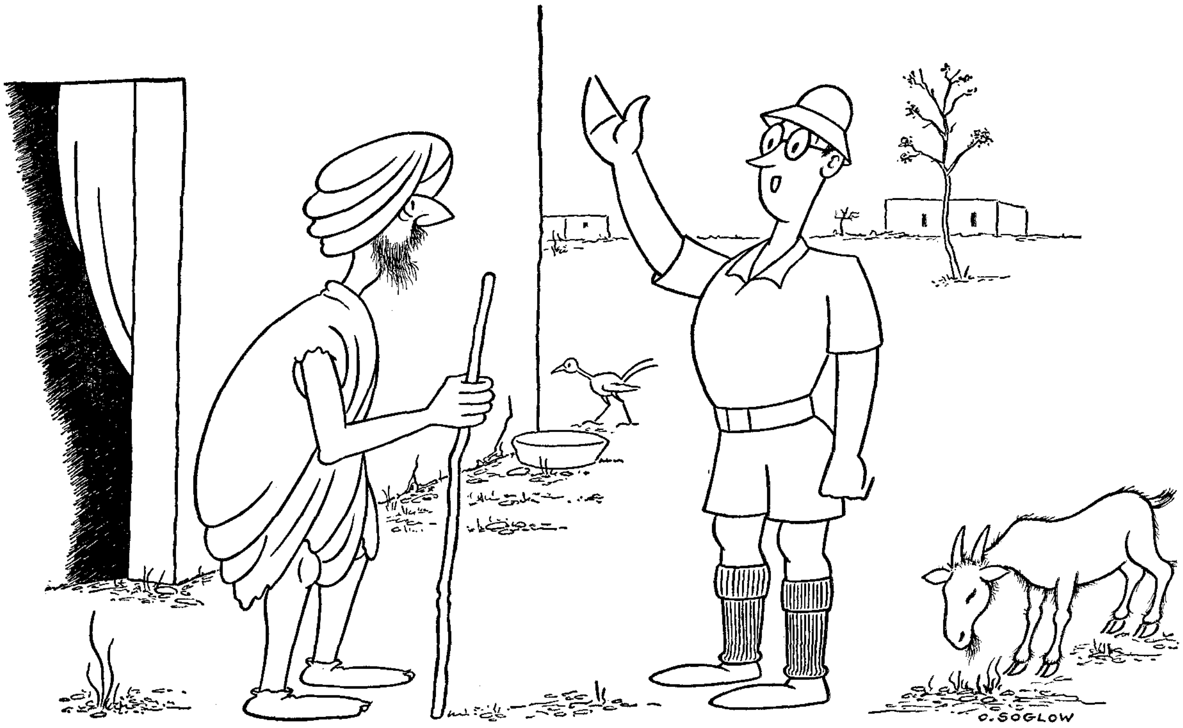
THE place had several nicknames before Jay bought it and it more or less permanently became Jay's. Once it had been known as the Bucket of Blood, a name that did not stick because it was not really all that tough, and because there already was another Bucket of Blood in another part of town that deserved that name. The original, genuine Bucket of Blood was in one of the Italian sections of town, a neighborhood known as the Gravel Hole that was entirely populated by the families of day laborers who worked on the navvy gangs for the railroads. They were miserably poor, scorned by the Italian grocers and fruiterers and barbers and cobblers, and so feared by the town police that they ignored everything that went on in the Gravel Hole. "Let them settle it among themselves," was the attitude. When there was a Black Hand war, which would break out every two or three years, and word of a homicide would leak out of the Gravel Hole, the town police would notify the State Constabulary, who were good cops and among whom were men who spoke Italian, some of whom were themselves Italian. The staties would put on civilian clothes and drive to the Bucket of Blood, which was the first building at the north end of the Gravel Hole and considered to be the deadline for outsiders. In a couple of hours the staties would usually come out with a prisoner, and he was usually the murderer. If they did not get the right man it was because the guilty party had had time to hop a coal train and get out of town. The only outsiders who were tolerated in the Gravel Hole were Father Guglielmo, the pastor, and Dr. Malloy, who spoke Italian, but even Dr. Malloy carried a gun. Other outsiders who had business in the Gravel Hole would have to wait on the steps of the Bucket of Blood, and sometimes that was as far as they got.

That was the original Bucket of Blood, and to give the name to Jay's place was rather unfair, although not entirely so. Jay's offered whiskey, beer, and, in the winter, a place to come in out of the cold. You could not get a sandwich at Jay's; the only edibles were bowls of salted peanuts on the bar and on the tables in the two back rooms. Jay had an alarm clock on the back bar, and on the wall a large Pennsylvania Railroad calendar, showing a passenger train coming out of the Horseshoe Curve. Otherwise the saloon was devoid of decoration; there was no name on the windows, not even a ladies'-entrance sign on the side door.

The neighborhood was as rough as any in town except the Gravel Hole. Within two blocks were four whorehouses, all owned by the same unmarried couple but differing in price and clientele and in the youth and beauty and cleanliness of the staff. The tracks of the Reading Railway ran parallel with the street, behind a fence which was broken by gates opening for spurs of track that led into warehouses and lumberyards. There were two blacksmith shops and half a dozen garages in the neighborhood, an old factory that was used as a drop by the beer mob, and such small businesses as a welder's shop, the shop of a man who repaired band instruments, a tinsmith's, a plumber's, and the headquarters of other artisans who had to make a lot of noise by day and went home quietly at night. No one had any legitimate business in Jay's neighborhood after seven in the evening, and the municipality spent very little money in lighting up the area. When darkness came the visitors to the neighborhood were there to drink or hire a woman, or both, and if they could have paid for better whiskey or better women, they would have been someplace else. Nevertheless Jay managed to keep out of serious trouble.

He began by letting it be quickly known that he gave good value. He would explain how he cut his booze to anyone who asked, and he made a point of calling it "booze" in the aggregate and an individual drink he called a "steam." Alcohol, caramel, and water were the principal ingredients of his booze, and he charged twenty-five cents for a shot in a two-ounce glass that he filled to the brim. He drank it himself out of the same bottle he poured for the customers, and he drank moderately but steadily all night long. "The party I get my white from, my alcohol, he knows I drink it myself," he often said. "If he wants me to stay in business, he gotta give me good stuff." The house bought generously; if two men were drinking together, the house bought every third round; if there were six at a table in the back room, the house bought the seventh drink. Nearly everyone could establish credit after a third or fourth visit to Jay's, and he would carry a heavy drinker even though he knew the customer had exhausted his credit elsewhere. But he made no effort to hide his preference for booze drinkers over the customers who drank beer. "I can't help it if the beer comes to me with ether in it. That's the way it comes. I'd have to charge a man a half a check for a good glass of beer, supposing I could get it in the first place. I bet you if you went to every joint in town right now, this minute, you wouldn't be able to find a barrel of real beer. Maybe the Elks. I understand they get delivery, but you have to be an Elk or with an Elk. I'm talking about where an ordinary fellow can go in and order a glass of beer, pay ten, fifteen cents for it. What they do at the breweries, they make good beer, then they take the alcohol out of it to stay out of trouble with the law. Then they get word that it's O.K. to make a shipment, and they quick needle it with ether. So a man comes in my place and drinks ten or fifteen beers and he's putting away a lot of ether. Bad for the disposition. I get more trouble out of my beer drinkers than I do out of my booze drinkers. They get sleepy and they try to stay awake and all they get is disagreeable. I'll tell you something else. Nine times out of ten a man don't know the difference between near beer and good beer. Nine times out of ten. If they want the taste of beer, they ought to drink Bevo. If they want a belt out of it, they ought to drink a boilermaker. I don't make a nickel out of my beer drinkers, but I have to accommodate them. Most of them don't have no place else to go, and I can't be so choosy."

Jay was *formal* with his beer trade. He gave them no cause for complaint; he was polite to them, and he would listen, hear them out, when they tried to hold him with conversation; but when he bought them a beer he would not drink with them, and when they tried to buy him a beer he would say, "That's all right," or "No thanks, it bloats me." But he would drink steam after steam with his booze customers, and he was such a little man to have that capacity. He was in his middle thirties, but already the upper half of his thin little face was shaded blue and his eyes were teary. He would lift a shot glass, take a breath,



"Sarge Shriver sends greetings."

knock back the liquor, stare straight ahead as it went down, take another breath, and plunge the glass in the rinsing tank. He never said so, but he wanted and needed every drink. He seemed grateful for the company of booze drinkers, and he was; he had a personal superstition against taking a drink by himself. He respected solitary drinking in others; that was how some men preferred to drink. But he knew that he was in control of his own drinking only so long as he could make a rule about it and stick to it. The booze was there, gallons of it, and one little nip more or less would not do him any harm, but if it meant breaking his rule it could be, would be, the sign that he had lost control, and no one had ever seen him in that condition. Well, no one in this town.

Jay's last name, Detweiler, was fairly common in the town. There was a Detweiler a butcher in the west end of town; Detweiler Brothers had a furniture store and undertaking parlor on the main drag, out of the high-rent district; Clara Detweiler taught French in the public high school; Billy Detweiler had had half a season at third base with Reading, in the International League, before breaking his leg; Isaac Detweiler was janitor and night watchman of the Citizens' Bank, a former fifer with the Spanish-American War Veterans Fife and Drum Corps. There had been Detweilers in the town for seventy-five years, and they had paid their bills and minded their own business, attended the Lutheran or the Reformed Church, and they were respected. Jay had no idea of their existence when he arrived in town, nor had he had any intention of getting off the train. He was on his way to a county fair sixty miles away to join a carnival show in the fall of 1919, when he was stricken with acute appendicitis. The conductor put him off the train at the first town that had a hospital, having wired ahead to have an ambulance meet the train. The appendix ruptured while Jay was riding to the hospital and he nearly died of peritonitis. It was inferred from papers in his pockets that he was some connection of the local Detweiler family, and he became temporarily the beneficiary of all those years of respectability. He was in the surgical ward for three weeks, a free patient, and by the time he was able to convince the hospital people that he was not a Detweiler of Gibbsville and that the eighteen dollars in his pocket was all the money he had in the world, he had also made a good impression with his courage and appreciation for everything that was done for him.

"What are you going to do when you get out of here? You're going to have to wear a belt for six months, maybe a year," said the doctor.

"A belt? What kind of a belt?"

"A surgical belt. You won't be able to do any heavy work. Not that you have been, judging by your muscles."

"No, I always stayed away from that, if I could."

"But you spent a lot of time outdoors."

"I sure did, Doc. I sure did."

"What *do* you do?"

Jay smiled. "Well, I didn't exactly lie to you, but I didn't exactly tell you the truth either. I told you I was a salesman. Well, I sell, but I don't sell carpet sweepers or kitchen cabinets. I'm a pitchman."

"A pitchman. Oh, yes, I've heard of that. With a sideshow, a carnival."

"That's correct, sir."

"Three-card monte and that sort of thing?"

"Well—if necessary."

"Hasn't been very profitable for you. You didn't have very much money on you when you were admitted."

"I was on my way to Bloomsburg, to the Fair. I had a job waiting for me with a friend of mine, but he don't know where I am. But I'll get in touch with him. He has an address in New York City."

"How old are you, Detweiler?"

"I'm just turned thirty."

"Just turned thirty. Why don't you turn honest? You seem like an intelligent fellow, and I guess you have to be sharp-witted to make a living in your profession, if I can call it that."

"And quick on your feet."

"I'll bet. You're quick with the booze, too, aren't you?"

"It's a weakness of mine."

"Yes, and I know what the other one is, too."

"How could you tell that? I'm clean as a whistle."

"The tattooing."

"Oh, Norma. Christ, that was in Muncie, Indiana, a long time ago. I'll bet she weighs a ton by now. Undying love. Well, she got 'J.D.' tattooed on her rump. Not very big, about a half an inch high. She wanted it, I didn't ask her. But she couldn't have it too big. She done the dance of the seven veils and she had to cover up my brand with makeup, working. Norma. I was twenty years of age, and I guess if she levelled with me she was thirty. The first real woman I ever met. Gave me up for a knife thrower, Captain Jack Montague. Johnny Muntz was the real handle, but I let him be Jack Montague, he was awful handy with them shivs."

"You're going to need some money. What do you plan to do?"

"I'm going to pay back this hospital. And you."

"You don't owe me anything. I'm on surgical duty. But you're expected to pay the hospital for medicines. Your belt."

"That I intend to. I'll work here, an orderly, till I'm off the nut. Of course what I could do, you give me a deck of cards and let me go upstairs where the rich patients are."

"Wouldn't *that* be nice?"

"No, I wouldn't do that here. You people here saved my life. Just give me a cot to sleep on and my scoff, my three meals a day, and I'll work as long as they say till I'm in the clear. Meantime I can get in touch with my buddy through *Billboard* and maybe he has something lined up. I can put the arm on him for a little walking-around money, *if* he answers my letter."

"You can't be an orderly. Too much lifting, and a lot of things you'd have to learn. But maybe you could run an elevator, something of that sort."

"It's a funny thing. I want to get out of here, but all the same I got a feeling for this place. I was ready to cash in, wasn't I?"

"Yes, you were."

"I come to in the amblance, heard that bell ringing and I got it through my head, that nurse, never seen me before, nobody ever seen me before, but they're doing all they can for me. Then I guess the thing popped, huh? And the next I remember I was in a bed with clean sheets. Thirsty! God, I was thirsty. For water, not booze. Water. And I hurt good. . . . That conductor, *he* was a nice fellow. *He* went to a lot of trouble. You know, Doc, I had him pegged for a mark. I only had eighteen bucks in my kick, and we don't generally take a risk with railroad conductors, but this guy I was gonna make a pitch. And then what'd he do? He saved my life."

"Well, young fellow, think about it."

"I do."

"Because it's something to think about. These were all people that you call marks. Easy marks, I guess that means. But one after another they helped save your life. You should have seen the pus in your belly. So do think about it, Detweiler, and stop being a wisenheimer."

Jay, seated in a white enamelled iron chair, ran the elevator, worked off his debt to the hospital, and made himself agreeable to the staff and patients. They were sorry to see him leave, but he had located the crap game that is to be found in every town the size of Gibbsville. In his cake-eater clothes, now not fitting him too well, he was obviously neither a cop nor a muscle man, and he was admitted to the game. He quickly identified the professionals in the game, and he bet their way—right when they bet right, wrong when they bet wrong. He was not interested in handling the dice himself and he passed up his turn; but he nursed his ten dollars case money until he had won a hundred dollars, and then quietly departed. He was followed into the alley, and he knew it. He suddenly stopped and turned. "Get any closer and I'll rip your gut," he said.

"I ain't after your dough. I want to talk with you."

"You can talk standing in front of the restrunt, around the corner."

"All right, I'll meet you there."

The stranger, whom Jay recognized from the crap table, led the way to the Greek's all-night restaurant, which lighted up the sidewalk. He offered Jay a cigarette, which Jay declined.

"I oughtn't to smoke either. I just got out of the hospital, too."

"I don't remember you," said Jay.

"I be surprised if you did. You want to make a couple dollars?"

"Always do, but first who *are* you?"

"My name is Bartlett. Red Bartlett. I live here in town."

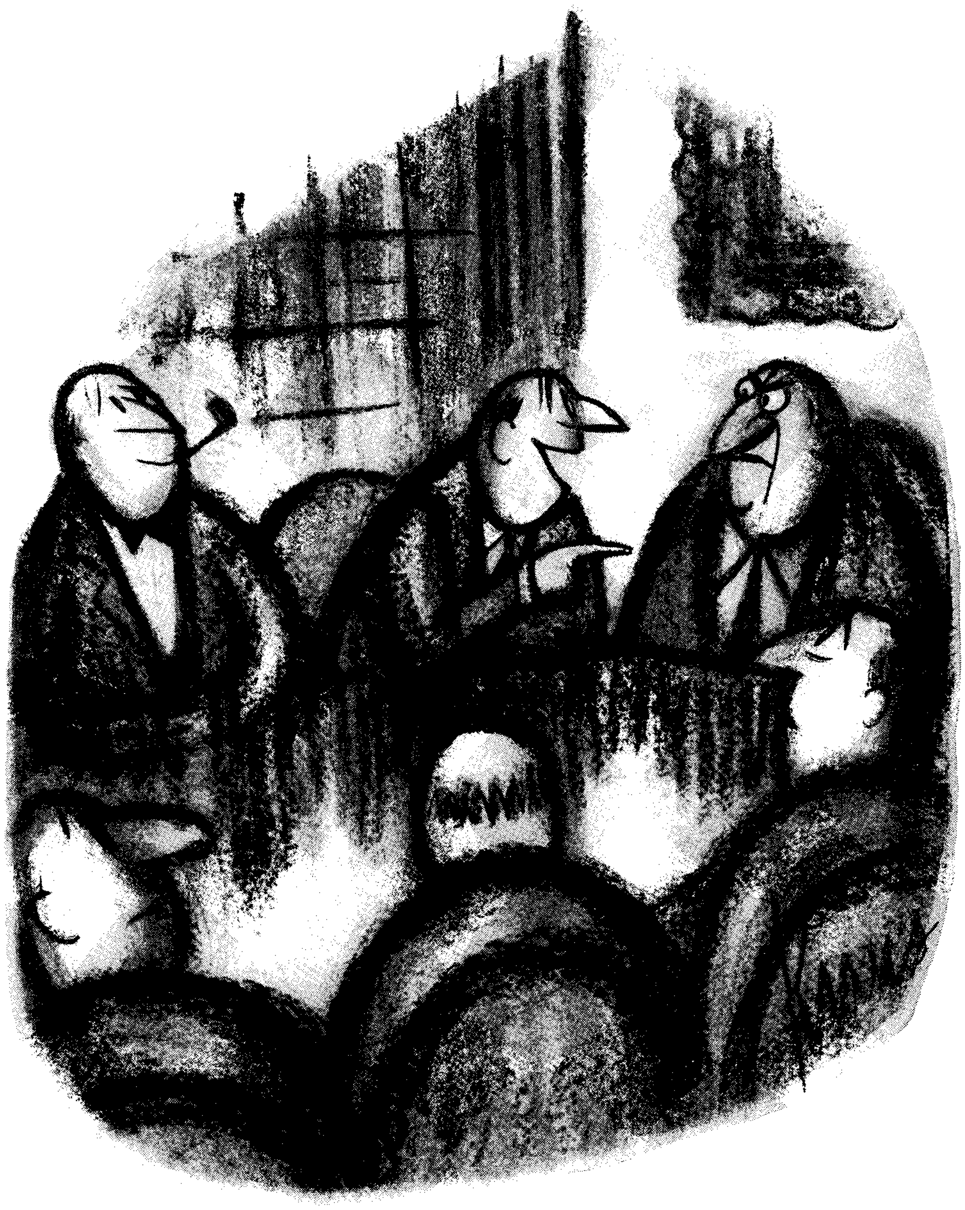
"Doing what?"

"Well, this and that."

"Like time? You done a little time, I know that much."

"Yeah, I been in the cooler. Nothing big. Breaking and entering. Assault and battery. I guess you done a couple of bits yourself."

"Uh-huh. I was hung for murder,



"I hope you understood, Mr. Phillips, that when I said 'We all make mistakes,' I didn't mean you."

and I did twenty years for holding up a stagecoach. What do you want, fellow?"

"I seen the way you were playing them dice. You look to me like a fellow was trying to get enough to leave town."

"And you got a proposition that me and you go in it together, we cut it up, and I leave town."

"You're pretty cute," said Bartlett.

"I'm cuter than that. They don't pin it on you, but they pin it on me because I blow town. Mister, I just as soon they didn't see me talking to you, anybody as dumb as you are."

"Six or seven hundred dollars, your end. Five, anyway."

"Listen, God damn you, I wanted to blow this town tomorrow, and now I can't. A thickheaded son of a bitch like you, you're gonna go ahead with this, whatever it is, and now I gotta stay. I gotta stay, and I gotta be able to account for every minute. You son of a bitch, I wish I never saw you. Good night, Mister." Jay entered the restaurant and sat at the counter, drinking coffee and eating the bland filler of custard pie, until daylight. He went to his rooming house, carefully reminding the landlady of the time in case questions should be asked later. The precaution was unnecessary; at four o'clock in the morning, Bartlett had already been shot and killed while resisting arrest during the burglary of Detweiler Brothers furniture store-undertaking parlor. It was a Saturday night, the beginning of the month, when installment payments were due, and there was more than four thousand dollars in the strongbox to be banked on Monday morning. Bartlett had once worked as a helper on Detweiler's delivery van, and even then had been fired for clumsiness.

Jay went back to the crap game that afternoon and watched it for a while without playing. It was a different game. The night before, it had been professionals and workingmen with the gambling itch; today it was high-school kids, the easiest kind of marks but the worst kind of troublemakers, who rightly suspected each other of using the tees, the miss-outs, and plain ordinary loaded dice. Bad news. The house collected a nickel a pass, and the professionals stayed out of the game, waiting while one or two of the kids became big winners and cleaned out the small bankrolls—Mom's money from the sugar bowl. The professionals sat against the wall, staring at the caps of their shoes until they heard a kid say, "I'm shooting five dollars. Five dollars open here." The professionals jumped down from their high wire chairs; the men had been separated from the boys.

THE SILENT LOVER

She sighs. What shall I say?
For beauty seems to grow
In silence, when the heart is faint and slow.

Sing, sing . . . How shall I sing?
In silent eyes, where clouds and islands gaze,
The waves bring Eros in.

I think the rustling of her clothes
Is like the sea, and she
A wild, white bird,

And love is like the sighing of the sand.

—Louis Simpson

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Soon the game resembled that of the night before, with the appearance of the winners from the night before and the losers who had promoted new bankrolls.

"Two to one no six," said a man.

"He sixes," said Jay, and he was back in the game. It was a long evening, less profitable than the previous one, but when at last he was fifty dollars ahead on the night, he quit. Once again he was followed into the alley, this time by two men who immediately took him by the arms. They were two of the men he had identified as professionals. "Where we going?" said Jay.

"Up the street."

"Where up the street?"

One man laughed. "They call it the Bucket of Blood."

"And what happens there?" said Jay.

"We have a couple of shots," said the man.

"Out of a gun, or a bottle?" said Jay.

"Oh, a bottle. Why did you say a gun?"

"My little joke," said Jay.

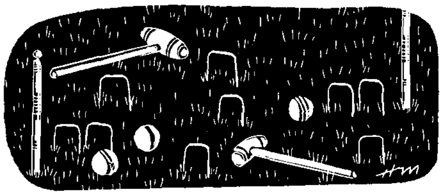
"Maybe we'll throw you in front of a train, but we don't carry a gun."

Immediately Jay broke loose. "Well, I carry this," he said. He backed away, and they could see his knife, which he held as though he were shaking hands with it. "One of you gets it for sure, right up the gut," he said.

"Cut it out, Detweiler. We got business to talk."

"Like throwing me in front of a train. Lousy bastards."

"That was kidding. We both got guns, if we'd of wanted to knock you off."



"And I'm a cop," said the less talkative of the men.

"A cop?"

"You should of known that."

"A *town* cop?"

"A town cop. Put away that sticker and we go have a drink. Go on back to the dice game and ask anybody if I'm *not* a cop. Chapman, my name is."

"What kind of cops do they have in this town?" said Jay. "You *are* a cop. I can tell it now, but I didn't before."

"You're a sick man, Detweiler," said Chapman. "The two of us could make a run for it and I could shoot you as quick as I gave it to Bartlett."

"You gave it to Bartlett?" said Jay.

"Yeah."

"Who's this other fellow?" said Jay.

"Me? You heard them say my name. Dave Bangs."

"I know both your names, but what do *you* do, Bangs?"

"I hustle a buck," said Bangs.

"This town is wider open than I thought," said Jay.

"This town ain't wide open, only a couple streets," said Chapman. "You satisfied now, or do we run and shoot?"

"I'll say one thing about this town. It got the coldest-blooded cop I ever run up against. All right, buy me a drink."

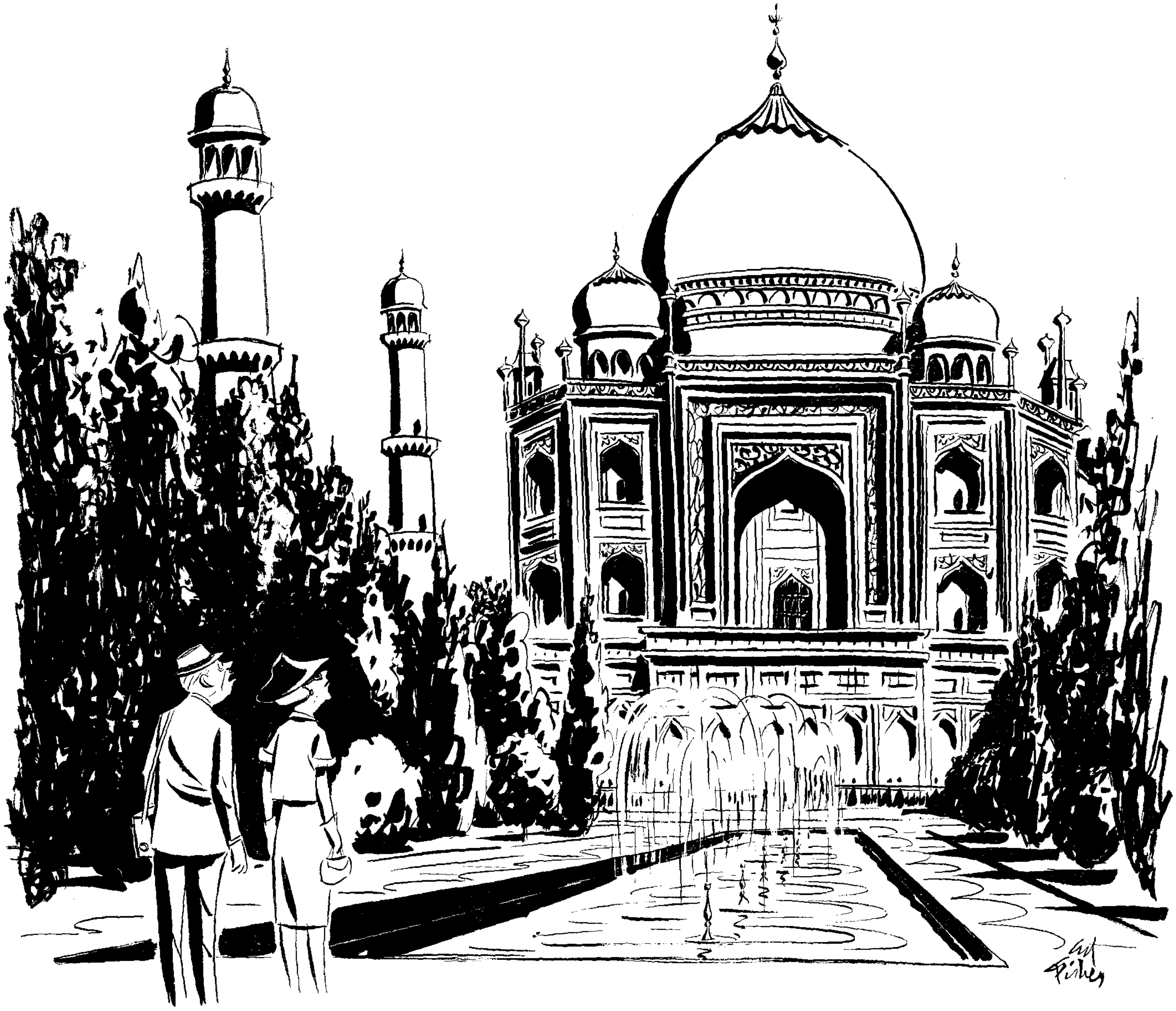
The whiskey was so bad that Jay was almost afraid to finish his drink even after he had diluted it with water. "My first since I got out of the hospital," he said.

"The beer's even worse," said Chapman. "I'll send you around a couple pints of drugstore rye tomorrow."

"Make it the first thing in the morning," said Jay. "Tomorrow's getaway day for me."

"Well, maybe. Listen to us first," said Chapman.

"Listening," said Jay.



"I'll just bet they didn't come crying for foreign aid to build *that**!"*

• •

"I owe you a favor, Detweiler. When I seen you talking to Bartlett I figured he was ready for something. What, I didn't know, but it was pretty near time he needed money."

"Where were you when I was talking to Bartlett?"

"Across the street. I follied you out in the alley. I seen you pull the toe-jabber on him, too. You know how to use that thing, don't you?"

"Now that I'm talking to a cop I gotta watch what I say."

"All right," said Chapman.

"This here guy's the smartest detective on the force," said Bangs.

"Out of how many?" said Jay.

"Two," said Chapman. "But last night didn't take much brains. You gave Bartlett a no, and all I had to do was hang on to him. I no sooner saw which way he was headed than I knew where he was going to."

"Tell me some more about how smart you are, Chapman. How did you know I wouldn't go in with Bartlett?"

"Well, I heard you call him a son of a bitch. Your voice carries, for a little fellow. Secondly, why should a smart little guy like you go in with a dumbhead like Bartlett? What was the percentage for you?"

"Yeah. He said my take would be five or six hundred. I understand there was close to five thousand dollars at the furniture store. He was a muttonhead, all right."

"He sure was. I went to school with him till fifth grade, he never got no further. They had him in Glen Mills for a couple years—"

"What's Glen Mills?"

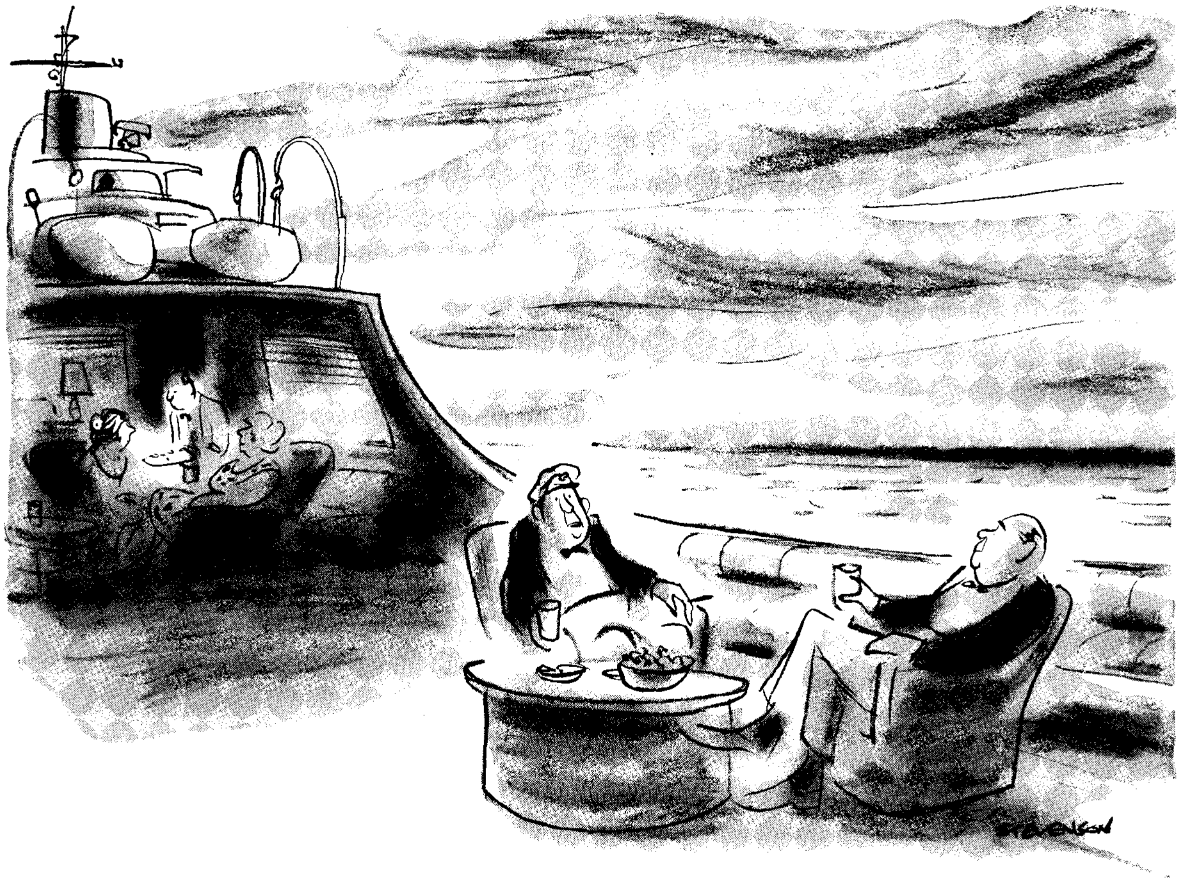
"Reformatory. He come out of there worse than he went in. Strong as an ox, but used to beat up his old lady, a scrubwoman over at the Pennsy station. Kids with paper routes. A hooker down the street, she had him arrested for a. and b. He broke into a couple stores and we sent him up on one. He was what you call a habitual criminal, and if he ever had a hundred dollars in his pocket, I doubt it. Maybe a hundred, but I'll bet you he never had two."

"Never two," said Bangs.

"No, I don't think he did either," said Chapman. "He said to me, the time I put the collar on him, he said, 'I'm gonna excape outa here. Excape. And I'm gonna come down and kick your brains out.' You know what? The warden told me Bartlett was a model prisoner, so model that he *liked* it up on the hill, and I wanta tell you something. Our county jail ain't one of your model prisons. They got rats up there the size of a fox terrier. I was up there one day and I seen a rat this big right on top of the warden's desk. I shot it. The warden was sore as hell, but I don't want to be in the room with a rat that big."

"And Bartlett was even bigger," said Jay.

"Yeah, Red was bigger. But not as



"'I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky, and all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by.' John Masefield. Right, Herb?"

• •

smart. How smart are you, Detweiler?"

"Ah, now comes the pitch," said Jay. "Well, I been known to have two hundred dollars in my pocket. Maybe three. Maybe four. But there's a lot of guys smarter than me. Maybe if I was a little smarter I would have been a detective."

"Uh-huh. It's gonna take a week or ten days, but we'll find out how smart you were."

"What's the capital of Michigan?" said Jay.

"Michigan? Detroit, I guess. Why?"

"Illinois?"

"Well, I know it ain't Chicago," said Chapman. "Springfield? Why?"

"The capital of Michigan is Lansing, and you're right about Springfield. That's where the records are kept, and that's what you want to do, isn't it? Find out if they have a sheet on me? They have. But why should I save you the trouble? That's what they pay them clerks for."

"Illinois we know about. You did a year and a day in Joliet—assault with deadly weapon or something like that. We got an answer from Illinois. That was where your sharpie suit came from, Illinois. Some little town. The hospital reported you to us. New York State you're in the clear. Pennsylvania you're in the clear. You had eighteen bucks on you when you went in the hospital, and you were headed for the Bloomsburg Fair. I could run you in now and fingerprint you if I wanted to."

"But you won't, because you want something."

"Yep. You know who owns that crap game, and the joint we were playing in?"

"Well, I thought it was Jerry, the houseman. But you ask me the question, like that, who does own it? You? You and Bangs?"

"I and Bangs, we both got our fifty per cent," said Chapman.

"Nice," said Jay.

"Yeah, but it's all I get. I don't take another nickel. I don't get to collect from the hookers. The saloons. The ordinance violations. Carnivals. Circuses. Taxi companies. Fortune-tellers. All the other poolrooms in town. If you started another dice room in town, I'd close you up inside of fifteen minutes. But if you wanted to open up a saloon you'd have to see someone else."

"Well, that's the way it should be. Nobody gets too greedy. And the mayor and them, I guess they cut themselves in on your take," said Jay.

"That's none of your business, Detweiler."

"Right, it isn't," said Jay. "Well, wuddia got in mind for me?"

"We're looking for a man to take Jerry's job, and we gotta have one right away. Jerry got consumption and they're sending him to the sanitarium. The way I see it, winter's coming. That's your worst time of the year, but it's our best. When it's cold weather we got fellows waiting for tables to shoot pool, eleven o'clock in the morning to midnight. We make good money off the pool tables. But the big money, naturally that's the dice room. Payday at the mines. Payday out at the steel mill. And you know who's good for a bundle every week?"

"No."

"These travelling orchestras. Every week beginning October to April they get a famous jazz orchestra, famous ones that make Victrola records, one right after the other. They all like to shoot dice."

"And what you don't get, the hookshops do. I know them travelling orchestras," said Jay. "Do you handle muggles?"

"Them marijuana cigarettes? No, that's handled by a fortune-teller and one of the hack drivers. Or there's a doctor on Lantenengo Street, if you got the right send-in. Nose candy. The needle. That's pretty quiet around here. Not much call for it except the hookers."

"And Jerry."

"Yeah, Jerry. Cocaine."

"And Dave, here," said Jay.

"Not me," said Dave.

"Have it your own way," said Jay.

"How about you?" said Chapman.

"Not so far, but there's no telling. Is that why you're giving Jerry the boot?"

"Partly. But he has consumption, too," said Chapman.

"He looks it. In other words, he was stealing too much."

"A little too much, yeah. You don't mind a little, but Jerry all of a sudden began stealing ten-fifteen dollars a day."

"A broad," said Jay. "Most likely

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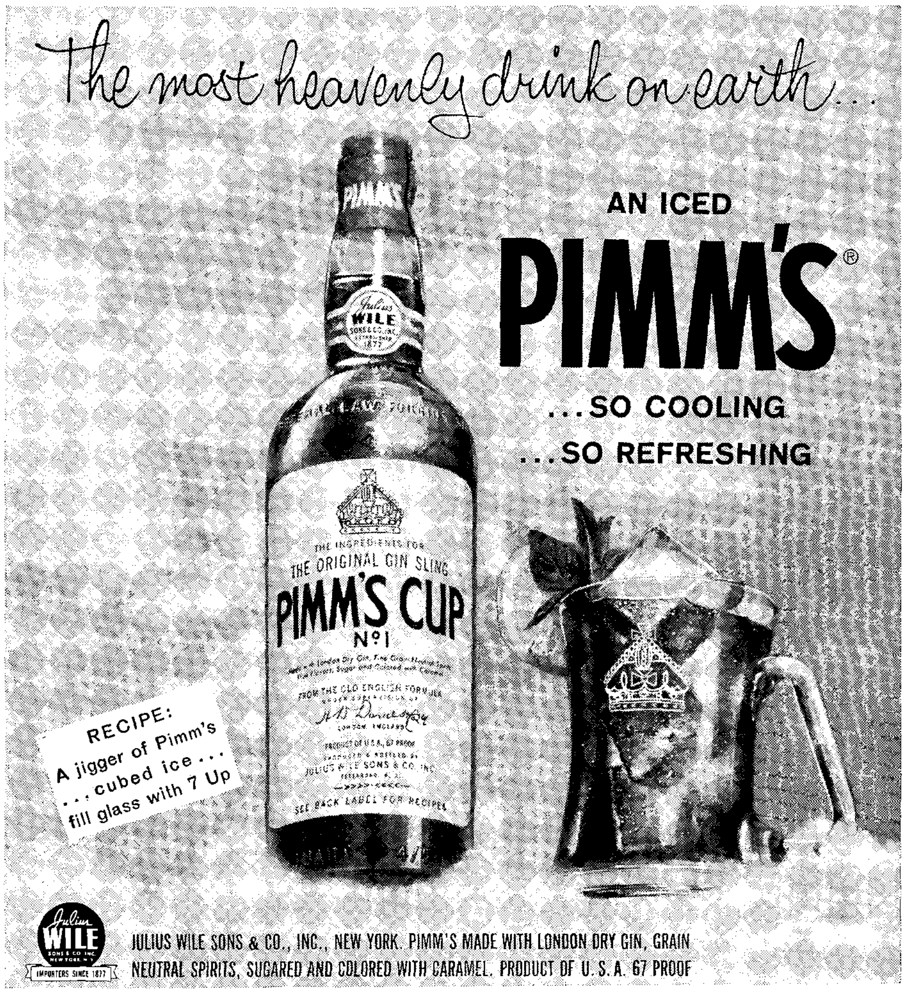

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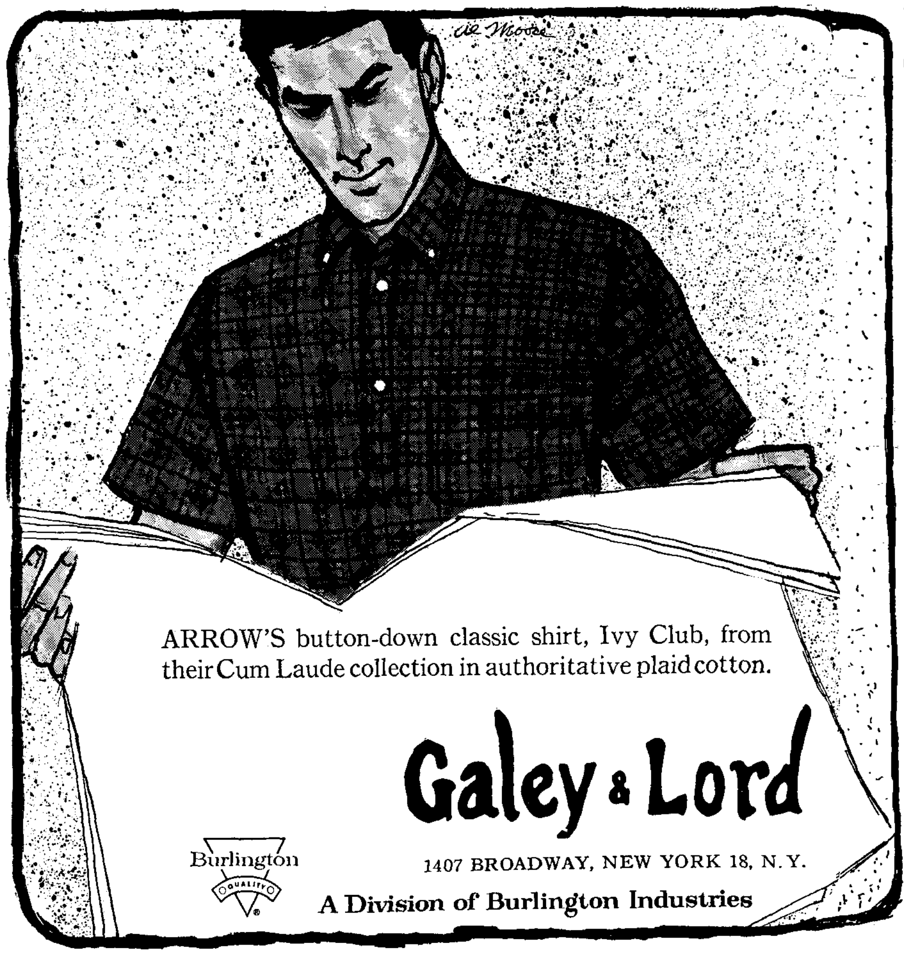
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some broad he was paying for her dope."

"What makes you think I took it?" said Dave.

"Yeah, we're back to that," said Jay. "Well, I guess I knew over a hundred men and women that took it."

"Were you ever wrong?" said Chapman.

"I been wrong."

"And you could be lying, too. I mean about you not taking it," said Chapman.

"I could be lying, but I'm not. It'll come to that, maybe, but my weakness is the booze. That I admit. Even this lousy rotgut, now I started, I want another. What's the job, and what does it pay?"

"Fifty a week. You're houseman. The pool tables, we got a kid racking up and shooting for the house. The dice game, you don't handle the dice. That is, you don't play. You collect on every pass, and a guy craps out, you say who gets the dice. And you keep the game honest."

"How honest?"

"Well, the dice have to hit the board on every roll or it's no dice."

"That's not what I meant."

"I know what you meant. There's two guys you never take the dice away from."

"Dave is one," said Jay. "And a fellow named Sol Green."

"That's correct. Anybody else you get suspicious, you change the dice. But not Dave, and not Sol."

"What if there's trouble? A chump starts a fight?"

"Usually it's an out-of-town guy that starts a fight. If I ain't there, Dave and a couple our friends can handle it. I don't want you pulling that toe-jabber unless the guy goes for you. But the way we handle a squawker, the first thing we do is get him out in the alley. Stop the game, and get that guy out in the alley."

"What about them kids?"

"There's a kid named Lefty Permento, they're all scared of him. We give him ten bucks a week and he shoots pool for free. An ugly bastard, but he sure likes to fight."

"Fifty dollars a week," said Jay. "Should I have a talk with Jerry and see how much I can steal?"

"Don't steal too much. Remember, this is all I got except my hundred and twenty a month from the police department. And it's *all* Dave got."

"And I'm there all day and all night," said Dave.

"Yeah, what are *my* hours?" said Jay.

"You come on at six o'clock. Very seldom you're there after ha' past one, two o'clock in the morning. Saturday

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and Sunday afternoon, you come on around one. You get Mondays off."

"Who does the bookkeeping?"

"We do, in our head. The Greek owns the building, we pay the rent in cash. Everything is cash. Electricity. Everything. Dave pays that stuff."

"Well, we'll give it a try," said Jay. "Say, I want to ask you—why do they call this place the Bucket of Blood?"

"Search me," said Chapman. "They got a place the other end of town, down in Little Italy. They call it the Bucket of Blood, too, but there they got reason to. This joint, I don't see how he keeps going."

"Who's the owner?"

"The fellow tending bar, Matt Hostetter. He's on his last legs, too. And yet when I was a kid this place did business. My old man and all the guys from the car shops and the freight yards used to come in here. Why? You want to buy it?"

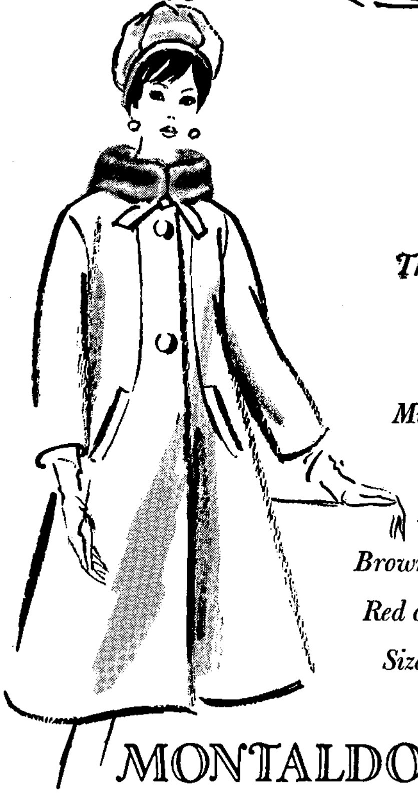
"You never can tell."

"Just don't buy it with our money," said Chapman.

"*Some* of your money," said Jay.

HE ran an orderly game for Chapman and Bangs. The dice players made him prove that he knew what he was doing and what they were doing. He could be witheringly sarcastic, but generally he was good-natured and he talked continually. "The man's shooting twelve dollahs, five covered, seven dollahs open, now two dollahs open. Fi' dollahs he's right coming out, fi' dollahs he's wrong. Shoot the dice, and his point is eight. Eight's the point and it's two to one he eights for fi' dollahs and five to two no eight the hard way. And—crap it is. The dice go to Mulligan. Mulligan, your dice. The man shoots two dollahs and he's covered, and you watch Mulligan run that deuce up to sixteen thousand dollahs. Well, not this time, Mulligan, a pair of beady little eyes. But Mulligan's a dead-game sport and it's two dollahs open. Two dollahs. He's wrong for five dollahs, five dollahs he's wrong coming out and—no dice! The money *got* to be on the table, not in the air. No ghost bets here, gentlemen. The money *got* to be on the table. That's better. All right, Mulligan, roll them."

Beginning with his first night, he held out five dollars that was due the house and on big nights he got away with ten. He ran a faster, more efficient game than Jerry had run, and he stole a great deal less. All winter he made between eighty and a hundred dollars a week; he paid his room rent punctually, subsisted largely on eggs, and kept a pint of fair



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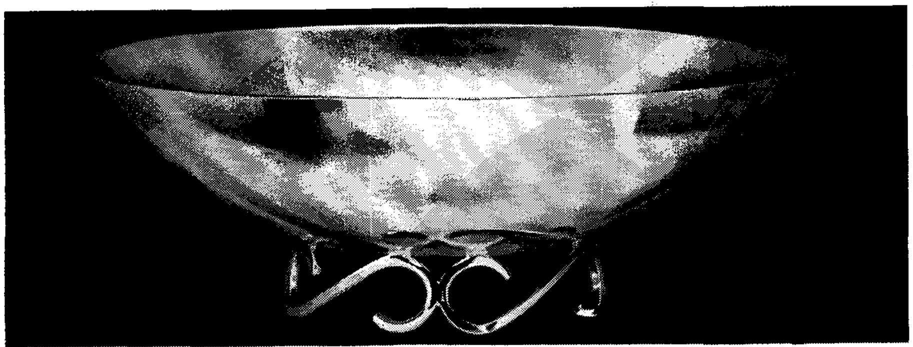

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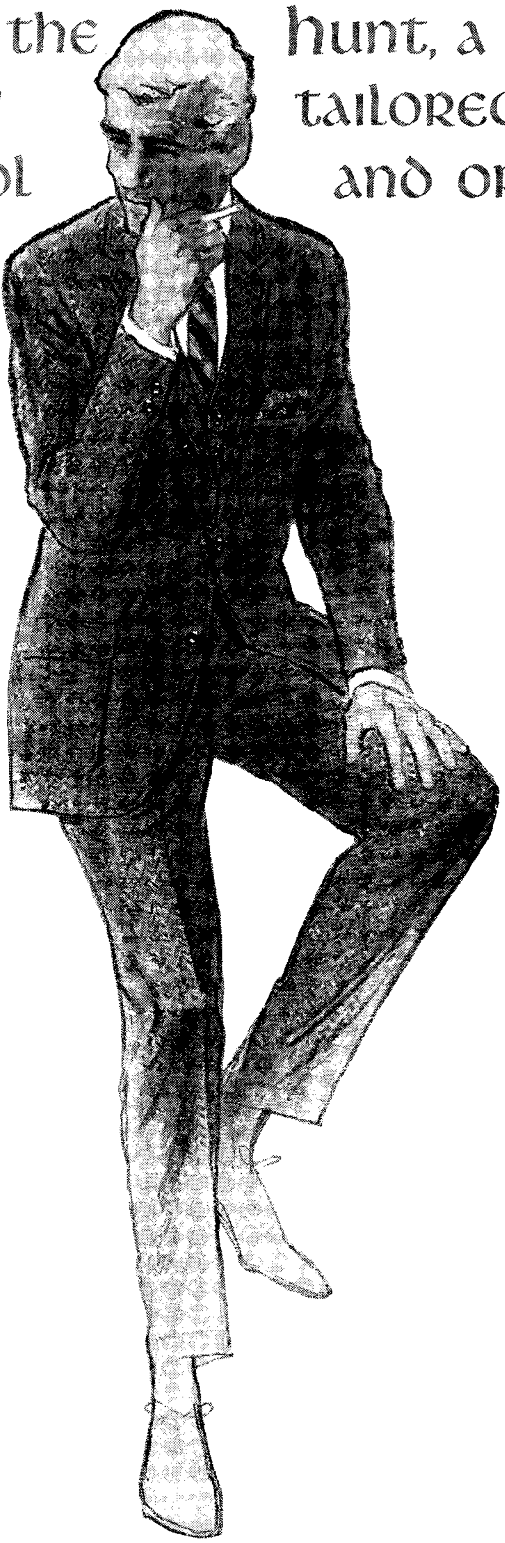

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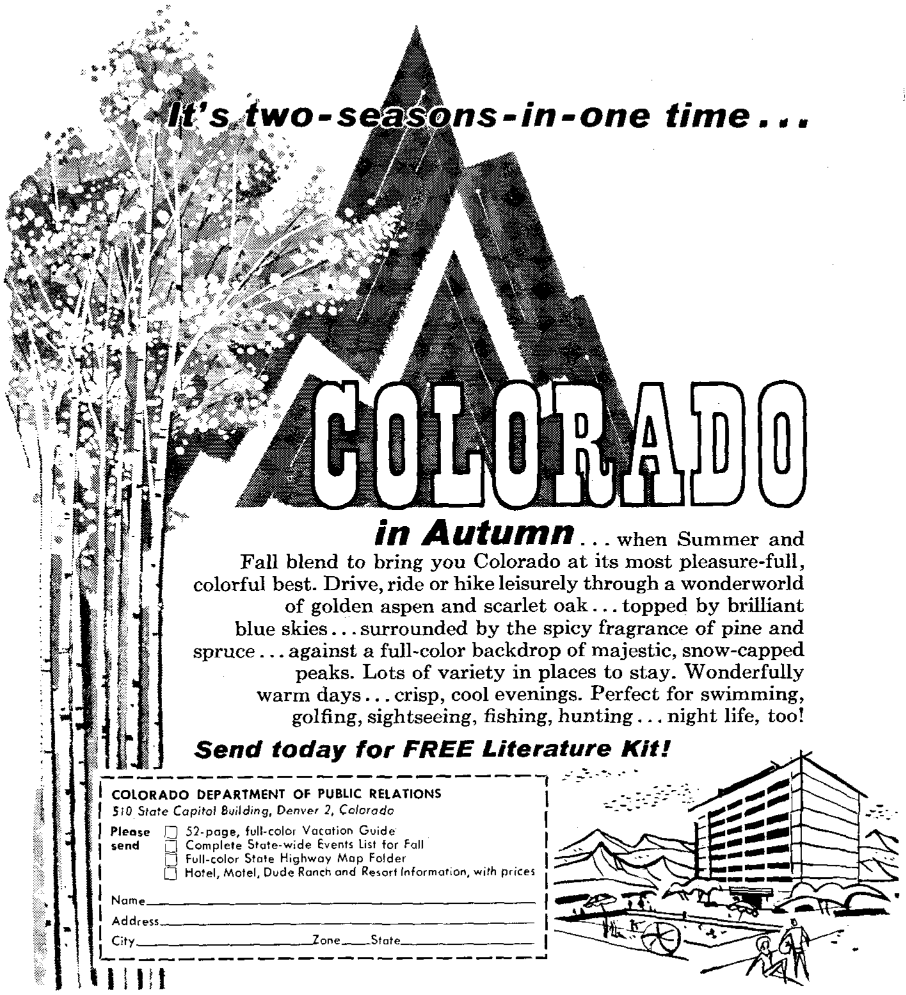

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whiskey always within reach. And he saved his money. When warm weather came and with it a slackening off of business, he persuaded Chapman and Bangs to close the dice game for a month except for the big paydays, and he and Chapman would make tours of the amusement parks. During intermission and after the dance was over they would get a crap game going among the touring musicians and the concessionaires, and Chapman was delighted to discover that he had not lost a nickel by closing down the indoor game. On this deal Jay and Chapman went halves, and Bangs was not in it at all. Jay encountered some old carnival acquaintances among the concessionaires, and he could always get a carnie friend to act as a shillaber. The shill would win a little money and make a noise about it, and the musicians and the concessionaires and the roustabouts would be ready to be taken. It was seldom necessary to sneak in the educated dice more than two or three times during a game, but it had to be done at precisely the right moment and under the suspicious eyes of the concessionaires. The smarter men among the concessionaires could tell when Jay and Chapman *ought* to throw in the educated dice, and they would drop out of the game temporarily, but even with this knowledge the concessionaires were never sure enough of their suspicions to risk a challenge. And most of them knew that Chapman was a cop, carrying a gun, and that Jay had done time out West for cutting up a fellow with a knife. At the end of the summer layoff, Jay had saved up nearly six thousand dollars.

"The parks all close Labor Day," said Chapman, one night when they were driving back to town.

"Yeah, nothing lasts forever," said Jay.

"You must have a pretty good little bundle."

"Pretty."

"Dave wants to get a new man," said Chapman.

"I'd be sore, too, if I was Dave, but we didn't need him. He would have been a li'bility. Clumsy. If he'd of been with us I'd of spent all summer waiting for him to throw out three dice."

"He wouldn't throw out three dice. He's too good for that. But you're right, he's getting clumsy."

"Chappie?"

"What?"

"Have you got a new man?"

"Well, we talked to a fellow down at the shore. Bangs knew him before. I just as soon get rid of Bangs and go partners with you, but Bangs has the

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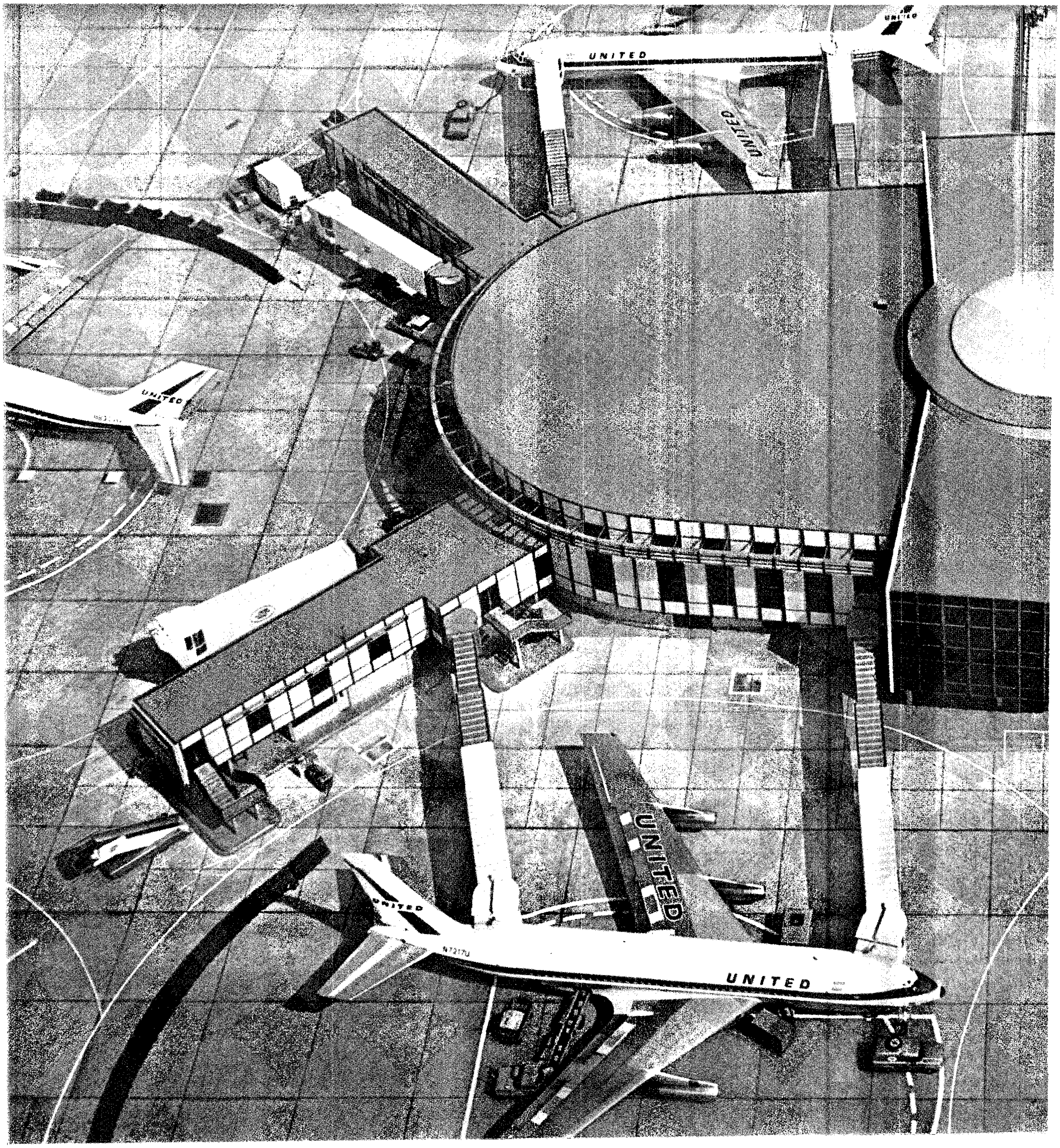

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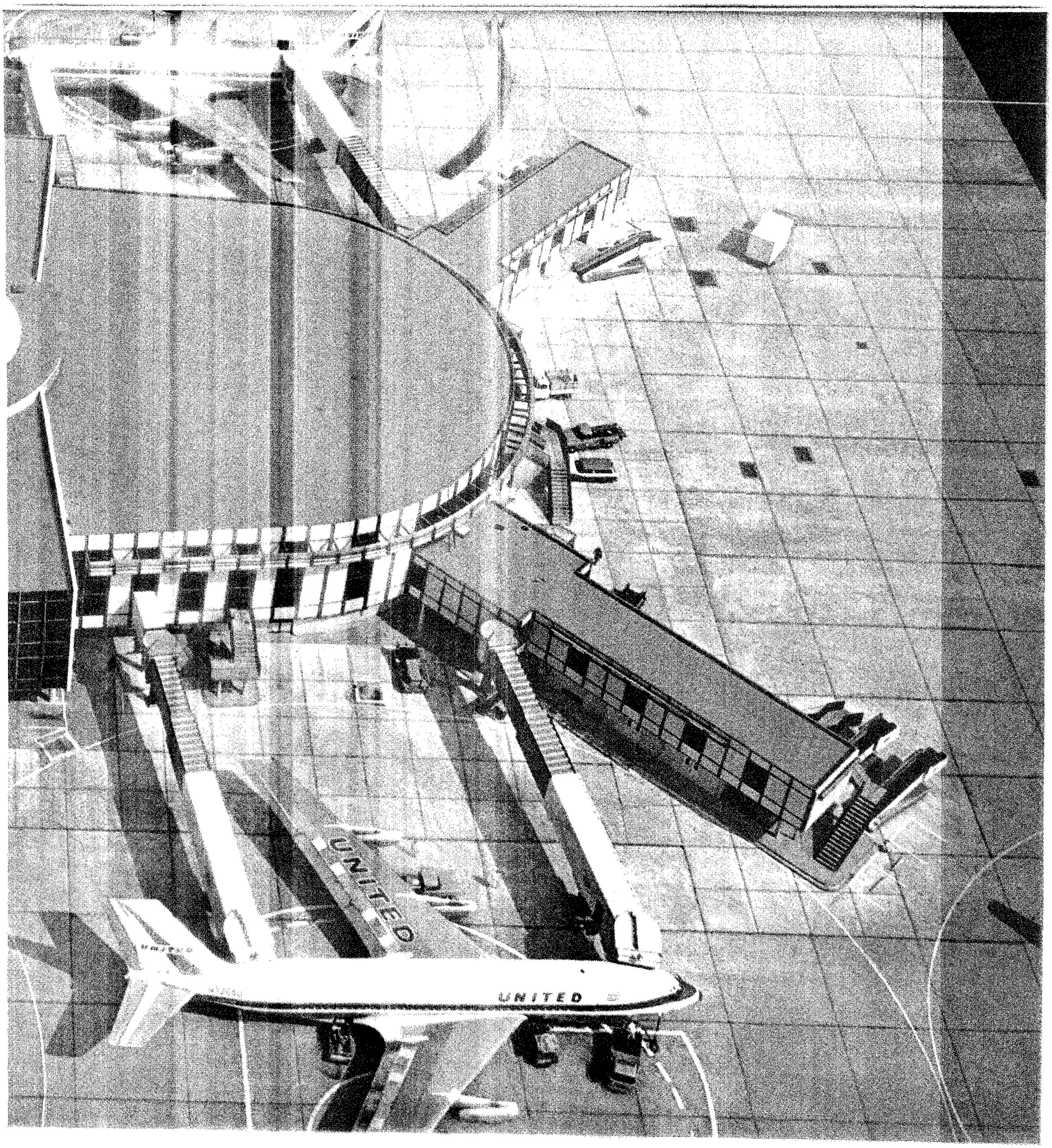

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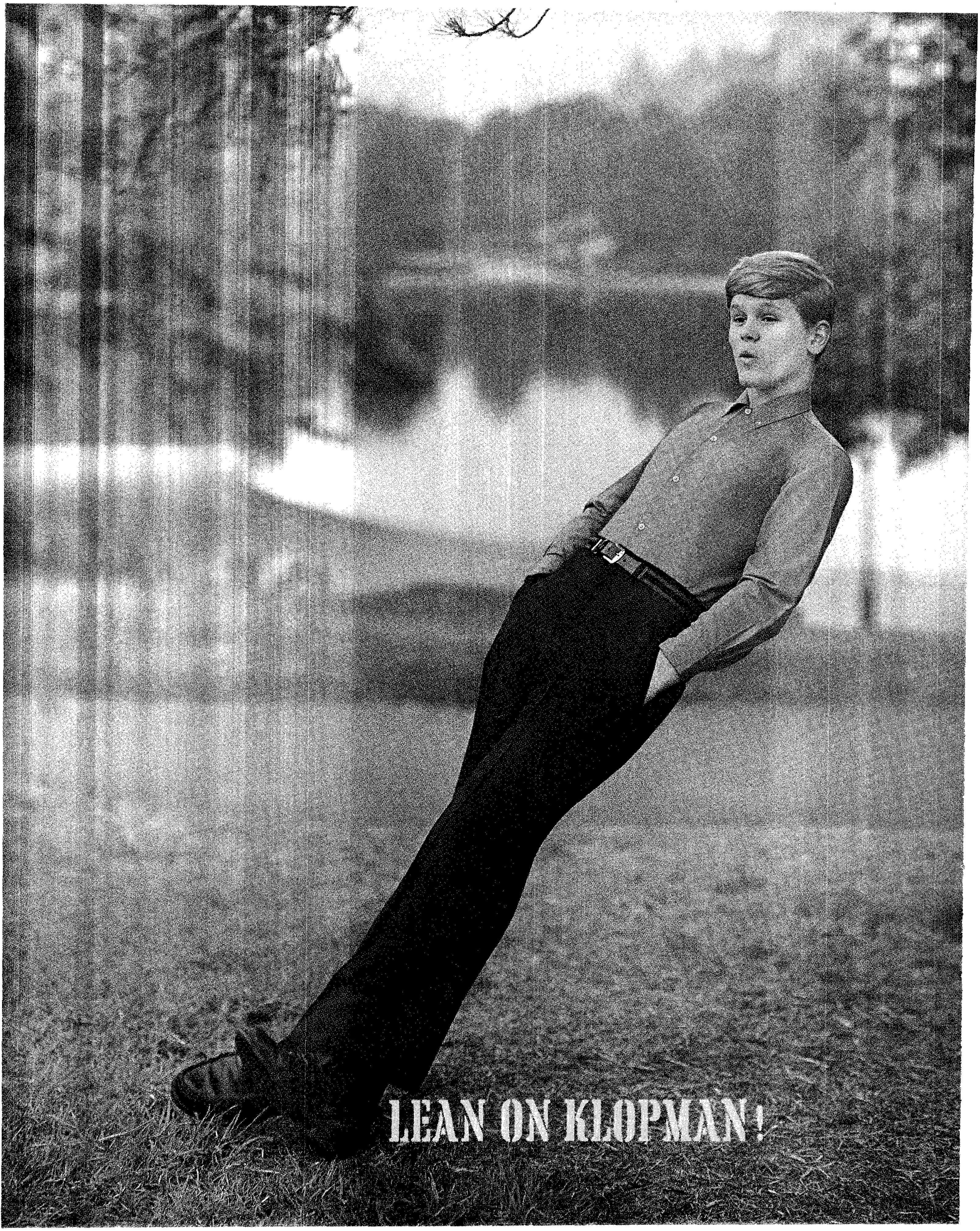
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money and you don't. I don't either, you know. I ain't finished paying for my house and my wife's old lady has to have an operation."

"That's all right. A year ago this time I was almost dead. Now I'm alive and a little ahead. If I bought Matt Hostetter's would I get any help from you?"

"As long as you don't open up a dice game. And as long as you don't mean you want any money from me."

"Just a good word with the right people. Hostetter wants five thousand dollars. He's crazy, but if I offer him thirty-five hundred I think he'll sell."

"I could make him sell. Not me, but Schmidt. All I do is I say to Schmidt, put Hostetter out of business and put a real go-getter in there. You'd be better for Schmidt than old Matt is. Matt's on his last legs."

"I wouldn't want to muscle him out. That wouldn't be good for business."

"You'd be doing him a favor. You understand, though, you have to get your goods where Schmidt says."

"I'd have to talk to Schmidt about that. Hostetter's been taking anything they send him. It's a wonder they don't go blind, drinking the stuff he sells."

"Well, you work that out with Schmidt. I wish you and me could go in together, but right now Bangs has the bankroll. Why do you want to run a broken-down joint like Hostetter's?"

"I tell you why, Chappie. From Hostetter's the only way you can go is up. I'm in business for about as little money as it's possible. And the main reason, I got a place of my own. No partners, my own boss."

"Yeah, I wish I didn't have so many partners. I got Dave, I got the mayor, I got the chief of police, I got my wife, my wife's old lady, my two kids, a couple broads always asking for stocking money. Maybe you think I got it good, but if you want to know the truth of the matter, I'm in hock to Dave for over four thousand. I owe on this car, and it's two years old. My house ain't paid for. Where does it all go? I don't live high, but if I had to live on my hundred-and-twenty cop's pay, I couldn't do it. My wife says to me, quit. Quit running the dice game, she says. Where would she be if I quit? And her old lady with a private room in the hospital? Don't be surprised if one of these days I come around and put the arm on you."

"Wait till I get on my own two feet, though."

"You'll be all right. I got a feeling. I just got a feeling. Jay, I'm gonna let you off at the Greek's. I got a date with a broad. You don't have that trouble,

Q What Are Municipal Bonds?

A Almost everyone who has voted in an American election has probably been confronted at some time by a bond issue. Perhaps you have gone into the voting booth and found on the ballot a question along these lines: Shall this community contract additional debt and issue $2,000,000 in school bonds to provide funds for erecting additional school buildings? Let's take this hypothetical bond issue and follow it from its origin.

Suppose your community needs a new school building. The proposal regarding a bond issue appears on the ballot, and the voters approve the raising of a school building fund. Obviously, so large an amount could not be raised by taxes except over a period of years; so the community must borrow the money. It accomplishes this by issuing and selling bonds. Each bond is, in effect, an I.O.U. for $1,000; it is the community's promise to repay that money in a specified number of years and to pay a set rate of interest for the use of the money in the meantime.

Since your community is not in the financial business and the town fathers cannot themselves undertake to sell bonds, they turn to investment banking firms such as Merrill Lynch for help. Your community's bond issue is advertised, and investment bankers, singly or in groups, offer to buy the entire $2,000,000 issue and to assume the risk of reselling it to the public. Their bids will differ because they will have different ideas about the interest rates necessary to attract investors and also the risk involved in underwriting the bonds. As a matter of practice, under most state laws, municipal bond issues are put up for competitive bidding.

The term "municipal bonds" has a broader application than the name implies. Municipals are issued not only by cities, towns, and villages, but also by states, housing authorities, port authorities, and other local government agencies responsible for providing and maintaining such facilities as schools, hospitals, power plants, streets and highways, bridges and tunnels, parking areas, dams, waterworks, and sewage systems.

Your community's school bond issues are usually general obligation bonds, which have behind them the full faith, credit, and all the taxing power of the community. But there are other kinds of municipals, too: limited tax bonds, for which proceeds from a specific tax are pledged for repayment; revenue bonds, secured by revenues from the operation of a specific project such as a water system or a toll road; and Housing Authority bonds, issued by the Public Housing Authority, an agency of the United States Government.

When municipal bonds are first issued, the larger issues—such as your community's school bonds—are rated as to investment quality by such research organizations as Moody's and Standard & Poor's. The investment banker who purchases the bonds from your community offers them for sale to both institutional and individual investors. Municipals have a secondary as well as a primary market; that is, they are traded in the over-the-counter market through firms such as Merrill Lynch long after they are first issued—virtually until maturity, in fact. Each municipal-bond issue generally has some bonds maturing every year from one to 20 or 25 years. The returns currently available to investors on municipals range from around 1¾% on one-year bonds to 3½% or higher on bonds with their maturity dates furthest in the future.

Thus it is that your community obtains funds for new schools and other projects beneficial to the residents of the town and spreads the cost over a period of years. And who buys municipal bonds? Municipals as a class are highly regarded by investors because they are among the safest of all securities in terms of preservation of capital. The interest that municipal bondholders receive is exempt from federal income tax and often, for residents who purchase their own community's bonds, from state taxes as well. An investor in the upper income-tax brackets may well obtain a higher net return on tax-free municipals than on other bonds whose interest is taxable or on stocks whose dividends are taxable.

NEXT WEEK: *What Is the Difference Between an Investor and a Speculator?*

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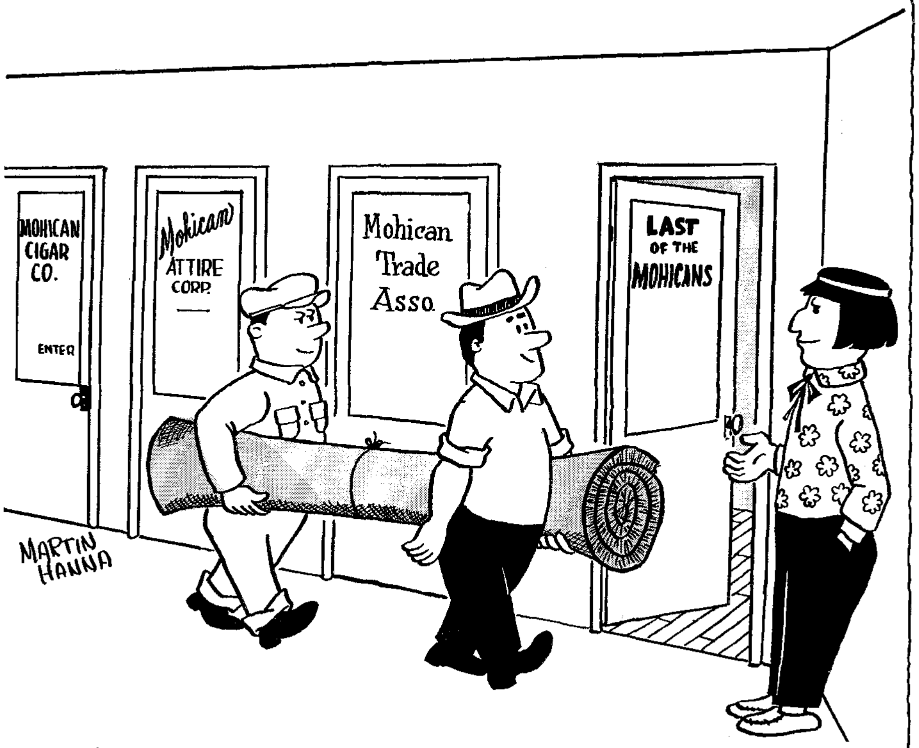
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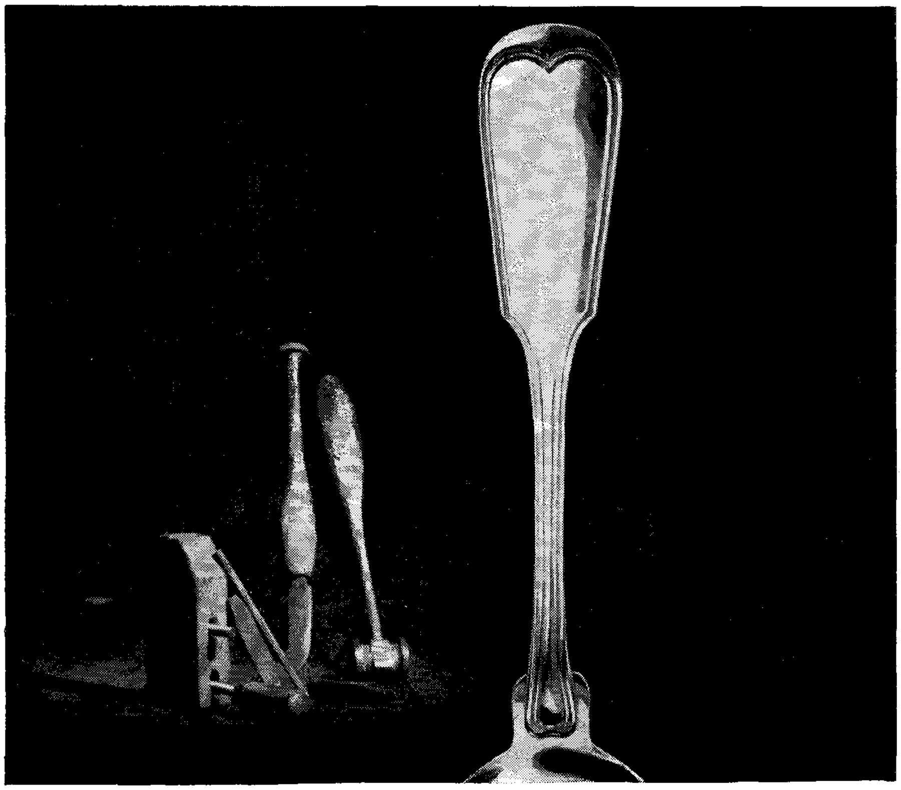

For those families whose traditions have always included the quiet authority of unimpeachable possessions: Fiddle Thread.

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do you? I never seen you with a broad. What do you do when you want it? Not that it's any my business."

"Sophie."

"Sophie? The waitress Sophie? At the Greek's?"

"Uh-huh."

"She's kind of big for you, ain't she?"

"You mean I'm kind of small for her? I always liked big broads, and *I* don't have to *feed* her."

"Sophie, huh? Well, wuddia know. You know who else is there, don't you?"

"Sure. Dave."

"Just so you know. He could get her fired from the Greek's, and he would in a minute. He don't like you, Jay."

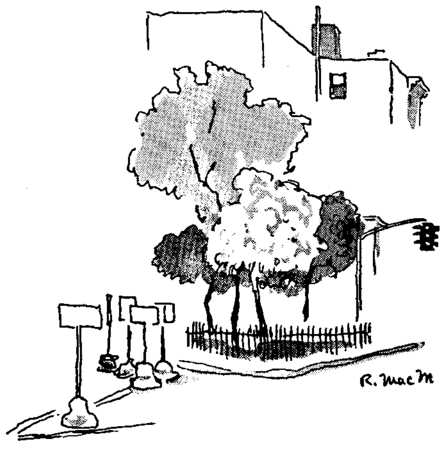
"That's a pleasure. *I* don't like *him*, and I got a word of advice for you, Chappie. That's a fellow that carries his own deck. We all carry our own deck—you do, I do, we all do. But Dave is the kind of a guy, he lets you think he's Big Hearted Joe. Like you owe him that four thousand dollars. Yeah, but whose four thousand dollars? I guarantee you, that was never money he had his hands on. I'm willing to lay the odds it was money you held out on him and told him. Am I right?"

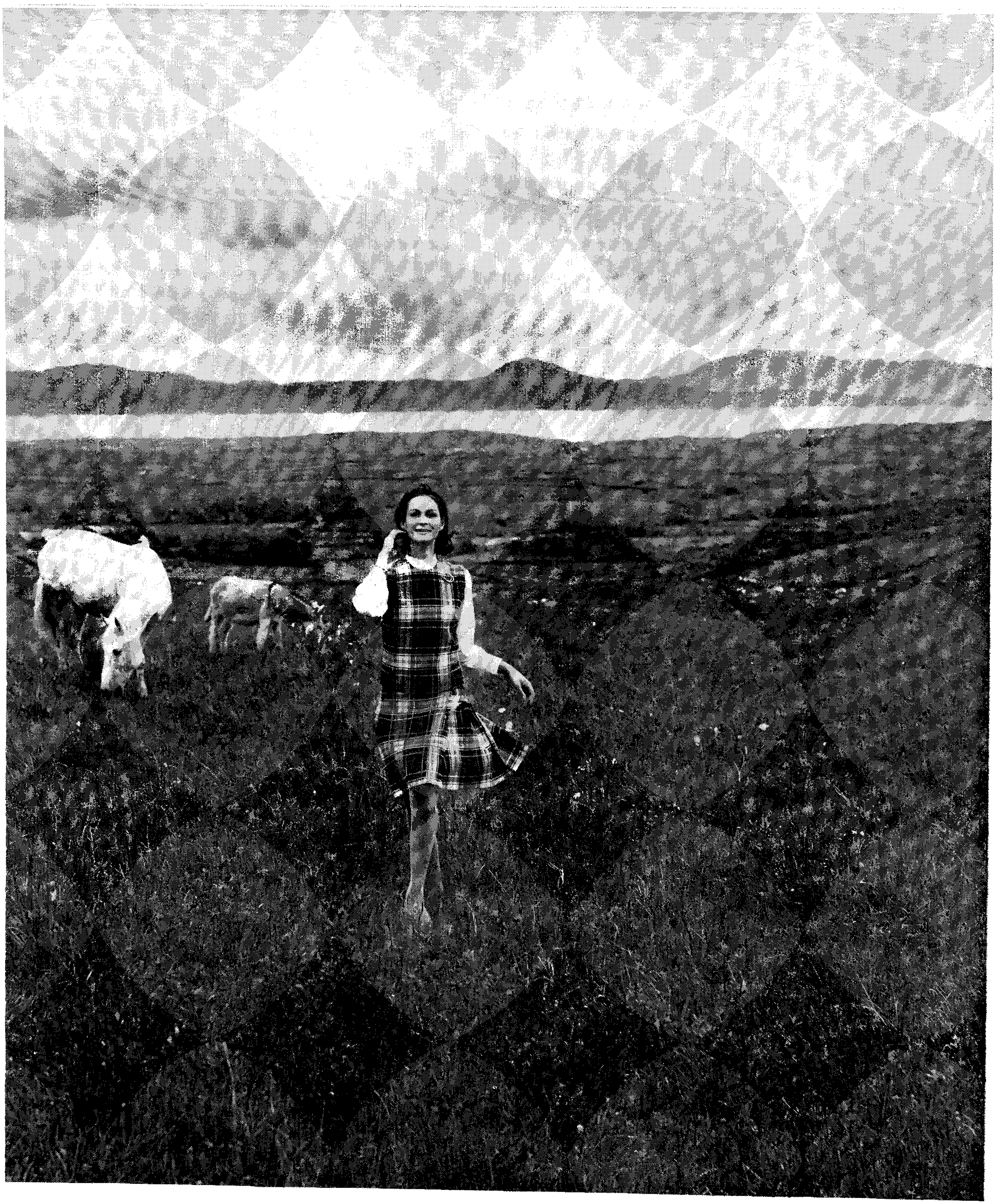
"Yeah, but I don't think you're guessing."

"That's all I am is guessing. Nobody had to tell me that about Dave. If you ask Dave for the *loan* of a thousand dollars, watch him try to wriggle out of it. He wouldn't like to part with money once he has it."

"You're a hundred per cent right. I held out on him, once for fifteen hundred, the other time for three thousand. I told him I had the money and I was ready to give it to him but would it be all right if I held on to it. So you're right, he never had the money in his hands."

"Yeah, I met all kinds, including a lot of Daves. If you ever get the chance to get rid of him, do it. Not that you'd do a favor for me, but a favor to





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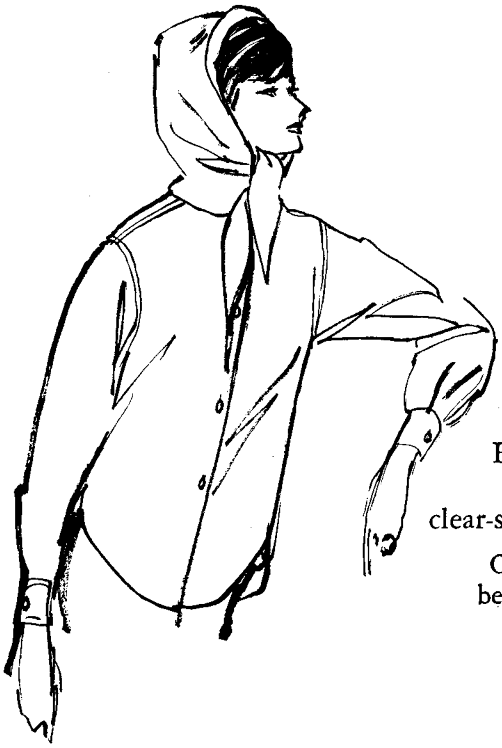

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yourself. Well, good night, Chappie."

"I'll talk to Schmidt. Good night, Jay."

DURING the first week of his ownership Jay had Matt Hostetter back of the bar with him. "The new owner," Matt would say, serving a customer. At the end of the week, Jay handed Matt five ten-dollar bills. "That's for the good will, Matt. Now so long, and don't ever come in here again. It's my joint, and I don't even want you for a customer."

"No hard feelings, young fellow. You treated me all right," said Hostetter.

Matt went home, sat in a rocking chair, and in three months died of an embolism. Jay was among the mourners at the service in the Lutheran church and among the contributors when the hat was passed by the undertaker. Jay held a folded five-dollar bill between thumb and forefinger, suspended over the hat, and before he dropped it he said, "Three months ago he had enough to bury him."

"I guess he did, yeah. Don't know where it all went to," said the undertaker.

"Wild women, probably," said Jay.

"Oh, no. He was too old for that." The man was deeply shocked, but he took the money.

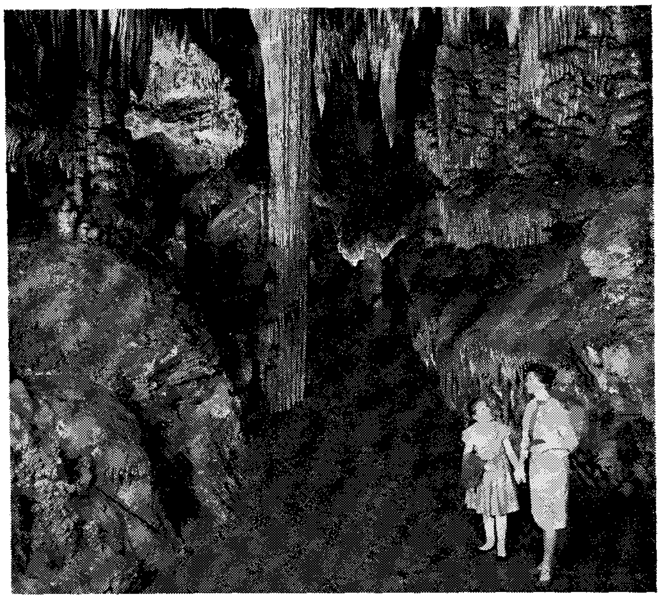
Schmidt, the cop who exercised authority over the lower-grade speakeasies, was surprisingly tractable when Jay announced he wanted to change alcohol dealers. "I'm for it," he said. "They were palming off some terrible stuff on old Matt. If somebody went blind, it'd sooner or later come back to me and it'd be my rap. You go ahead and get your alcohol where you want to. But beer, beer you have to stick with the same people. That's over my head. *I* take *my* orders on who supplies beer. And you take your orders from me. If I see you putting in some other beer, I'll come down here and close your place. That's my orders, Detweiler, so no trouble, you understand?"

"Sure," said Jay.

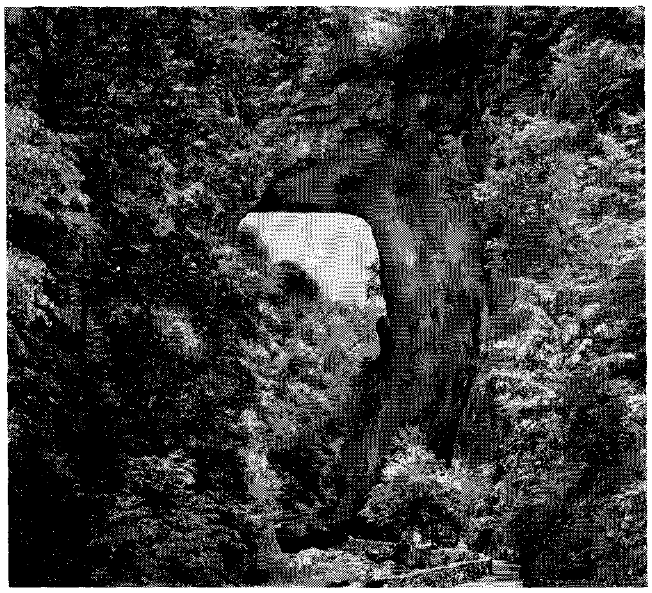
There was a noticeable improvement in the class of people coming in. The old customers stayed, but now the place began to attract the low-salaried white-collar men who could not do without their booze; the artisans who had to have cheap whiskey; the pensioners who had nothing much left in life but the conversations and long silences they could share with other pensioners. The word had got around that Jay Detweiler served the cheapest decent drink in town. Among the new customers were

You'll see autumn in
VIRGINIA
That's the beauty of it!

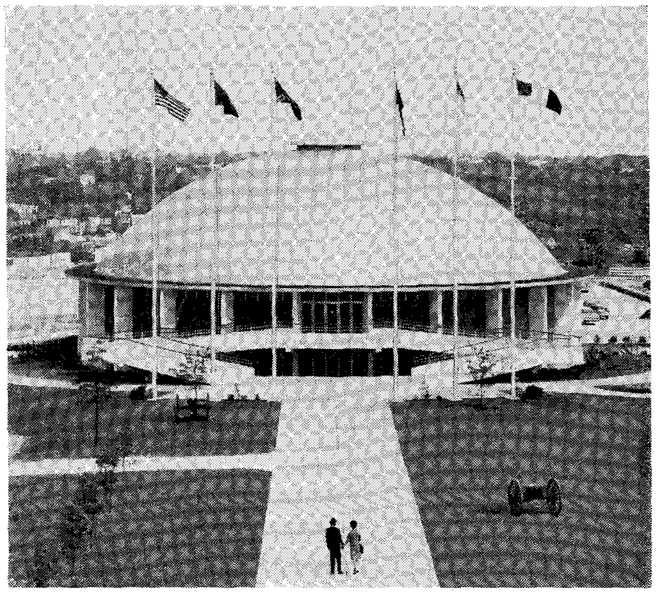
The Blue Ridge turns crimson and gold when you see it in an autumn close-up. From late September to early November, Virginia's fall foliage sets whole mountain ranges aflame. Plan a harvest holiday, to catch the cavalcade of color.



Interior decorations by Nature, complete with ballroom, cathedral, draperies and flowers. Explore the mysteries of Virginia's underworld; see phantom shapes and strange new colors in Shenandoah Valley's labyrinth of caverns.



The architecture is classic at Natural Bridge, as well it should be. Millions of years in the making, this towering arch of stone was surveyed by Washington, owned by Jefferson, worshipped by Indians as the "Bridge of God."



History in the round at the Civil War Centennial Center, in Richmond. See history come alive with relics, replicas, moving scale models and motion pictures. Make it the first stop on your tour of scenic routes and battlefields.

Plan now to enjoy these special events: Virginia's Annual Autumn Pilgrimage—October 20–28, takes you to 11 historic churches and 40 plantations in Virginia's Tidewater. **Barter Theatre,** Abingdon. Broadway hits in the beautiful Virginia Highlands, nightly except Sunday. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. **Virginia Salt Water Fishing Tournament,** through October 31. And later still, celebrate an 18th Century **Christmas In Williamsburg**—December 14–January 2.

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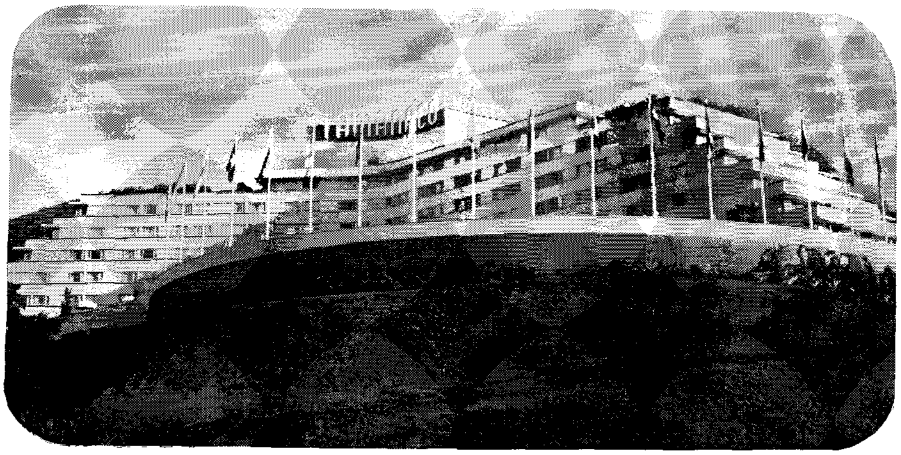
a few men who were fearful of patronizing Matt Hostetter's old place, which they had always heard to be a dive for cutthroats in a neighborhood that was occupied by the most lawless element in town. But when they went to Jay's on a trial visit, they found it to be not nearly so bad as they expected. The badly dressed, unshaven derelicts were there, but the place itself, though bare of beautifying features, was scrubbed clean and smelt clean; in among the beer and whiskey smells was the smell of strong soap, and the smell of disinfectant in the toilet was almost overpowering, but reassuring. The new owner, Detweiler, appeared to be rather young to be the proprietor of such a place, and he was certainly not equipped by nature to handle a fracas. He was frail and polite, and though he had a blackjack hanging on the back bar in plain sight, he seemed too agreeable as well as too fragile to be effective if trouble broke out. He wore a collar and tie and a waistcoat in which he kept fountain pen, pencils, pocket comb, and a notebook. His customers were not aware that Jay had changed his style of dressing; he no longer wore his cake-eater suit, with its low-cut vest, or a string tie or striped shirt with a tiny, too-tight collar. He could easily be taken for a ticket-seller in a railway station, standing behind his bar and dispensing his goods. After a while the timid ones enjoyed the cheap thrill of patronizing a place that was nicknamed the Bucket of Blood but that was hardly more disorderly than any hose company on a Saturday night.

The new proprietor was there every day but Sunday, from nine o'clock in the morning till one or two the next morning. On Sundays he would not open up until dark, and his customers had to do the best they could to get through the day without booze. The rest of the time Jay was at his place of business from opening to closing. At lunchtime and at suppertime he would have his food brought in from the Greek's by a waiter known as Loving Cup because of the size of his ears. Jay would put the tray on one end of the bar and eat the food standing up. He never licked the platter clean; he ate only because he knew how important it was for a drinking man to get some food in him.

At the end of his first year his pocket notebook showed him that he had recovered nearly half his investment. His bookkeeping was simplicity itself: it had cost him just under five thousand dollars to get going; twelve months later, after paying all his bills, including the payments to Schmidt, he had about two thousand dollars in cash, and he owned



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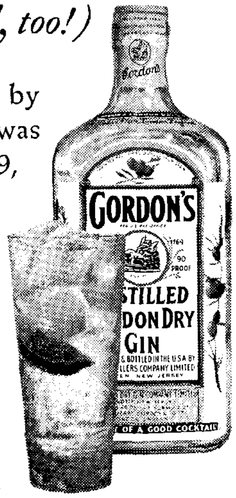

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the business to boot. He refused to complicate the bookkeeping; the first year had been a gamble. He had put five thousand dollars into a game, and he came out of that game with two thousand cash, a business, and his living expenses for a year all taken care of. He had never worked so steadily and so hard in all his life, and he had never enjoyed himself so much. He was strongly tempted to give a party on the first anniversary, but decided against it; instead, he waited until midnight and then announced that thereafter until closing, all drinks would be on the house. He gave no reason except, "I just happen to feel bighearted tonight." His custom of buying free drinks was so well established that his explanation was accepted without curiosity.

It amused him to think back over his first year and to realize that in all that time he had lived in an area that was roughly four blocks by three—"squares," the town people called them. He had never so much as taken a stroll two blocks to the north, two blocks to the south of the Greek's, one block to the east of his rooming house, or one block to the west of his doctor's office. He read the town papers thoroughly and he knew what was going on, but he had not had time to look around. The area in which he had confined himself was not much larger than the area to which he had once been confined by the State of Illinois—with the great difference that when he was in the pen he had not been free to wander. Twice in his lifetime—once by a judge's sentence and the other by his own preference—he had stayed put for a year.

He had run away from his uncle's farm at fourteen, and since that time he had wandered up and down and across every state east of the Dakotas, north of Tennessee, west of Massachusetts, and south of the Canadian border. He had stayed out of the South, where the small-town cops and sheriffs were said to be mean; and he had stayed out of the Far West because of the distances between towns. Up and down, back and forth, with circuses, carnivals, medicine shows, chautauquas, Tom shows, and working the county fairs alone or with a companion. He had put cardboard in his shoes and newspapers under his shirt to keep warm; ridden in the caboose with a too friendly brakeman and had two teeth knocked out by a special cop on the Nickel Plate; slept in a van with a dog and pony act, and driven his own Cole Eight after a highly successful week at the Columbus State Fair. He had seen all the awful things that can occur in a circus train wreck; and he had

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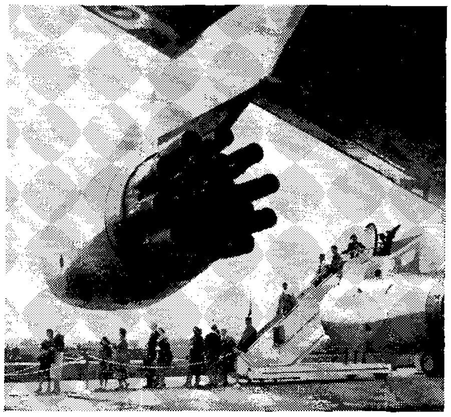

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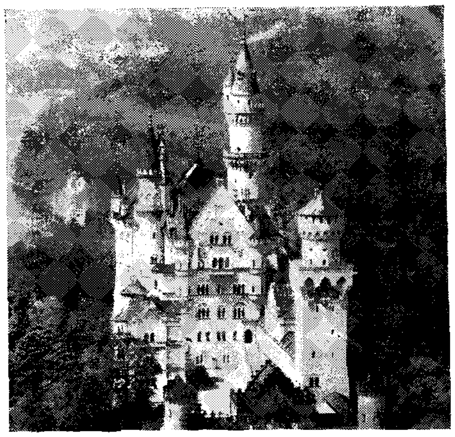

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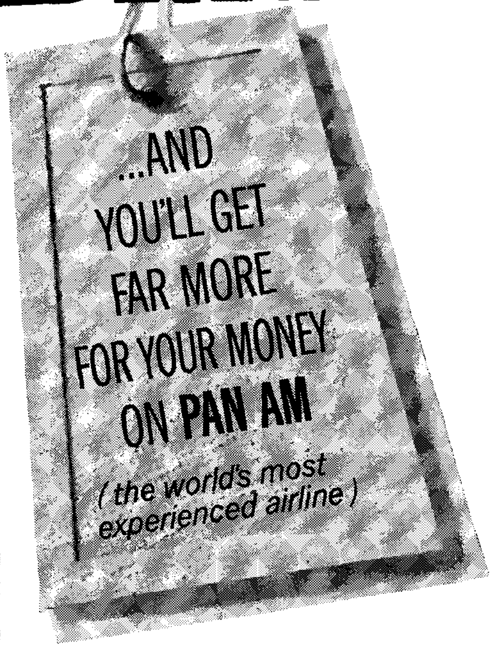
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felt the dull, sickening hatred of a "committee" in a town in southern Indiana, where a man from a previous carnival had raped a little girl. He had comforted a tent-show girl whose six-hundred-dollar boa constrictor was shot by a drunken miner in Kentucky. He had been taken for his only airplane ride by an Army lieutenant in Rantoul, Illinois, whom he had taught the O'Leary belt trick. He had got crabs at a fraternity house in southern Illinois and gonorrhea from a corset demonstrator in Fort Wayne. He had run twenty dollars up to sixteen thousand dollars in a crap game in Louisville on the eve of Derby Day and was about to drag his winnings when a friend almost imperceptibly shook his head, and Jay took the motion as a signal to make one more throw. But the friend was only being bothered by an insect on the back of his neck, and the dice came up a deuce and an ace. And now, after about twenty years of knocking around, he owned his own business in a town he had never heard of two years ago.

Jay had often pondered the mysterious ways of fate. Throughout his life, accident and coincidence and luck had governed his actions with the unpredictability of a pair of honest dice. To some extent you could figure the percentages; they were known. It was easier to make an eight than a nine, harder to make a five than a six. You could shake the dice noisily in your fist—a pair of honest dice—and if you were very good you could improve your percentage by little tricks, like holding one die in the grip of your little finger. But in his study of the behavior of dice he had often given them an honest shake and an honest roll and still come up with some strange sequences. Once he had rolled fourteen—or fifteen?—four-three sevens in a row, without manipulating the dice during the shake or the roll. And he had seen experts, using his dice, roll out numerical sequences in arithmetical order from two to twelve and downward from twelve to two. You could improve your chances legitimately or semi-legitimately. But you could not always explain accident and coincidence and luck; you just had to believe in it, because it was there.

If he had not been put off that train, he would have died. But he *had* been put off the train, in a strange town that was full of people who had the same last name as his own. In all his wanderings he had never met another Detweiler, and in this town there were thirty or forty of them. He still had not met any of his namesakes; he was sure they

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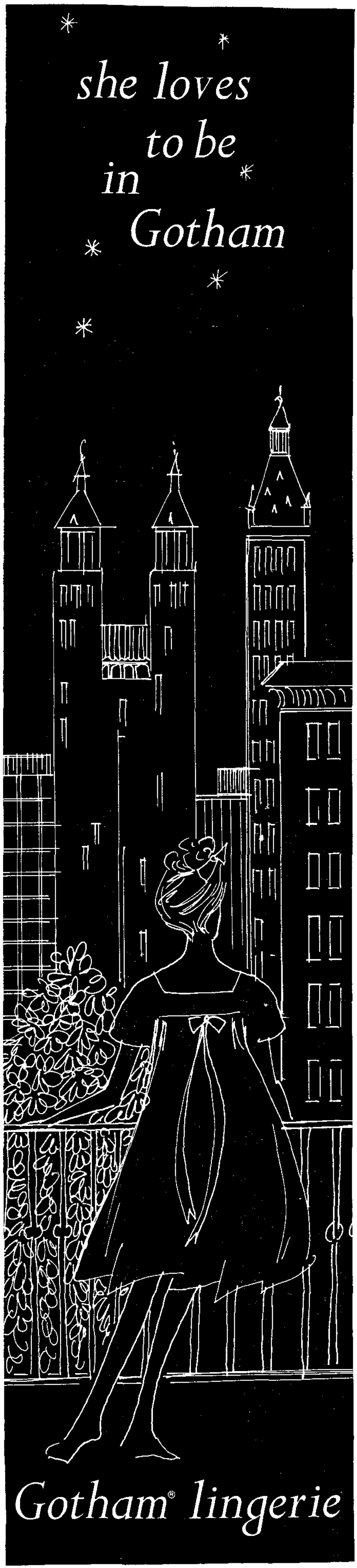

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would not like to claim kinship with him. And he knew so little about his parents that he would not be able to establish—or deny—any connection with the local Detweilers. He had no recollection whatever of his father and almost none of his mother. He had been raised by her brother, always with the reminder that he was another mouth to feed, with no credit for doing a man's work from the time he was able to lift a pitchfork, and to take a man's beating before that. His uncle was named Ben Russell, and he had always called him Mr. Russell, not Uncle Ben. He had never called Ben's wife Aunt. She was, if possible, harder to get along with than Ben. Even now Jay hated to see a counterman cut into a fresh pie; it reminded him of the hundreds of times Mrs. Russell had sliced a pie into six wedges for the six Russells and nothing for Jay.

Now he could cut the pie the way he wanted it—all six wedges for Jay Detweiler. Unlike Chapman, the detective, he did not consider himself in reluctant partnership with people who were essential to his business, and, also unlike Chapman, he did not regard as partners the people who were essential to his pleasures or who were dependent on him for a living. He paid a scrubwoman to keep his place clean, he paid room rent to Sadie Tupper, graft to Sergeant Schmidt, so much to the beer mob, so much to the alcohol mob. He took what he needed out of his own till, and he gave Sophie George ten dollars every Sunday.

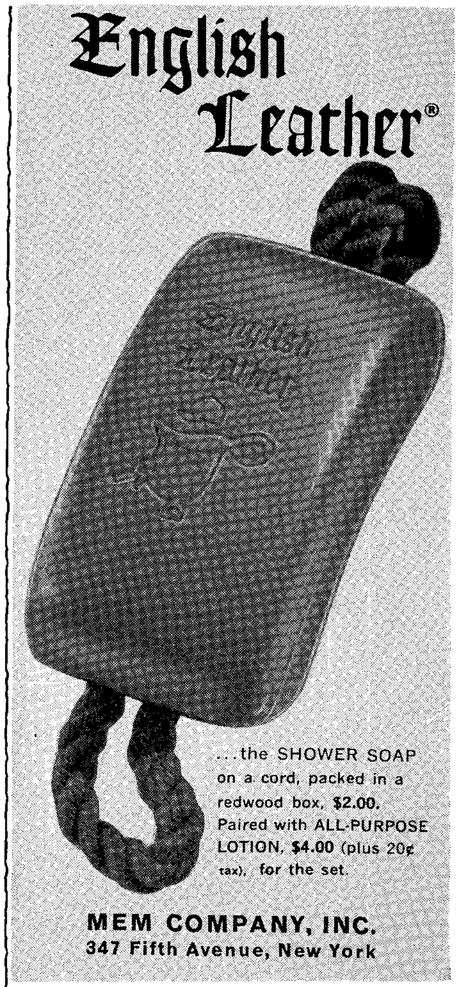
The first sign of discontentment in his new way of living was the discovery, on awakening one Sunday morning, that he had no desire to go to Sophie's room and spend the day with her. He had desire, but not for Sophie, and in a little while he was knocking on the door of the second best of the whorehouses. It was eleven o'clock in the morning, and the door was opened by the bouncer, a booze customer of Jay's, a man known as Sport. "The girls are all asleep," said Sport. "If that's what you came for." He was in a pair of pants pulled over a union suit and his hair was uncombed. "Come in, have a cup of coffee."

"Thanks," said Jay. "When do they start getting up?"

"Well, those with their regulars, they'll be getting up any time now. A couple of the girls got Sunday regulars. You ever been here?"

"No."

"I thought you weren't. I didn't remember seeing you. I wasn't sure. You



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want cream and sugar? I make good coffee and I like it good and sweet. They say it spoils the taste, but I say it gives a different taste. My coffee you can drink black, and it's good that way, or you can put cream and sugar in it and it's just as good, only different. All the girls here say my coffee spoils it for them when they go to a restrunt."

"It has a nice aroma," said Jay.

"That's the tipoff. If it don't have a nice aroma, it ain't gonna have a good taste. You might as well start a new batch."

"I don't want to wake up any of the girls. Ain't any of them up yet? They all asleep?"

"I'll call upstairs," said Sport. He went to the hall. "Hey, anybody up?"

"Who is it?" a woman's voice replied.

"A friend of mine," said Sport.

"I'll be down," said the woman.

"That's a girl named Jenny," said Sport. "She come here from Fort Penn a month or so ago. Good-lookin' broad. She'd pass for respectable—if you didn't look too close. She don't dress like a hooker, is what I mean. Age, maybe thirty, maybe a little younger, a little older."

The woman, wrapped in a kimono, appeared. "I smelt that coffee and it woke me up. Hello, Mister."

"Hello, Jenny," said Jay.

"You want me to take him on? Can I have a cup of coffee first?"

"Well, what do you think, Jay?" said Sport.

"Fine, fine," said Jay.

"A friend of yours?" said Jenny.

"Great pal of mine," said Sport.

"As soon as I have a cup of coffee, all right?" said Jenny.

"Sure, sure," said Jay. "There's no rush."

"Sport, you're gonna have to get the doctor for Beulah. She got a pain in her stomach and the sweats."

"That sounds to me like appendicitis. I had that," said Jay.

"Can she die from it?" said Sport.

"She sure as hell can," said Jay.

"I'll say she can. I had it, too. I was operated four years ago," said Jenny. "I nearly died from it."

"So did I," said Jay. "Did yours rupture?"

"I thought only men got ruptures," said Jenny.

"That kind, but appendicitis can rupture," said Jay.

"They didn't tell me anything about that," said Jenny. "I just remember I had the gripes so bad, and the sweats. Did you have to wear a belt after? I

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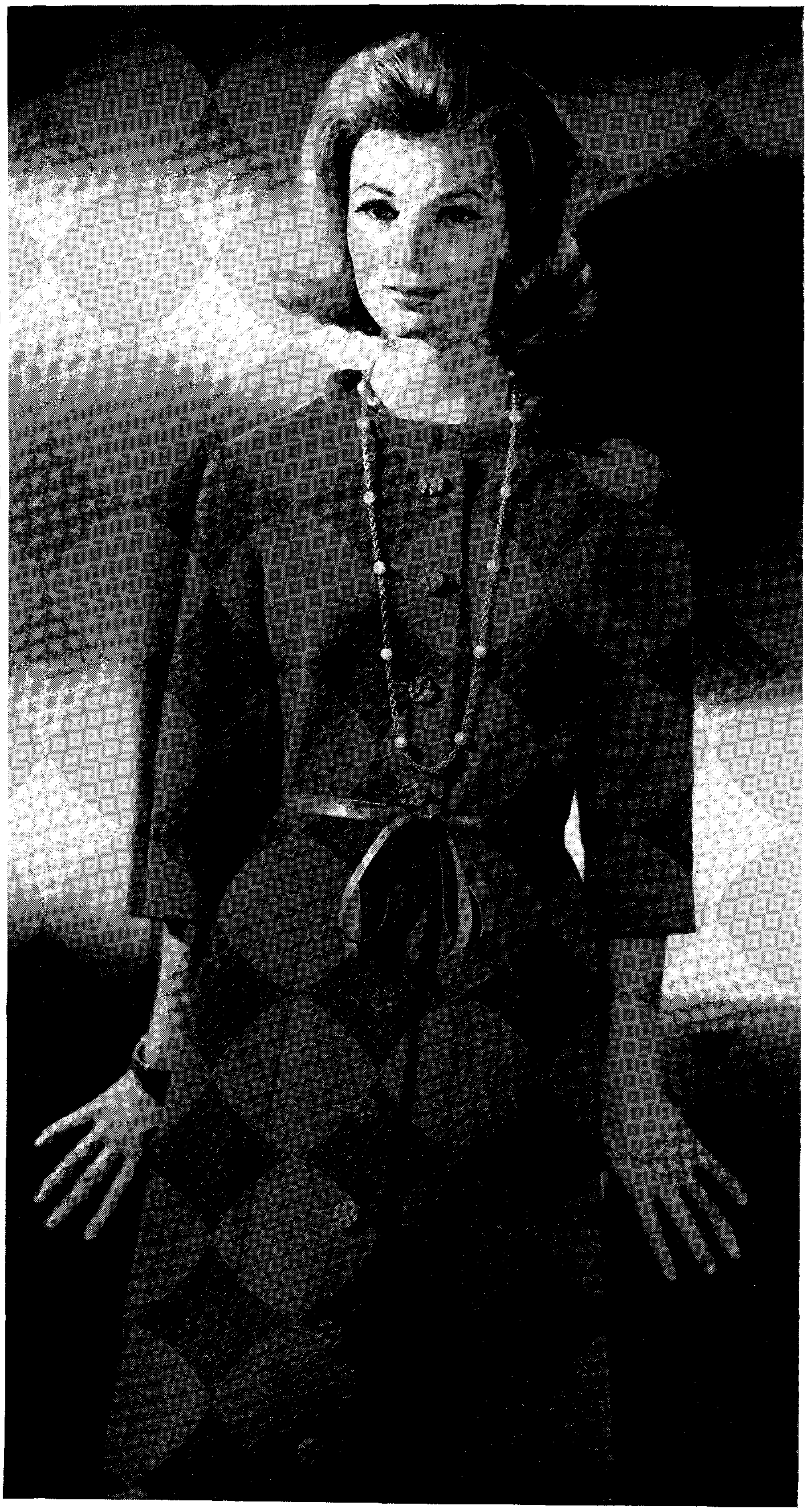

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had to wear a belt and I was out of work for over two months. Went back to work too soon anyway, the doctor told me. I got a thing they call adhesions, and had to be operated again. So you better get the doctor for Beulah, Sport."

"I will. I'll call him up on the phone," said Sport.

"And don't take all day about it, or you'll wheel her out of here to the undertaker's," said Jenny.

"Keep your shirt on," said Sport.

"I don't have a shirt," said Jenny. "Well, Mister, any time you're ready, I am."

Jay became a Sunday regular of Jenny's, and she became a customer of his—as much, she told him, for the conversation as for the booze. He had never encouraged Sophie George to visit his saloon, and strictly speaking he had not extended a more than casual invitation to Jenny; but he was pleased with Jenny's visits. The other women among his customers were not much different from the men: drinkers in skirts, nothing to look at, and only too well aware that they had to stay out of trouble or be barred. Jenny was welcome—so long as she, too, behaved herself, and didn't come in too often. That she liked Jay personally was obvious to him.

Once in a while she would drop in of an afternoon, alone or with another girl, and take only a soft drink—a "temperance," she called it. She had been shopping for a bottle of perfume, a hat, a new kimono, and she felt like chatting before going to work. "It does a person good to get a breath of fresh air," she would say. Some of the girls in her house never left the place except to go to Dr. Traff's for their weekly examinations. "Which is a laugh, the inspection he gives you," said Jenny. "But if you don't go once a week, Sport won't let you work. He's under orders, just the same as the rest of us. Oh, I guess it's some protection, for a while. Sooner or later you're going to run into hard luck, but it's the same in your business. Sooner or later you're liable to get a bad shipment and they'll all go falling out of here with the blind staggers."

"It ain't the same thing, Jenny," said Jay. "I get a report on every shipment before I mix a batch of booze. Don't forget, I drink more of this than anybody."

"Yeah, and I don't see how you do it and stay on your feet."

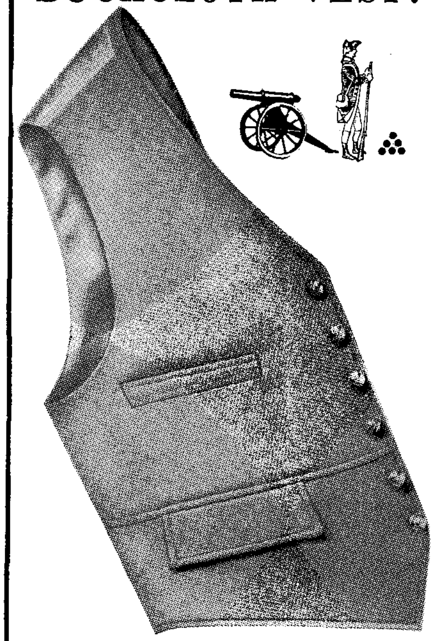
"I don't let it get control over me."

"It will, though," she said.

"Yeah, the odds are it will, some day," said Jay.

He liked her friendly interest in him,

Captured from the British
BUCKCLOTH VEST!



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and it was only old-time caution and not anything she said that put him on his guard with her. It was a long time coming, half a year or more, but he was ready when she made her pitch. "I want to get out of working in a house," she said, one afternoon.

"How do you mean? You'd have a hard time working independent. You couldn't rent a room, the cops'd make it tough for you. This is a small town, Jenny."

"I know. I was thinking if you and me, the two of us lived together."

"Married, you mean?"

"Well, either way. But I could make seventy-five to a hundred a week here."

"Hustling?"

"How else? And the two of us could stash away a nice buck."

"Not a chance, Jenny."

"You got that little room back there and I notice it has a sofa."

"That's for if a man and woman don't have no place else to go," said Jay. "And they gotta be people I know. Another thing, I don't charge them. If I charged them the cops'd raise their take. You got pipe dreams, Jenny. You wouldn't make any seventy-five, a hundred a week here. Not my customers."

"Let me go to work and I'd show you."

"No," said Jay. "Oh, I ain't saying you couldn't pick up a few dollars. Any place that sells booze, it don't take a very smart hustler to make coffee and cakes. Even the old men I got coming in here, you could hustle them, but they don't have the ten dollars to spare, and you're a ten-dollar girl. Some of my old guys make a sawbuck stretch out for a whole week, and you'd take it away from them in ten minutes. No."

"I could make twenty dollars a day, six days a week."

"No dice, Jenny. The whole place'd change."

"It's nothing much now," she said.

"Not to you, maybe."

"Well what the hell are you so stuck up about it? They call it the Bucket of Blood, for God's sake."

"Not any more. They used to, but not as much."

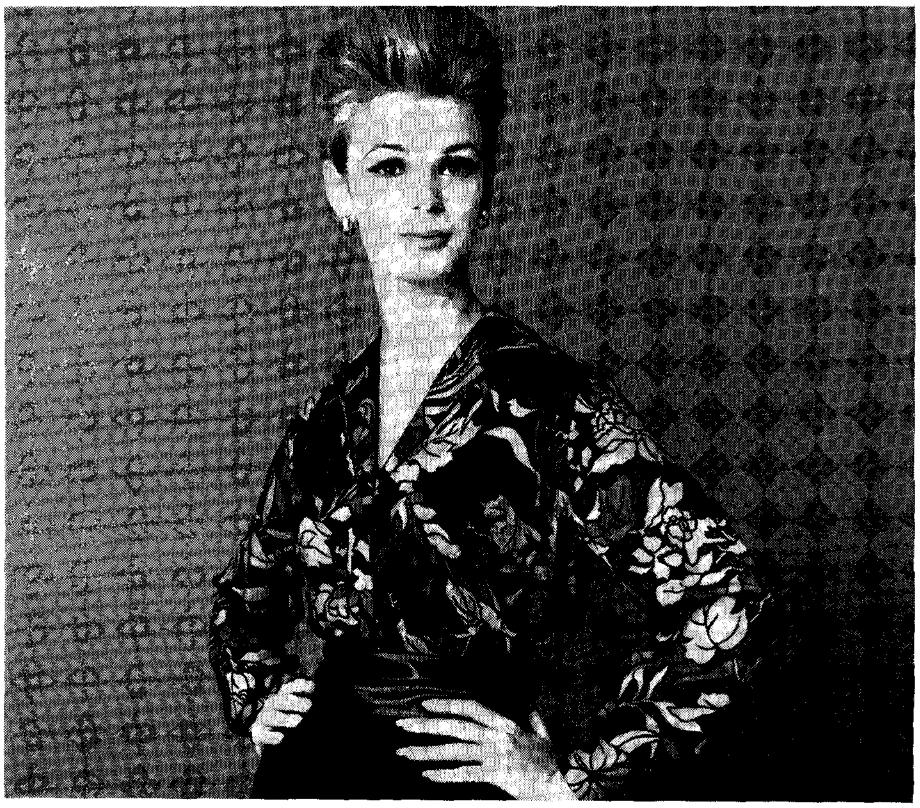
"Why don't you give *me* a break?" she said.

"A break, yeah, but I don't want to ruin a business I built up."

"I'll give you half, Jay. I tell you what I'll do. I'll bet you five dollars I can hustle the next guy comes in, I don't care who he is or how old or anything."

"Sure you can. You can hustle me,

'Ave you 'eard, ducky, they've made a loverly lady out of the London-collar shirt



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but that ain't saying you're gonna work here."

"You're a mean little bastard. Next Sunday go some place else."

"You don't have to take it personal."

"Well, I do, see? And next Sunday, stay away. We don't have to work Sunday if we don't want to. Sunday we can have anybody we want to, and I—don't—want—you, see?"

"That's your privilege. Have a steam?"

"The hell I will, now or any other time," she said.

He was sorry to break off with Jenny, and amidst his regret was deep appreciation of the compliment to himself and to his business in her willingness to marry him. It was easy to find a woman who would marry a man with a successful business, but Jenny had been willing to be a partner, to bring to the partnership her earning ability. It was a high compliment indeed, and it made little difference whether it flattered his business or himself, since one was the same as the other. He wondered how many other Detweilers in the town had had this satisfaction.

There was no one else in the saloon, and he was pleased that that was so. He poured himself a steam and raised his glass and faced the door. "Good luck, Jenny," he said. —JOHN O'HARA

•

So far, they haven't studied the effect of what the interviewer says on the interviewee. It is bound to have some effect. For instance, if a patient tells a doctor: "I buried my mother last week" and his reply is "Heavy work, eh?," this is bound to have a stultifying effect on the conversation.—*Toronto Financial Post.*

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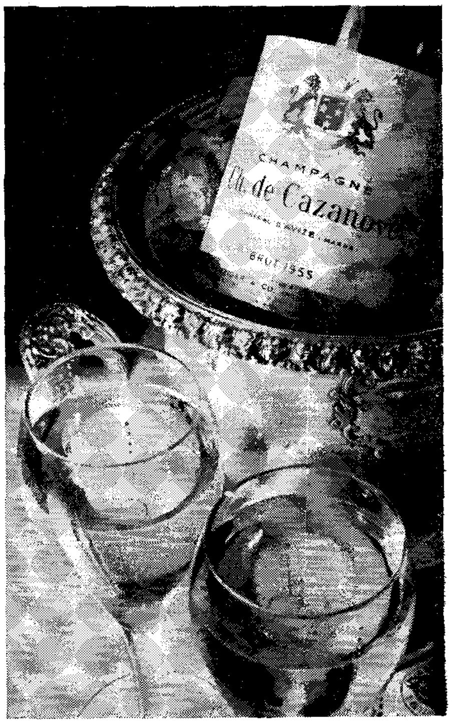

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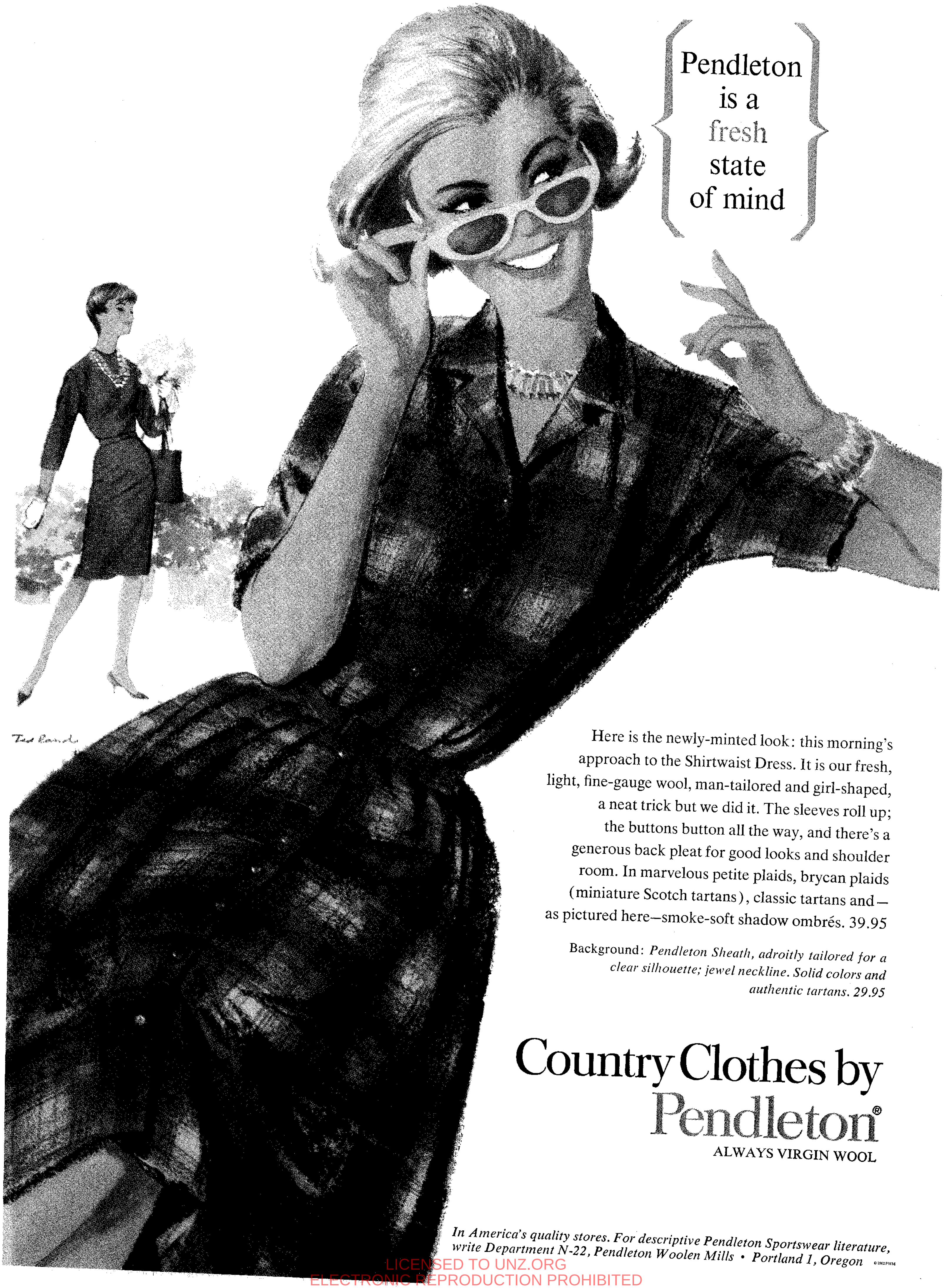

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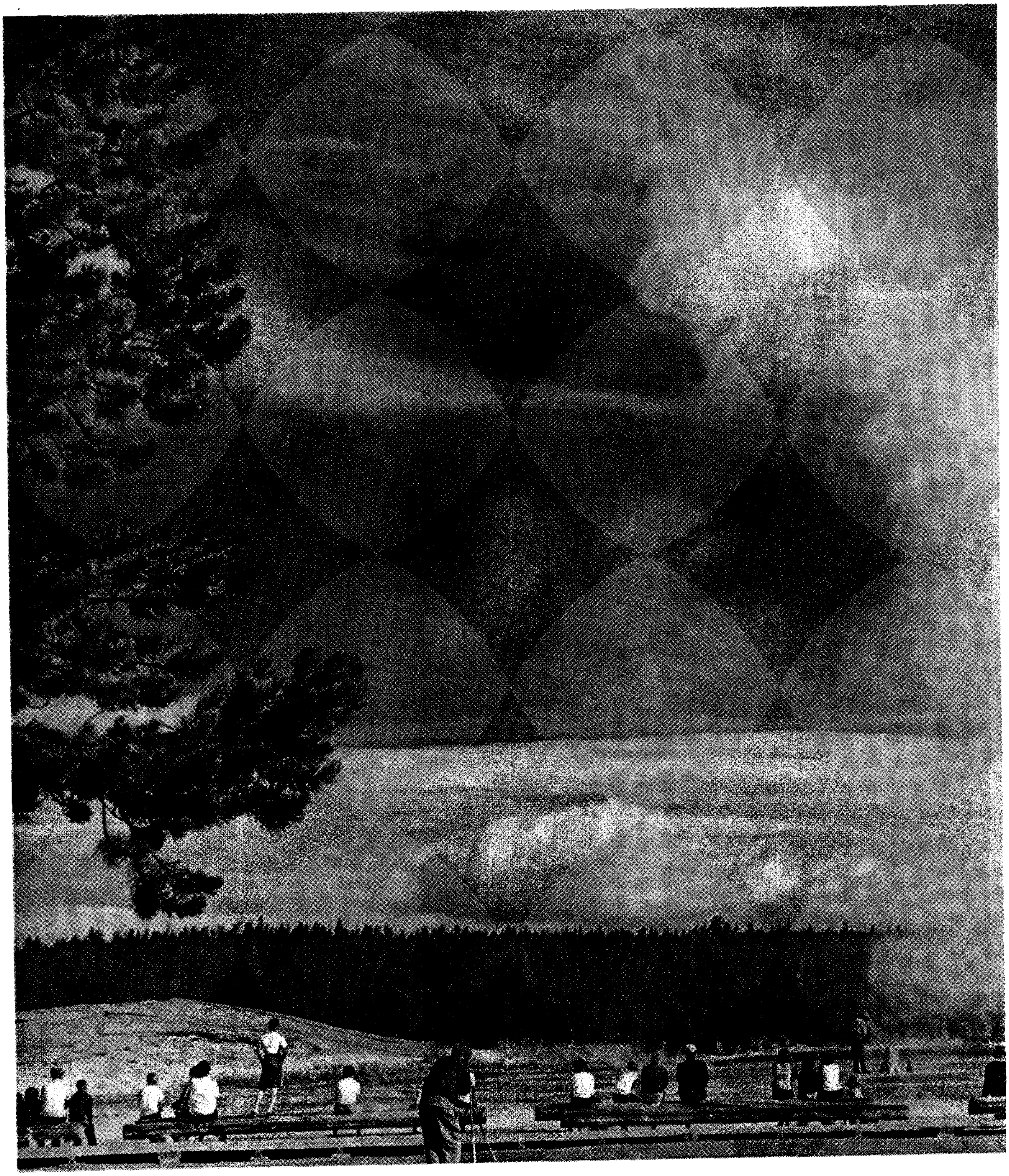

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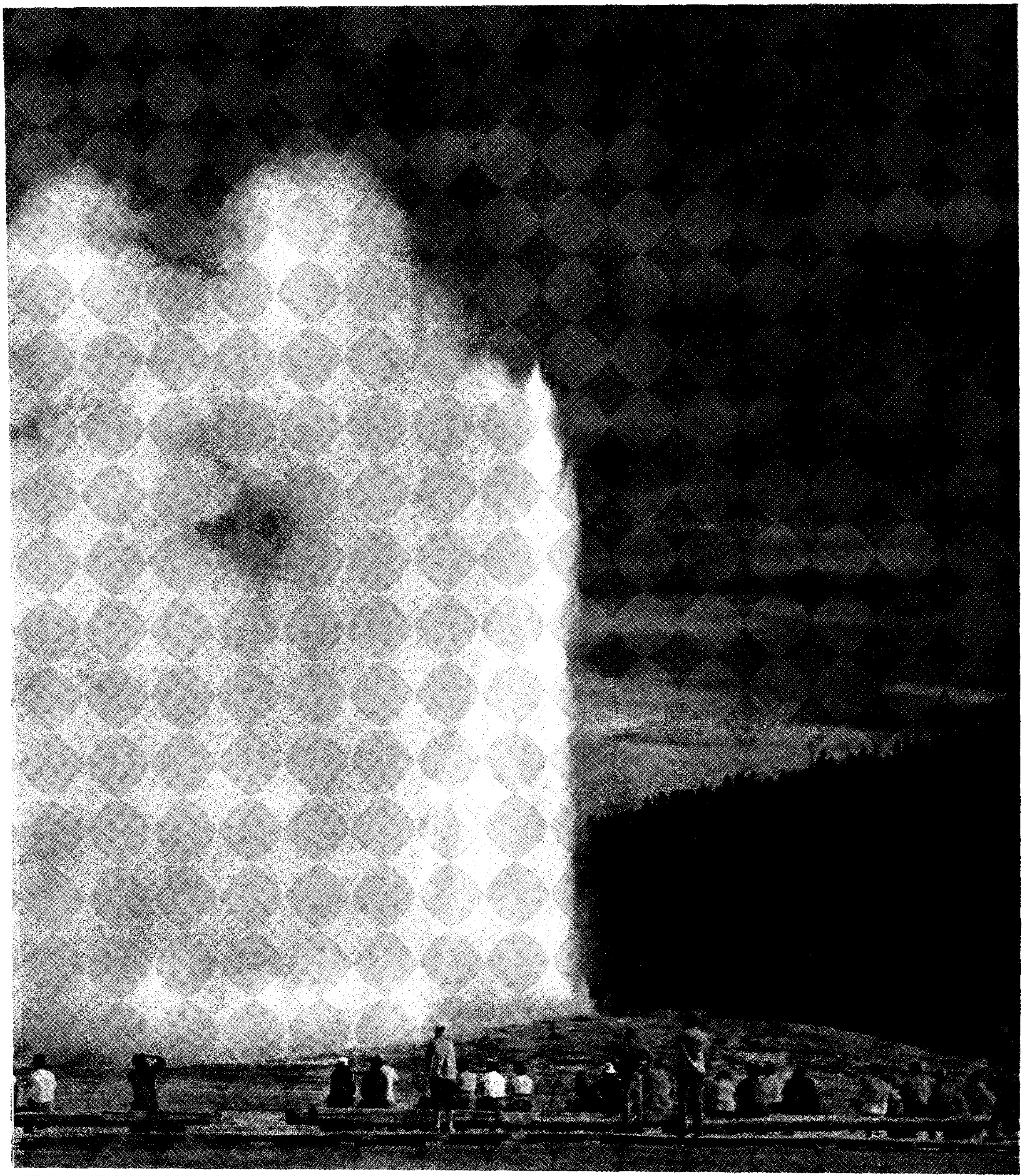

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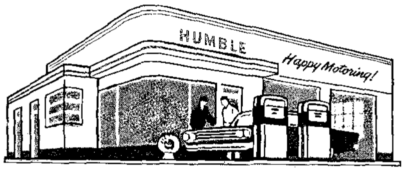
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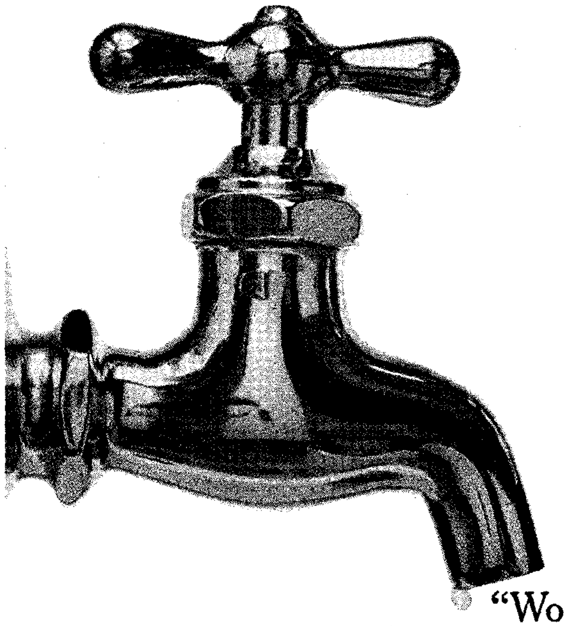

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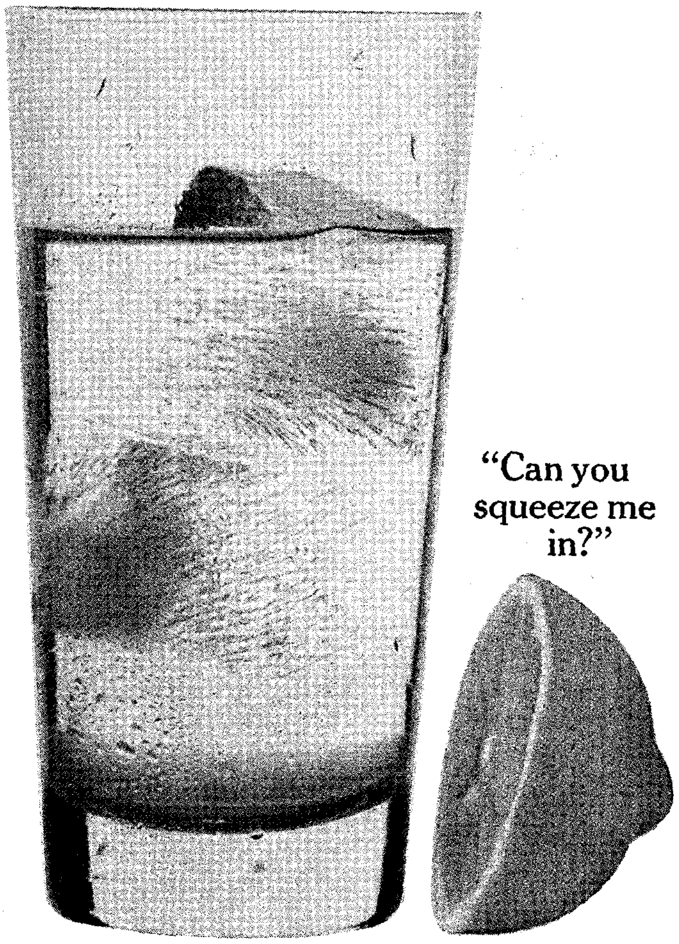

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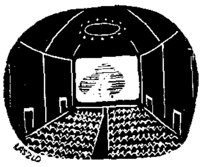
Misery



IT'S always absorbing to watch what happens when a writer or painter or composer or moviemaker is freed from commercial restraints and pressures and allowed to do exactly what he pleases. Usually, the results of such utopianism are conventional and second-rate, and for a good reason: most artists function best when they are being sat on hardest by the villains from the market place. Nothing makes the creative soufflé rise quicker than a dab of Philistinism. A notably unfettered, idealistic, and wholly concave soufflé is "The Small Hours," an independent low-budget film made in New York under the direction of Norman C. Chaitin, who also wrote the screenplay. "The Small Hours" is a mixture of soap opera, flat acting, drivel ("I love you. Your hair—it's like a sheaf of ripe wheat"), and the kind of arch, pitching camera work that induces seasickness. It deals with the last twelve hours in the life of Tom Anderson, a forty-year-old adz-faced advertising man who is saturated by his wife and family and depressed by the recent suicide of his partner. Late one afternoon, Anderson drives to New York from his New Jersey home to watch the filming of a television commercial and then halfheartedly attends a party given by a business associate in Greenwich Village. He seduces the star of the commercial, a pasty, pneumatic girl with tendril hair, declares his love, bares his burdens to her, and drives home, where he argues with his wife, goes out for one of those walks, and is run over. The most distracting thing, though, about the bundle of distractions that makes up "The Small Hours" is its nagging, almost three-dimensional sense of boredom. The actors seem bored (the pauses between some of their exchanges are little abysses), the lighting is sleepy, the pacing is static. Even the streets, bridges, and buildings of New York at night look muddled. But perhaps Chaitin meant these absolute images to represent urban futility and fatuity. If he did, I doubt them.

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Peter Sellers, as a lecherous retired British general, the chance to pinch scullery maids' bottoms, dress up in scarlet uniforms, fall into a rain barrel, chug-a-lug three loving cups of beer in a row, ride a fat white horse over rolling downs and under monumental oaks, walk spaciously about, pushing a big stomach before him, and indulge in the parodic calisthenics all first-rate mimics relish. Margaret Leighton, as his rapier wife, and Cyril Cusack, as his old friend and physician, are also on hand. The fourth principal, shot in brimming color, is an English countryside of cloudlike sheep, bushy gray ruins, and thunderstorms in which the raindrops look as big as snifters.—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

It is a pleasure to enclose your income payment check. It is higher than the guaranteed amount as Connecticut Mutual Life continues to credit interest at a rate higher than that used in computing your payment contract. This year the total rate will be 3.8% which is the same as the rate used last year.

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Likewise, if your income is payable for life but guarantees a return to the beneficiary in the event of your death during a certain period, there is a principal sum which guarantees these payments certain. This sum also decreases but although the payment during the certain period may be similarly reduced as explained above . . . —*Notice received by a man who wasn't feeling very well anyway.*

What do you say we forget the whole thing?

•

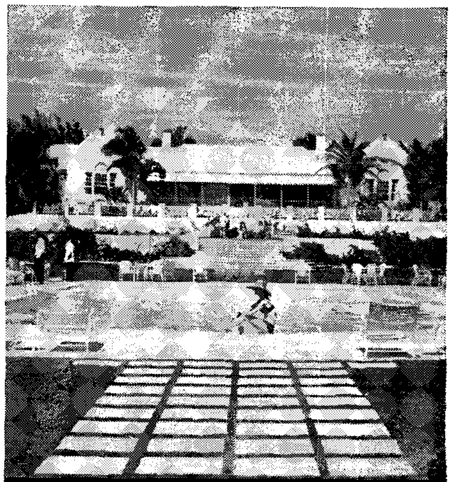
SAHR KA INTEZAR THA—SAHR KA INTEZAR HAI—by Abdul Khatib, Alhamra Publications, Karachi; pp 264; Rs 2.50.

Instead of her rags, the exquisite young Kulsum was clad in silken clothes when she returned to her impoverished hut. This silken dress cost her virginity; besides her father went mad in her absence, mother became tubercular, her brother went wandering in her search.

To get rid of the worries, especially the tortures by her Bhabi, young Kulsum planned to end her life by throwing herself before the running train. But she could not succeed in her attempt to commit suicide and was eluded by a young trafficker in women to board the train. Thus begins her immoral life.

Written in the style of Munshi Prem Chand, the novel despite its many flaws, makes avid reading.—*Karachi (Pakistan) Dawn.*

Not as avid as this review, though.



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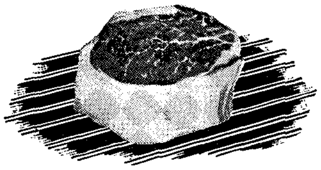

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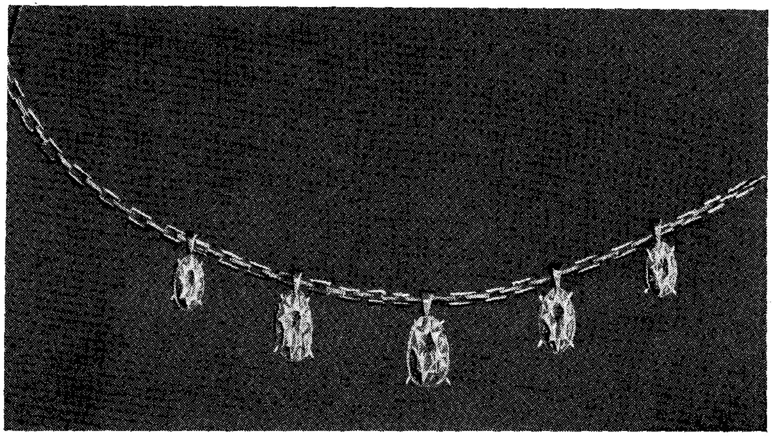
Or, if a diamond necklace is to you the epitome of the elegance for which you would like to be known, but cost is a consideration, artful long-range planning can help to make it yours.

Share your dream with your jeweler. He's the one who can show you many wonderful ways in which it can come true, help you decide on a way to begin. It will, of course, be with a diamond jewel piece that's a joy from the start, and which you can wear with pride while your diamond necklace grows.



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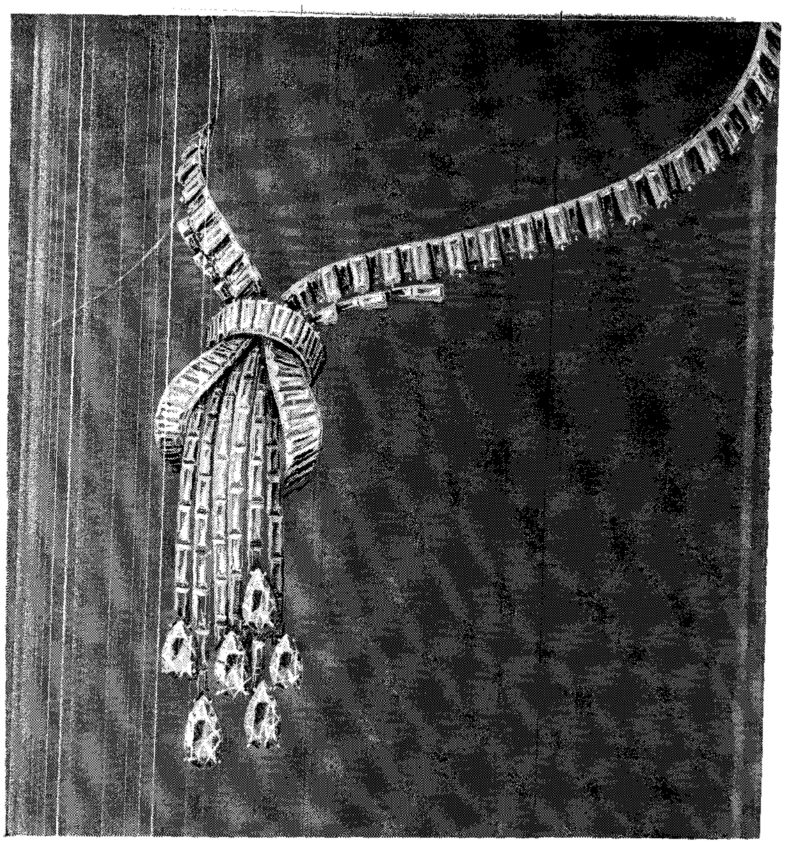

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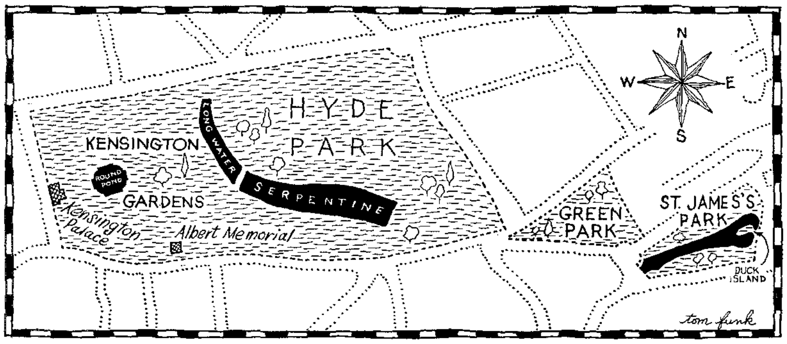
Acquired one by one over the years, and usually on gift occasions, the jewel pieces in your diamond wardrobe will be treasures to cherish. Such a collection may be started modestly, of course. But modest or splendid, each jewel will have a lasting value.

Shown are designer's sketches, ideas in diamonds

BEGIN WITH A CLIP

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE LONG GREEN PUDDLE



LONDON is a city of parks of all shapes and sizes, many of them unfamiliar by name not only to tourists who may pass by on their buses but to Londoners who live in a neighboring postal district. They vary from fairly modest enclosures of children's playgrounds, flower beds, and gravel paths, where mothers trundle baby carriages and old men doze on benches, to still wonderfully rural spaces where water shines under drooping willows, nightingales sometimes sing of an evening, sparrow hawks and kestrels can be spotted hovering, and (as indeed happened a few years ago) a young athlete going for a quiet twilight lope may be attacked by an indignantly swooping owl, apparently mistaking his white shorts in the gloom for some sort of fowl trespassing on the nightly beat. What the parks have in common is that through the years these stretches of grass and trees have been stoutly protected against the greedy city sprawl. Within the boundaries of the County of London there are over fourteen hundred acres of Royal Parks and five thousand-odd additional acres of parks controlled by the London County Council. It is a good legacy from the past, for which Londoners seem truly grateful. "Where am I going for my holiday? Where do you think? The parks, as usual," a barman said not long ago to a customer. For anyone in search of a quiet and peaceful time, there are groves in Kensington Gardens, for instance, where you can walk at certain hours on a weekday and feel that you are on a rustic ramble, and a chair under these venerable whiskered elms and Spanish chestnuts can give, for sixpence, the elegant seclusion that millionaires pursue more expensively, and often less successfully, in chaise longues under Riviera bougainvillaea. William Henry Hudson, the naturalist, in his "Birds in London," written in 1898, remarked how curious it was to stand in the Gardens on a damp autumn evening, listening to the city's "dull continuous murmur" in the distance and "the whistling of wings" of a flight of mallards passing overhead in the half-light. Though the distant murmur has become a roar, the experience Hudson described is still perfectly possible.

However ignorant Londoners may be of dozens of pleasant parks that are cherished by their neighborhoods all over London, everyone knows the Central Parks—the practically continuous chain of St. James's Park, Green Park, Hyde Park, and Kensington Gardens—because they are places of occasion, where royalty shows itself in golden or glass coaches, where troops, through the centuries, have marched to celebrate victories, and where all London flocks to look on, to enjoy itself, and, from time to time in the past, to break other Londoners' heads and throw brickbats. Like many of the other parks—Regent's Park, Primrose Hill, Hampton Court and its neighboring Bushy Park, Richmond Park, and Greenwich Park—the Central Parks are royal property, having been thrown open by various monarchs at one time or another to the public, which has always been highly jealous of its rights therein. The remark of Sir Robert Walpole, then Prime Minister, to George II's Queen Caroline is often quoted. Caroline of Anspach was a restless, intelligent princess who corresponded on philosophical matters with Leibnitz and whose patronage of art and literature was discriminating. Her portrait by Charles Jervas, in the National Portrait Gallery, shows a buxom, fresh-skinned woman with a large, masculine nose, a firm jaw, and a good-tempered mouth. She looks as though she would rather be out in the open air, striding about and directing things, bending the nose over maps with men and perhaps getting soaked to the skin, than standing in sumptuous court robes, as Jervas painted her, and fondling the pretty consort's crown that lies on a little table beside her. Her interest in the parks lasted literally up to the day of her death, for she died of complications following a chill she caught after an early-morning walk in Green Park. She had endless schemes, some of which came off, for beautifying and improving her husband's property. She commissioned the making of the Serpentine; on her orders, over two hundred acres were lopped off Hyde Park to make private grounds for the Royal Family at Kensington Palace (this ground afterward reverted to the public as part of Kensington Gardens); and she thought at one time of closing the gates of St. James's Park to everybody but the Court. When she asked Walpole what he thought it might cost to put St. James's back as a private royal pleasure ground, he is said to have answered grimly, "Only a crown, Madam." The project was dropped.

Londoners have retained their watchful, proprietary attitude toward the Royal Parks, and the Hyde Park Corner and Marble Arch development schemes, which are now proceeding amid an upheaval at both points that suggests the work of several land mines, are viewed suspiciously by passersby who pause for a look at the mechanical grabbers chewing up the roadway. The plan, designed to ease traffic congestion by driving a motor underpass beneath Hyde Park Corner and greatly enlarging the traffic circles there and at Marble Arch, has chewed a corner off Green Park and another off Hyde Park. Many Londoners regard the changes darkly as a step that may be justified by the pressure of modern motorized life but must not be made a precedent for further steps, possibly equally justifiable, into their precious terrain.

The present bite, however, has taken no more than a nibble out of the three hundred and sixty-one acres of Hyde Park, and Kensington Gardens, which adjoins it, covers two hundred and seventy-five additional acres. St. James's Park, the oldest enclosure of them all, and Green Park between them give Londoners a further hundred and forty-six acres of what were formerly royal preserves. (New York's Central Park covers eight hundred and forty acres.) The four parks make a long green puddle on the map of central London. A walker who feels energetic can go into St. James's Park at the Westminster end, head north into Green Park and from there into Hyde Park, and tramp doggedly on into Kensington Gardens,

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and he need not set foot to pavement except when crossing the Mall into Green Park, dodging the traffic at Hyde Park Corner to get into Hyde Park, and walking across the carriage road that divides Hyde Park from the Gardens. In spite of the constant wear and tear the grass gets, it remains remarkably fresh, except in drought summers. In August, 1814, after a week of public merrymaking—including a huge, rowdy fair—that went on in Hyde Park to celebrate the fall of Napoleon, Charles Lamb wrote in disgust to William Wordsworth that "the very colour of green is vanished, the whole surface of Hyde Park is dry crumbling sand (*Arabia Arenosa*), not a vestige or hint of grass ever having grown there." He went on to speak of the stench of liquor that still hung in the air from this incredibly drunken jollification, which, according to other contemporary reporters, left the ground covered with acres of rags, bones, broken glass, and other debris, as though a tidal wave had dragged a scum of rubbish over the spot. Londoners today are probably somewhat tidier, though after a more recent national celebration—the wedding of Princess Margaret to Mr. Armstrong-Jones—a hundred and thirty-five truckloads of rubbish were carted away from the scene of loyal enthusiasm. If modern literary men taking a stroll find the grass slopes spick-and-span, it is the result of a good deal of behind-the-scenes management on the part of the Ministry of Works, the Bailiff of the Royal Parks, and the Superintendent of the four Central Parks, who share the running of them today.

THE Parks are the creation of many people—kings and queens, architects, garden designers, and numberless anonymous figures carrying water cans and pruning hooks—who have interpreted and looked after the changing fashions in romantic alleys, straight vistas carved through stiff plantations of trees, ornamental waters, and parterres of flowers. The first of the kings to impose his personal taste on these open spaces was Henry VIII, who had the area of the future Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens fenced in, so as to preserve "for his own disport and pastime"—in the words of a royal proclamation of July, 1536—"the games of hare, partridge, pheasant, and heron" on the lands adjoining his Palace of Westminster. The ground he enclosed, which has remained enclosed to the present day, was the partly forested, partly cultivated land of the Manor of Hyde, which had been held by the holy fathers of Westminster

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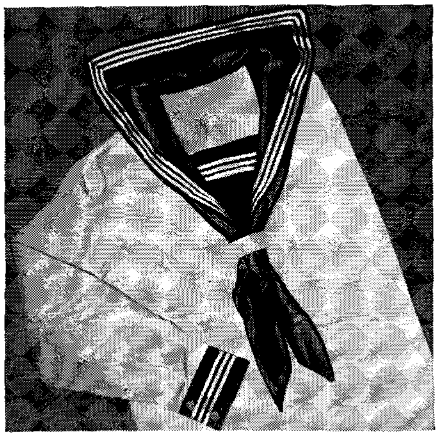

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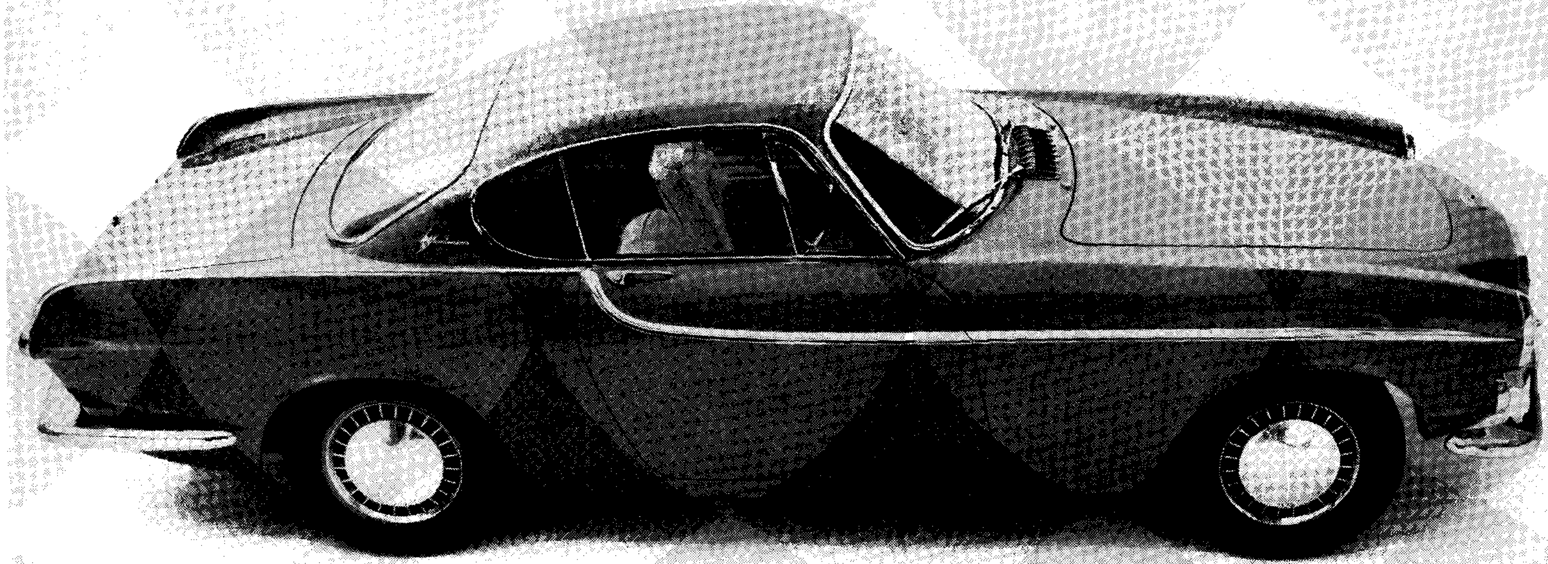

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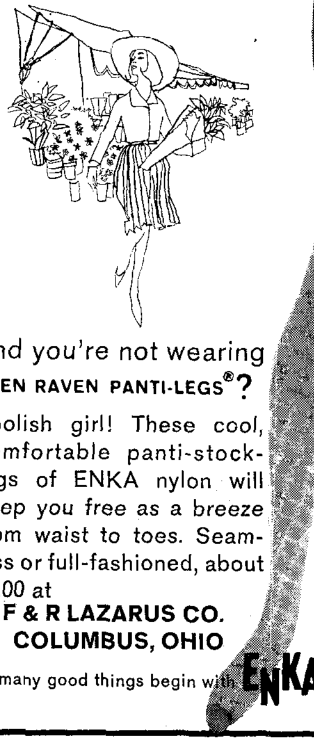
The first Ranger, or keeper, of Hyde Park was one George Roper, who was appointed by Henry at a salary of sixpence a day, with free grazing for his cattle, and free venison, lodging, and firewood—a coveted sinecure, awarded only to a particular royal favorite. For the Tudors, a day's hunting in Hyde Park was part of the usual entertainment offered to eminent visitors. Young Edward VI brought along the French ambassadors in 1550; in 1588, Queen Elizabeth watched the sport there from specially constructed stands with her guests the Duc d'Anjou and his court, and probably, as was usual, came down at the kill and slit the deer's throat herself. For several reigns, Hyde Park resounded with royal tootlings of horns and the baying of dogs. As late as the beginning of the nineteenth century, deer were still kept, for picturesque purposes only, in the northwest corner, and though cattle long ago disappeared, up to a few years ago flocks of sheep roamed there every summer—animal mowing machines imported to keep the grass down and manure it at the same time, in one excellent economical arrangement. "How green under the boughs it is! How thick the tremulous sheep-cries come!" wrote Matthew Arnold pensively in 1853, in his "Lines Written in Kensington Gardens." They come no longer, because of the constant danger that traffic on the carriage drive encircling Hyde Park would convert the

34 more days of summer...



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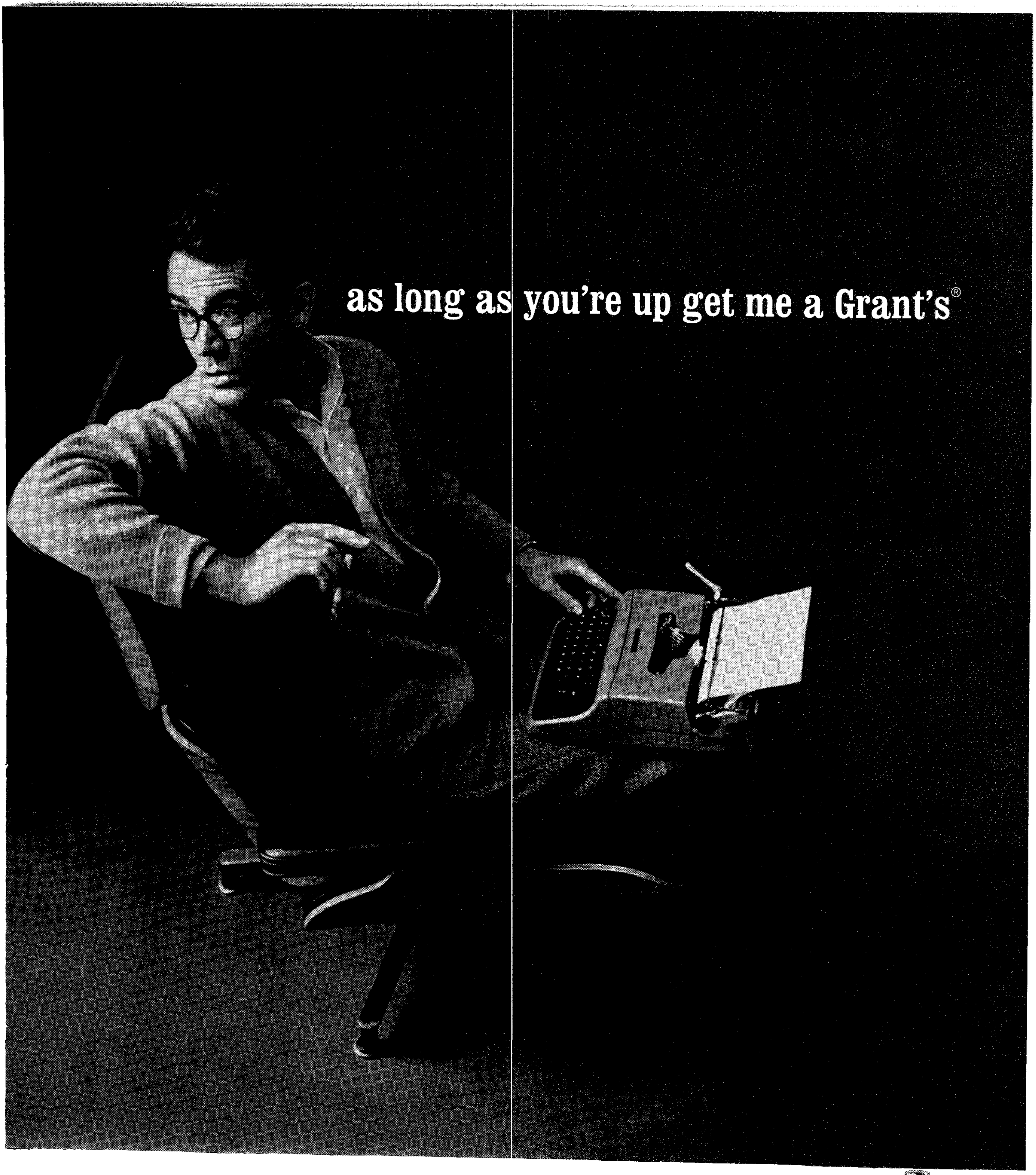
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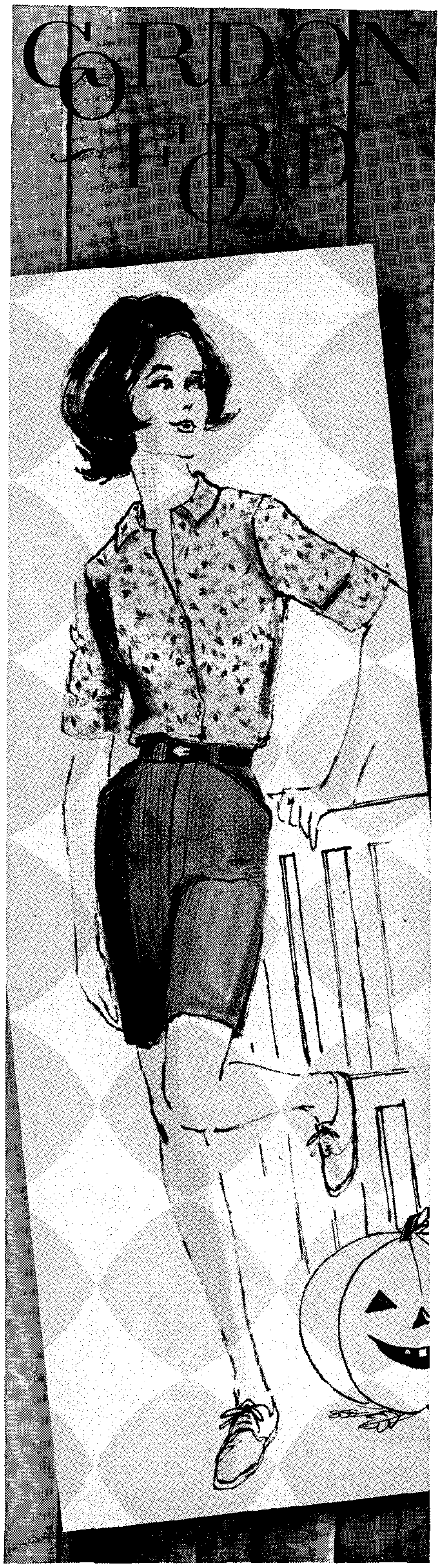

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tremulous ones into mutton, and because picnic parties, more urban and finicky than their forebears, complained loudly of damage to their clothing when they sat down beneath the boughs with their thermos flasks. Foxes were shot in Kensington Gardens during the eighteenth century, and there is a pleasant legend of a fabulous badger, sometime in the last half of the nineteenth century, who went to earth in a drain in the Gardens and could not be caught. This monster brock was said to have devoured a fully clothed policeman, with the exception of his boots and helmet, which it left on one side, as though they were asparagus ends, too tough to digest. It was finally captured, purchased by a Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and given its liberty in the country, like a brave bull who has delighted the multitude at the *corridas.* Any ravages it may have caused among village police stations are not recorded.

James I still hunted in Hyde Park, but he imported a note of the exotic into St. James's Park with an aviary and a menagerie of wild beasts, including crocodiles, two antelopes presented by the Great Mogul, some flying squirrels sent to him by the Virginia Company, and a leopard from the King of Savoy. The Duke of Buckingham, touring Spain with Prince Charles on the lookout for a royal bride for the young man, was instructed to keep his eyes skinned also for animals for the King's zoo. "Four asses you I have sent," he wrote back in triumph. "Tow hees and tow shees. Five camels, tow hees, tow shees with a young one, and one ellefant which is worth your seeing. These I have impudently begged for you." The elephant proved an expensive pet, costing two hundred and seventy-three pounds a year for its board and the salary of its keeper, John Williams. It was said to down a gallon of wine a day from September to April, in order to keep out the damp winter chill of St. James's, though it is probable that Williams assisted with this.

The two Charleses are both important in the history of the London parks. Charles I opened Hyde Park to Londoners sometime in the sixteen-thirties, and Charles II, after laying out St. James's Park to resemble as closely as possible the elegant pleasure grounds he had admired during his exile at the court of Louis XIV, allowed the public in to enjoy it and to watch him sauntering with his spaniels and pretty women. His father had walked through the park in a grimmer little constitutional, from St. James's Palace to the scaffold in Whitehall. Between that morning and Charles II's restoration, Hyde Park had

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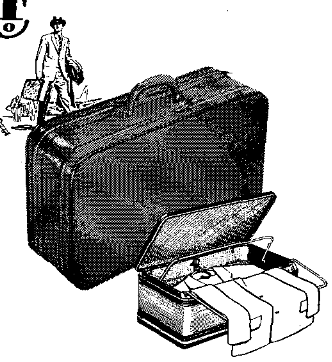

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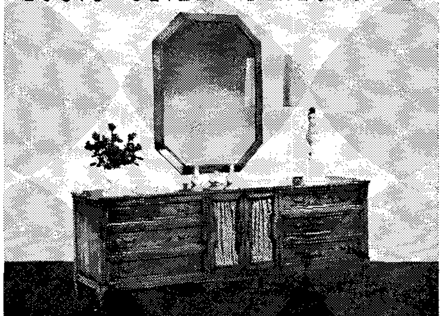

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gone through some glum times. The Parliamentary troops had camped there and cut down some of the trees and burned the palings for firewood. The park was closed to the public on Sundays and feast days, when someone might be inclined to make merry, and, finally, the House of Commons report for November 27, 1652, contained the brief entry "Resolved that Hyde Park be sold for ready money." It was sold in three lots to a Mr. Richard Wilcox, of Kensington; a Mr. John Tracy, who was a London merchant; and a Mr. Anthony Dean, a shipbuilder of Harwich and Woolwich. For the first and last time in its history, Hyde Park was in private hands, and its fortunes took a very different turn. One of the purchasers, Mr. Dean, hit on the notion of charging the public a toll to come into his section, and this was indignantly noted by John Evelyn in his journal. "I went to take the air in Hyde Park," Evelyn wrote the following year, "where every coach was made to pay a shilling, and horse sixpence, by the sordid fellow who had purchased it of the State, as they called it." Before long, Charles II was back in London, and the sale of the Crown lands was declared null and void. Nevertheless, the sordid fellow did rather well for himself. Mr. Dean was not only forgiven but marked down as an astute subject; nineteen years later he turns up as Sir Anthony, Surveyor-General of His Majesty's shipyards.

Charles returned to the throne in May of 1660, and by September he was deep in plans for beautifying the neglected park of St. James's. Though he called in Le Nôtre, who designed the gardens of Versailles and the Tuileries, to prepare a vista of water, grass, and trees that would equal anything he had seen abroad but would end, as its final touch of beauty, in a triangle of English sky, it does not appear that the Frenchman had much to do with the layout beyond giving his advice. Contemporary prints, however, show the influence of the classic French style, which was still the model sixty-seven years later, when the avenues of Kensington Gardens were planted. The chain of ponds in St. James's—the remnants of the marshy landscape on which the leper sisters had looked out—were joined up into a handsome canal, driving straight toward Whitehall from the end of the park where Buckingham Palace now stands. At the Whitehall end of the canal, Charles had an island—Duck Island—set aside for his pet ducks and other birds, and the bills for the hempseed and corn with which he fed them are almost as surprisingly large as the keep of James's

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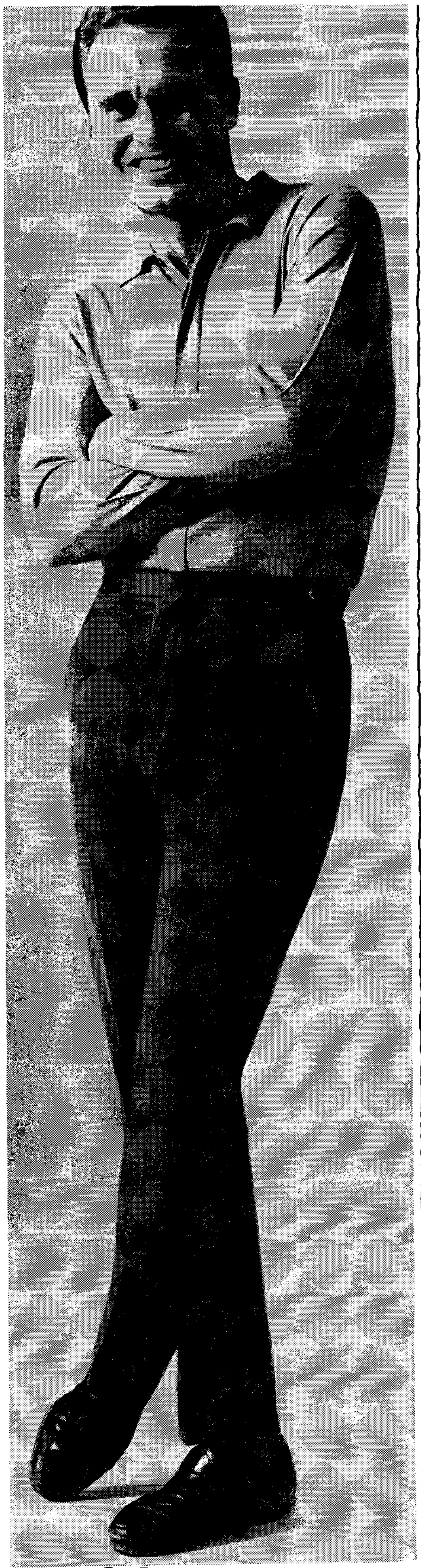

Glen Oaks picks CROMPTON CORDUROY just for the fun of it.

Beltless Relaxor. Antelope, loden, black, cream, astronaut blue, camel, moss green. 27"-42" waist. About $7. Crompton-Richmond Company-Inc., New York 18, New York
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wine-bibbing elephant; two hundred and forty-six pounds' worth of birdseed, we read, was broadcast by the Stuart hand between 1660 and 1670. Traditions have a way of going into English life and staying there. Long after Charles was dead and the first German George had come to the throne, it was noticed that a regular item for hempseed still appeared every year in the accounts of the royal stables, though none was used there. It was a mystery until someone suddenly remembered Charles and the ducks. In the eighteen-twenties, John Nash completely did away with the canal, changing it into the natural lake that is there today, when he redesigned St. James's Park as part of the great town-planning scheme he began for George IV but unfortunately never finished. If Charles were to return today in the swarthy flesh (as he is across the way, in the yellowed wax of his life-size, resplendently clad funeral effigy in Westminster Abbey), he should be able to find his way about without much trouble, however. Duck Island remains, possibly inhabited by descendants of the birds he victualled so expensively. One feels the presence of a strong personality, maybe his, in St. James's Park; its beauty is concentrated, like the garden of a great house out of which the owner will come at any moment to show you around. He loved "a smart walk, a mouthful of fresh air, and a little ingenious raillery," noted Aurelian Cook, and here he enjoyed all three, and invited the citizens to enjoy them, too. He also purchased several meadows between St. James's Park and Piccadilly—where, in Elizabeth's day, Gerard, the herbalist, used to hunt for the wild flowers called bugloss in "the drie ditch bankes about Pikadilla"—and enclosed the new fields with a brick wall. This ground, first called Upper St. James's Park, was later rechristened Green Park, and in its center Charles had a snow- and icehouse built, which was stocked each winter from the canal for cooling his wine in summer.

FROM Pepys' day until the First World War, the parks had their ups and downs as places of fashion. Hyde Park, for example, was the place where everybody came to look at fine society and horseflesh. Now all that is finished. Private horse owners have gone, and only fat ponies and hacks belonging to livery stables and ridden by young women in jeans, and Household Cavalry troopers exercising horses from Knightsbridge Barracks, galumph occasionally along Rotten Row. According to a perceptive Oriental visitor, Ah-Chin-Le,

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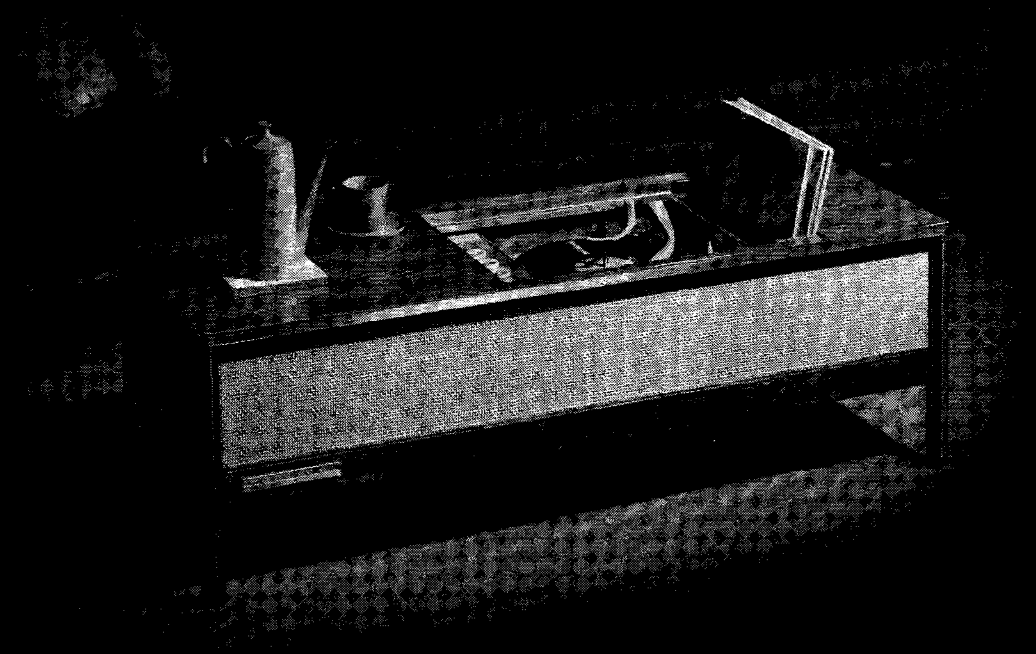

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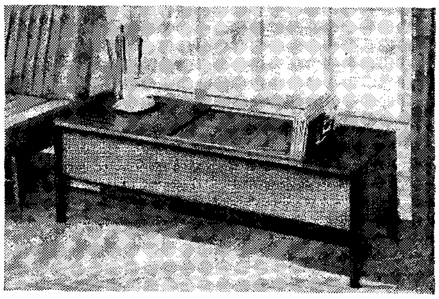

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Price and specifications subject to change without notice.

who viewed the scene in the eighteen-seventies and described it in "Some Observations Upon the Civilization of the Western Barbarians," even Hyde Park's brilliant, worldly period was "cold and lifeless." Only the horses had animation, he said, "and they are kept down to the tamest possible step. The world cannot show finer animals, nor wealthier owners, nor more luxurious idlers, nor more unattractive human beings." In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, St. James's Park was the gay night spot. All fashionable and disreputable London streamed into it in the evenings, after the early dinner hour, to stay until the small hours of the morning making talk, love, and scandal. Wycherley wrote a comedy, "Love in a Wood; or, St. James's-Park," in which one gentleman says approvingly to another, "A man may come [into the park] after supper with his three bottles in his head, and reel himself sober without reproof from his mother, aunt, or grave relation." To this his friend adds, "May bring his bashful wench, and not have her put out of countenance by the impudent honest women of the town." Though all the parks are popular with lovers, St. James's is still the one where they pursue their courtship in public as candidly as though they imagined themselves in a lonely house in the middle of a dark forest. Maybe it is something in the air there, a vibration left over from its gay period. In Charles's time there was a secluded bit of water—Rosamund's Pond, the last to survive of the marshy pools where great herons used to nest—that was shaded by elms and connected with the ornamental canal by a sluice. Rosamund's Pond was a great place for assignations between the sexes, romantic or commercial. Hogarth painted two views of it, and Wycherley, Congreve, Otway, Farquhar, and others alluded to it in their plays. It was filled up in 1770, having become muddy and unromantically smelly. Its successor today as the spot in the park most popular with couples appears to be a gently sloping grass bank separated only by a sidewalk from the constant flow of traffic along Birdcage Walk, a name that marks the site of James I's aviary. On warm summer evenings, young men and women recline on it as though on a vast friendly sofa, ignored by passersby but occasionally startling foreign visitors who had understood that the English were a highly reserved race.

ONE who deplores this pretty pastoral scene for purely horticultural reasons is Mr. T. C. Barbour, the Su-

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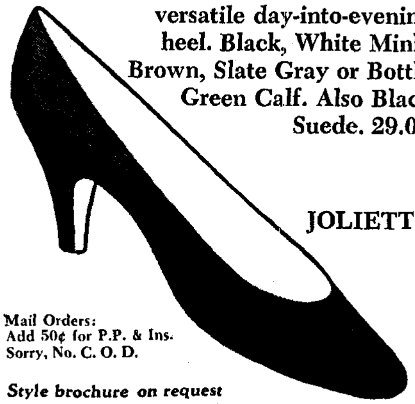

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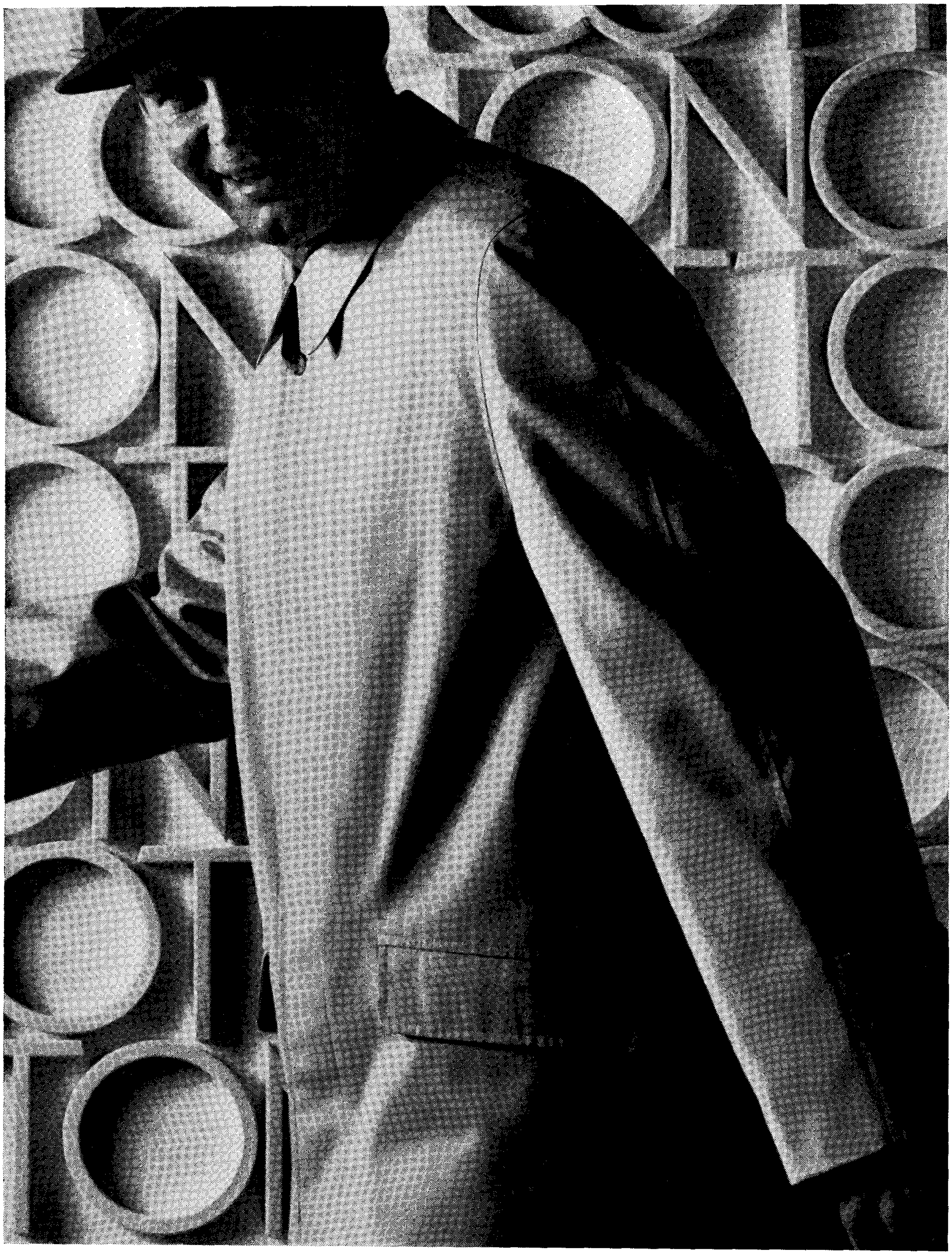

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perintendent of the four Central Parks, who is due to retire this summer. He is a thickset man of sixty-three with a shrewd eye and a rich Scots accent, who dresses in country tweeds and generally has a little terrier at his heels. He remarked not long ago that the biggest trouble he has with his flowers in the parks comes not from the London climate, or from petrol fumes, but from couples who, finally deciding that the hour is late (St. James's Park, unlike Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, is open all night, which may explain its popularity), get up to go, and, in the dark, barge straight through a fine show of lupines or stocks or lilies. "They often wreck a whole planting for us in a night," Mr. Barbour said mournfully. The campaign of settling every smallest detail about the upkeep of the Central Parks is planned with military precision from his office to the north of the Serpentine—a low, countrified-looking building surrounded by a yard where one expects to see a hissing ostler rubbing down a horse. By the time one year's roses have fairly opened, the planting of the beds for the following year has been decided on, from the first spring bulb to the last dahlia. Not far away, in four acres of greenhouses and nursery grounds so hidden by fences and shrubbery that Londoners who have been walking past them with their dogs for years often do not know that they exist, about a quarter of a million bedding plants are raised annually for the park flower borders, for the private grounds of Buckingham Palace, St. James's Palace, and Kensington Palace (which now houses the London Museum), for the window boxes of government buildings, for the decoration of government functions, and for various other odd spots of planting, such as the pleasant garden in Parliament Square. Thirty men and women, working under the direction of Mr. Barbour's assistant, a scholarly-looking young man named Brown, keep these places steadily blooming (the park beds may be replanted three or four times in a season) with flowers that mostly lean toward the sturdy cottagey rather than toward the stiff municipal—pansies and shaggy asters, white tobacco flowers, dahlias, stocks, sweet Williams, and the like. Mr. Barbour's most celebrated formal planting is the show of fourteen thousand Gustav Emich geraniums, the color of Guardsmen's tunics, that are sent from the Hyde Park nursery every May to provide the customary blinding display outside Buckingham Palace for the tourists' color films.

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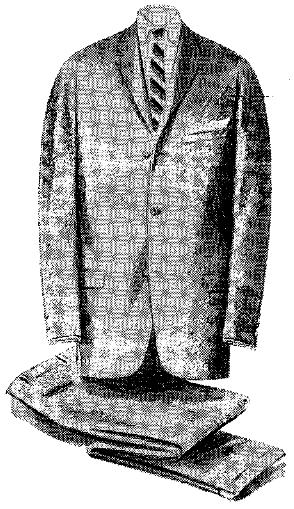

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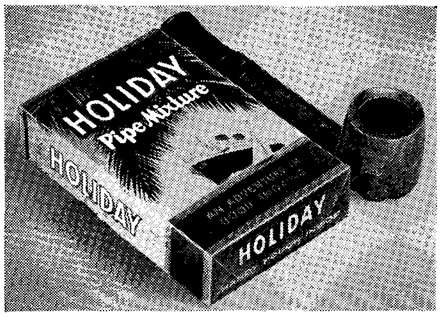

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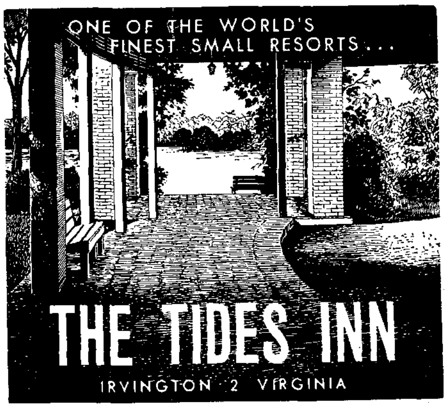
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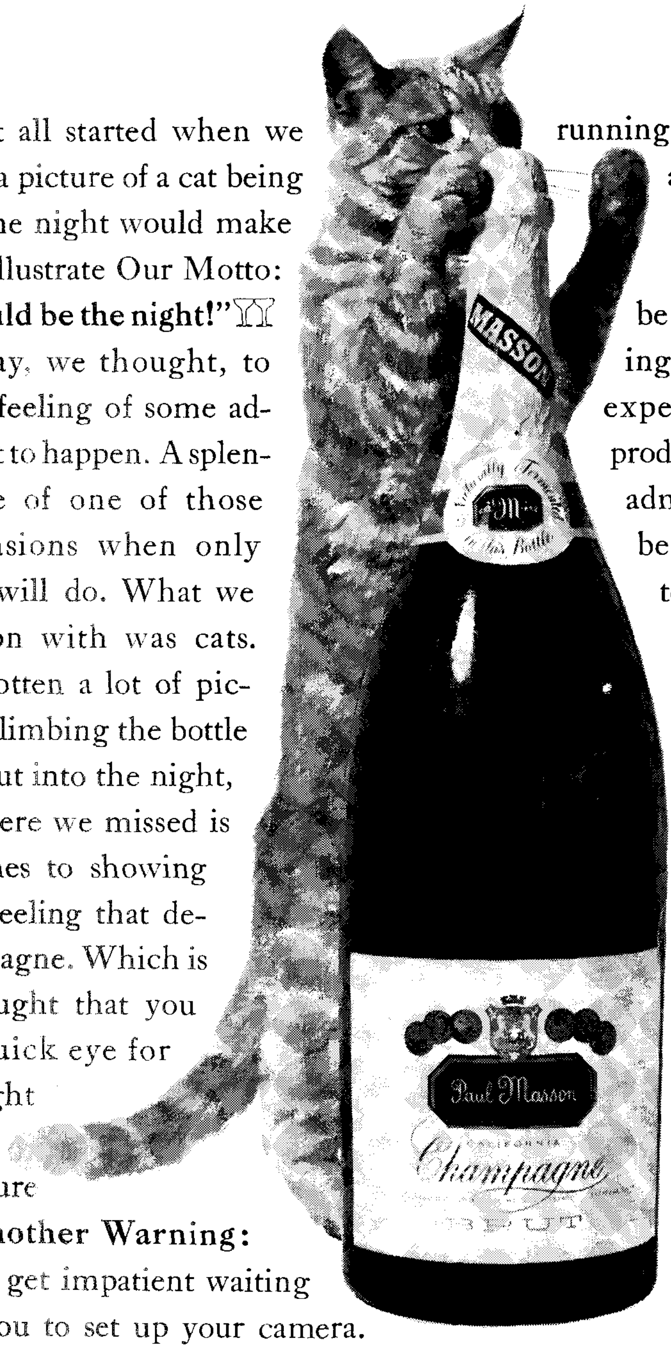

Problem: It all started when we decided that a picture of a cat being put out for the night would make a fine ad to illustrate Our Motto: **"Tonight could be the night!"**🥂 A simple way, we thought, to symbolize a feeling of some adventure about to happen. A splendid example of one of those special occasions when only champagne will do. What we didn't reckon with was cats. Oh, we've gotten a lot of pictures of cats climbing the bottle or scooting out into the night, all right; where we missed is when it comes to showing that special feeling that deserves champagne. Which is why we thought that you with your quick eye for romance might be able to snap the picture we want. **Another Warning:** Cats tend to get impatient waiting around for you to set up your camera. What's worse, they adhere to the Stanislavski school of acting; they live the role. Put any self-respecting cat out any door and as far as he is concerned, "Tonight is the night!" Off and running. So it is best to collect several cats and a circle of agile, well-padded friends to help you. **Prizes:** If, in the opinion of our judges, your "Tonight could be the night!" picture succeeds in showing both the cat and the feeling of high expectancy that suggests our sparkling product, you will win our thunderstruck admiration. Also: your photograph will be included in Paul Masson's 1963 Photographic Salon and you'll receive a Certificate of Merit. And: you'll get full credit in the ad in which the photograph is used as well as the standard fee we pay for advertising photographs. Furthermore: you'll get a special Jeroboam of our finest champagne or its equivalent in money. (1 Jeroboam = 2 Magnums = 4 Bottles = 8 Half Bottles = 16 Splits.) **Rules:** All photographs must be original and previously unpublished; no entries can be returned. Prints must be black and white, no smaller than 8 by 10. Your name and address must be printed on the back of the photo along with the usual technical data: Camera; exposure; film and lighting. **Contest Closes:** February 28, 1963. Entries should be sent postpaid to: Photo Editor, Paul Masson Vineyards, Saratoga Y-4, California.

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James's Park and the farthest boundary of Kensington Gardens are Mr. Barbour's responsibility; each of the six other Royal Parks in and about London has its own Superintendent, except for Hampton Court and Bushy Park, which share one. Over the whole structure is the Bailiff of the Royal Parks—Major I. K. C. Hobkirk, a tall, genial, gray-haired ex-Seaforth Highlander, who has held the position since 1946. The title of Bailiff seems to have succeeded the ancient title of Ranger, now held by the Queen herself. All big policy questions are passed to Major Hobkirk in his office in the Ministry of Works, overlooking the Thames at Lambeth Bridge, who may pass them on to the Minister, who may, if something has stirred public interest or criticism, go down to make his report on the subject to the House of Commons. Though the Bailiff works at Lambeth Bridge, he lives in the heart of Hyde Park itself—in Ranger's Lodge, a "grace-and-favour" residence, as houses in the bestowal of the Crown are called, which stands near Mr. Barbour's office on a wooded rise overlooking the Serpentine. The Lodge is an attractive Victorian building, mostly hidden by a wall, which might be a village rectory or the house of a prosperous country doctor in a Trollope novel. The whole of this administrative area is like an extraordinary little hamlet left over from the last century, shaded by great trees, quietly getting along with its rural business while London roars in the distance. Besides the Lodge and the Superintendent's office, there is a brick police station, where the Hyde Park police are quartered; a trim Victorian villa, where Mr. Barbour lives; and a couple of gabled cottages of the same period, all fenced in with little lawns and bright gardens and lit at night by an early-vintage lamppost or two. In the morning, trucks rattle along to and from the nurseries, laden with plants or dropping a few hearty, bucolic lumps of farm manure as they go. Presently, Mr. Barbour, his hat at an angle, emerges from his office, his little dog trotting in attendance, and marches across to the nurseries, or gets into his car and drives off to a conference with Major Hobkirk, or goes to see how work is going somewhere in his parks, or pays a visit to Mr. Arthur May, the Birdkeeper of St. James's, on Duck Island.

The police have been stationed in Hyde Park since 1869 (the present station, which succeeded a pretty, earlier building, was built in 1907), following a public outcry against the robberies and assaults that went on in the park. Not

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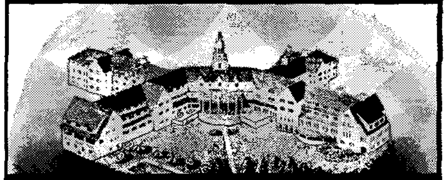
...SOME SAY LIKE LAKE COMO



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everybody went there for the innocent enjoyment of quizzing the women and the carriages, or to take the air. Throughout the eighteenth century, duels were common in conveniently lonely spots among the trees. A particularly bloody and uniquely symmetrical one took place in 1712 between the Duke of Hamilton, an eminent Tory and Jacobite, and Lord Mohun, an Irish Whig, in which each man managed to run his adversary through the heart; they fell to the grass and died within minutes of each other. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, Hyde Park was an unhealthy place to loiter in after dusk, when the fashionable riders and strollers moved out and the toughs of both sexes moved in. Horace Walpole, driving home from a Holland House party one moonlit night, was held up by two highwaymen, who lifted his watch and eight guineas, and, rather amateurishly, almost plugged him through the head by accidentally firing a pistol while doing so. For years after that, the park remained such a dangerous spot that people who wanted to cross it would assemble at the ringing of a bell, so that they could make the trip in convoy. The *Times* of the eighteen-forties bristled with letters from well-to-do citizens complaining of the risks that they and their families ran when they took the air. But other events that occurred there in that decade were far more dangerous to the ruling class of England than the occasional picking of a pocket or the insulting of a young woman. Under the trees, in full view of the houses of the quality, the workingmen were on the march. On Sundays, they poured out into "our park," as they had the audacity to call it, in their hooting, stone-throwing thousands, to riot for reform of the franchise, or against the Government's Sunday Trading Bill (the *Times* estimated a turnout of about a hundred and fifty thousand persons on that occasion) or the high price of food, or to express the popular enthusiasm for Garibaldi. The social landscape was changing, and so were the methods of the marchers, who, by the time of the big Hyde Park riots of 1866, which preceded the second Reform Bill, were well organized under their new trade-union banners. But no revolutionary barricades went up in the London parks to match those going up in capital after capital on the other side of the Channel, and in 1851, across the Serpentine from Ranger's Lodge, there arose the Crystal Palace, Joseph Paxton's enormous glass-and-iron structure for the Great Exhibition, which was to be the showcase for the industry of

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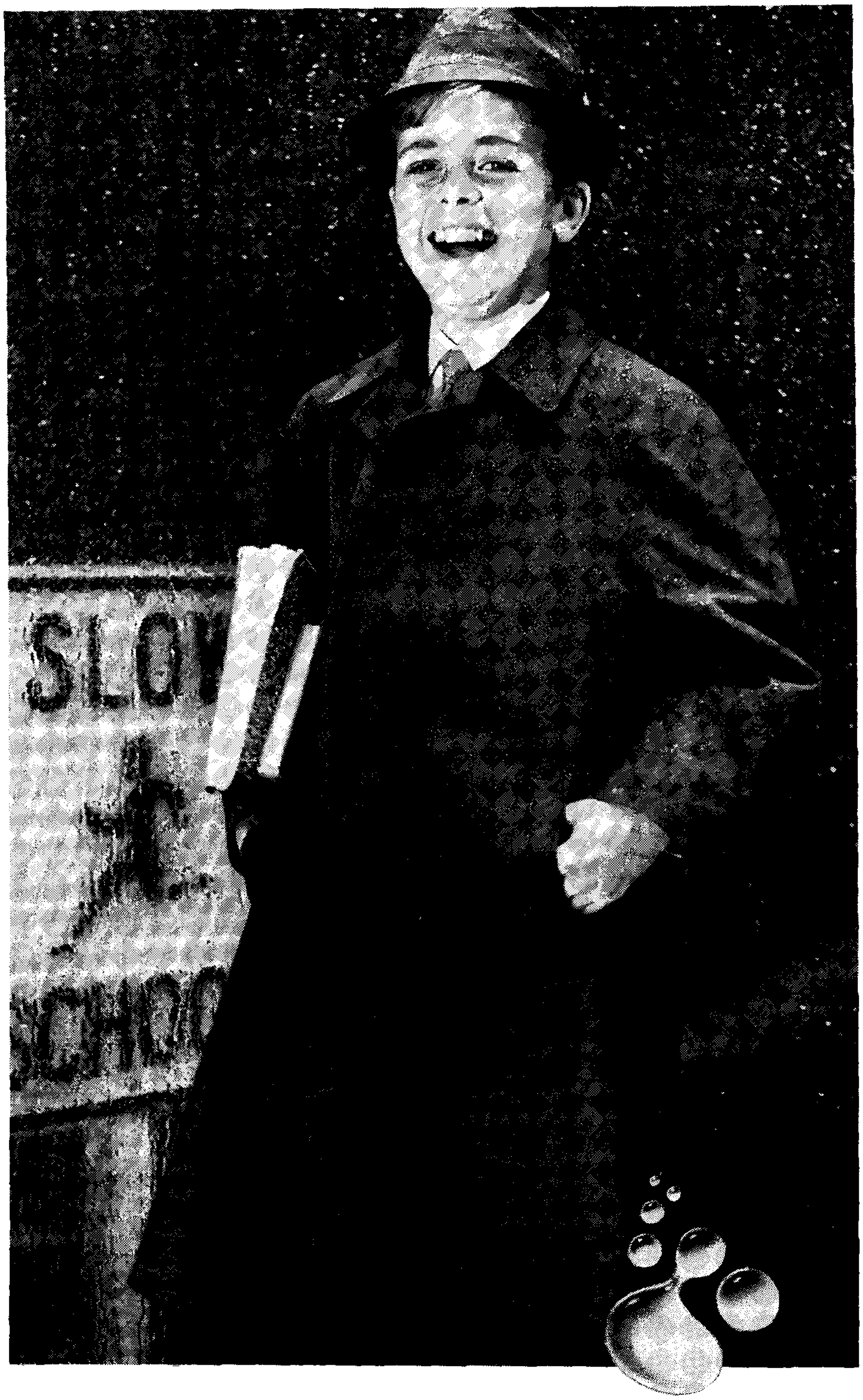
BY SPATZ BROS. & REEVES



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all nations, and was also intended to express the complacently thankful sense of many Englishmen that their peace, prosperity, and progress made a nice contrast to the violent events that had shaken those unfortunate Europeans three years earlier.

Among those who took grave exception to Paxton's project and complained bitterly about the space that the buildings would take up in Hyde Park was a splendid Tory of the old school, Colonel Charles de Laet Waldo Sibthorp, Member of Parliament for Lincoln. Rising in the House on July 26, 1850, the Colonel thundered, "Hyde Park is emphatically the Park of the People, and it is now proposed to be devoted to purposes which I must hold to be prejudicial to the people in a moral, religious, and social point of view. . . . An exhibition of the industry of all nations, forsooth! An exhibition of the trumpery and trash of foreign countries, to the detriment of our own already too much oppressed manufacturers!" In a further broadside, he said that he did not wish to see Paxton's building destroyed by any act of violence, but added piously, "Would to God that some hailstorm, or some visitation of lightning, might descend to defeat the ill-advised project." When Heaven did not oblige, and the Exhibition duly opened, on May 1, 1851—before Queen Victoria, dressed in pink watered silk, brocaded with silver and ornamented with diamonds; Prince Albert, in field-marshal's uniform; the Prince of Wales, in a kilt; and the Princess Royal, crowned with a wreath of pale-pink wild roses—Colonel Sibthorp advised the House of Commons that he had boycotted the ceremony, because he considered the project "most injurious to the interests of the country and an insult to Almighty God." Sure enough, though somewhat late as an answer to the Colonel's invitation, after the Great Exhibition building had been dismantled and reërected on a site in Sydenham, it burned down, in 1936.

At the time, however, it was a resounding success, and William Makepeace Thackeray, who got a place for the opening, was moved to describe in a breathless letter "the multitude the riches the peace the splendour the security the sunshine." It was also, in Victoria's eyes, dearest Albert's greatest triumph, and later, as a widow whose sorrow was as monumental and as crushing to the nation's spirits as any stone, she approved the building of his memorial in a special enclosure in Kensington Gardens, just west of the Exhibition site. It was an appropriate spot in which to leave this familial and sci-

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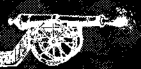

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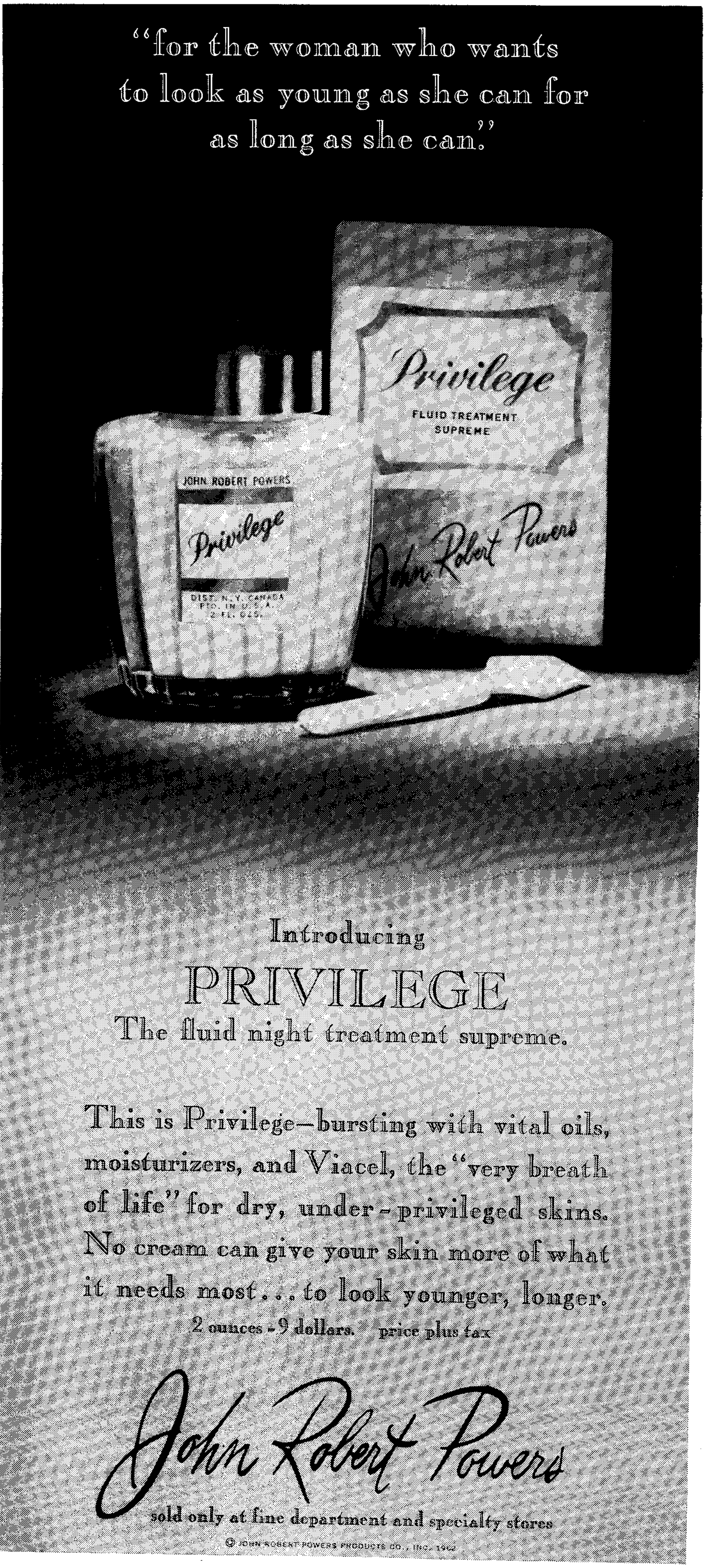
entific-minded German prince. Sitting, the lone occupant of the tremendous gold-and-mosaic Gothic bird cage designed by Mr. (later Sir) Gilbert Scott, he faces toward the Albert Hall and the Victoria and Albert Museum and the academic buildings, which stand on land purchased out of the profits of his Great Exhibition, and turns his back, not ungraciously but absent-mindedly (as he must often have done in the hurly-burly of the teeming royal nurseries), on the constant domestic parade of perambulators and children that passes between the borders of the Flower Walk into the still, dense green shade of Victoria's Kensington.

No wheeled vehicle other than a baby carriage, a child's tricycle, or an invalid's chair may enter Kensington Gardens, and for that reason it is a dog's paradise. Appropriately, too, in this Victorian enclosure—for the Queen and Prince Albert were often painted and photographed in the Germanic coziness of their home life with quivering pet terriers and limpid-eyed sporting dogs in attendance—there is a strange little dogs' cemetery hidden away in the garden of one of the lodgekeepers' houses on the north side of the Gardens. It is said that the wife of one of the Rangers of Hyde Park was the first to get permission to bury her pet there, sometime in the last century. How good a Gardens dog one had to be to qualify for admittance afterward is not clear; the dates on the small, sooty gravestones, cluttered close together, seem to start in the eighteen-eighties. They rarely give a clue to the breeds of the animals kennelled among the lupines, but the names carry straight on from Lear's Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart—Cupid, Tosh, Zizi, darling little Monty drowned in Old Windsor Lock, poor dear Tappy, Curly, who pined for a lost mistress and died (November, 1896), Baby, Dolly, Scum, and Chips. Prince Albert sitting thoughtfully in his ornamented aviary to the south, Zizi and Cupid and Dolly lying quietly, like good house dogs, at the northern gate—between these accretions of bereaved woe something of the Victorian age seems peculiarly to persist in the decorum and the peace of Kensington Gardens.

IF any of the trees in the four Central Parks are cut or blown down, the air resounds with laments, and often with cries of outrage. In November, 1703, a dreadful storm sweeping across England sent two thousand chimney pots flying into the London streets, flattened houses and church steeples, scattered lead from the roof of Westminster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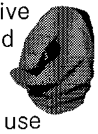

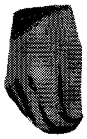

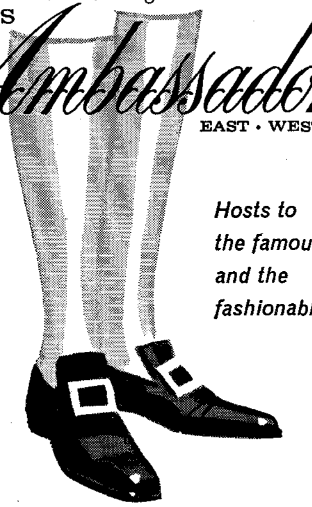

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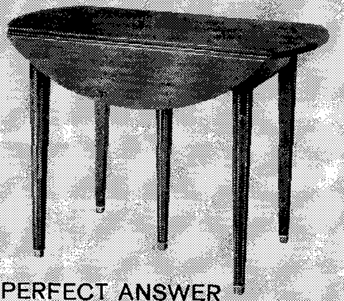
Abbey like buckshot on the howling gale, and tore up about a hundred elms in St. James's Park, "some whereof," according to an account of the tempest attributed to Defoe, "were of such a growth as, they tell us, they were planted by Cardinal Wolsey." Two great oak trees, reputedly raised from acorns of the Boscobel oak, in which Charles II hid from the Parliamentary troops—acorns that the King himself had planted—were blown down in a storm in 1833. These were natural disasters that could only be deplored, but every time an impious hand has reached for an axe, the outcry from indignant Londoners and others has been loud and instantaneous. When some small trees in Hyde Park were felled to accommodate Joseph Paxton's soaring greenhouse, *Punch* contributed to the ensuing row some plaintive verses that began,

> Albert! spare those trees,
> Mind where you fix your show;
> For mercy's sake, don't, please,
> Go spoiling Rotten Row,

and continued,

> Oh! certainly there might
> Be for your purpose found
> A more congenial site
> Than Hyde Park's hallowed ground.

This was playful chiding compared to the bitter invective used by W. H. Hudson when he described the felling of seven hundred elms in Kensington Gardens in 1880, which drove out the great colony of rooks that lived in the trees. The rooks shook the dust of Kensington from their wings in dudgeon, and their descendants have never returned. Hudson, who looked rather like some splendid bird himself, suffered all his life from ill health and fear of death, and lived, with almost ludicrous inappropriateness, in a Bayswater boarding house belonging to his wife, who ran the place to keep them both from starving. In his "Birds in London," he tells how, as a young man newly arrived from the Argentine, he went out to explore the Gardens and found his way to the elm grove, which was standing in full beauty on a spring morning: "The existence of so noble a transcript of wild nature as this tall wood with its noisy black people, so near the heart of the metropolis, surrounded on all sides by miles of brick and mortar and innumerable smoking chimneys, filled me with astonishment; and I may say that I have seldom looked on a scene that stamped itself on my memory in more vivid and lasting colours." The park authorities, with "unspeakable barbarity," cut down these trees, some of them over a hundred feet



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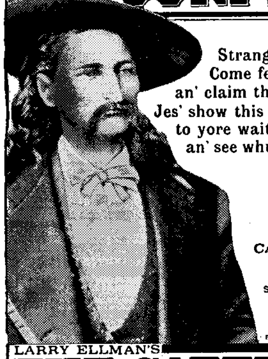

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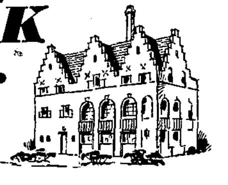

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high, and all, Hudson claimed, sound and healthy. To Londoners, he said, "an open space is a possession of incalculable value, to be prized above all others, like an amulet or a thrice-precious gem containing mysterious health-giving properties," and he went on, "He, then, who takes from London one of these sacred possessions, or who deprives it of its value by destroying its rural character, by cutting down its old trees and driving out its bird life, inflicts the greatest conceivable injury on the community, and is really a worse enemy than the criminal who singles out an individual here and there for attack and who for his misdeeds is sent to Dartmoor or to the gallows." In 1925, three years after Hudson's death, the Prime Minister of the day, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, unveiled a memorial to him, set among the trees not of Kensington Gardens but of Hyde Park—a bas-relief by Jacob Epstein of the wild girl Rima in his "Green Mansions." To many who came to see it, expecting a pretty wood nymph, the memorial proved as harshly surprising an artistic experience as Paxton's glass mansion had been to some Victorians, and from time to time Rima was crudely criticized by being defaced overnight with splotches of green paint. In the intervening thirty-seven years, the British public eye has adjusted to Epstein. The memorial that Hudson would have undoubtedly liked best is the fervor with which Londoners agree with him today, when the value and the magical properties of open spaces are more prodigious than even he could have calculated. Trees, and particularly old trees, have become as sacred as if the British were a nation of animists.

The biggest row of any to rage over trees in the parks broke out in 1954, when the enormous ancient elms lining the Broad Walk were judged to be too prone to shed their limbs onto the heads of people walking below. In spite of an angry outcry from Londoners who apparently preferred the risk of concussion, or even death, to the loss of the trees, the Broad Walk elms were felled and were later replaced by limes, a species less apt to become lethal in old age. It was a pity that Hudson was not alive to pitch in some invective. For a long time after this loss, the strollers along the Broad Walk—blinking in the unaccustomed brightness where there had been venerable bosky shade, feeling lost in the new airy lie of the ground now suddenly exposed as bleakly as a picked bone, and coldly eying the alien midget limes—looked as displaced as any rooks turned out of their homes by

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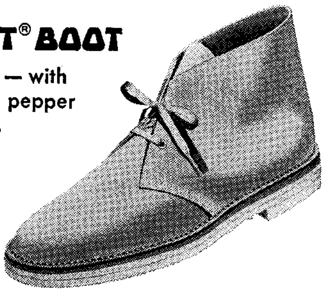

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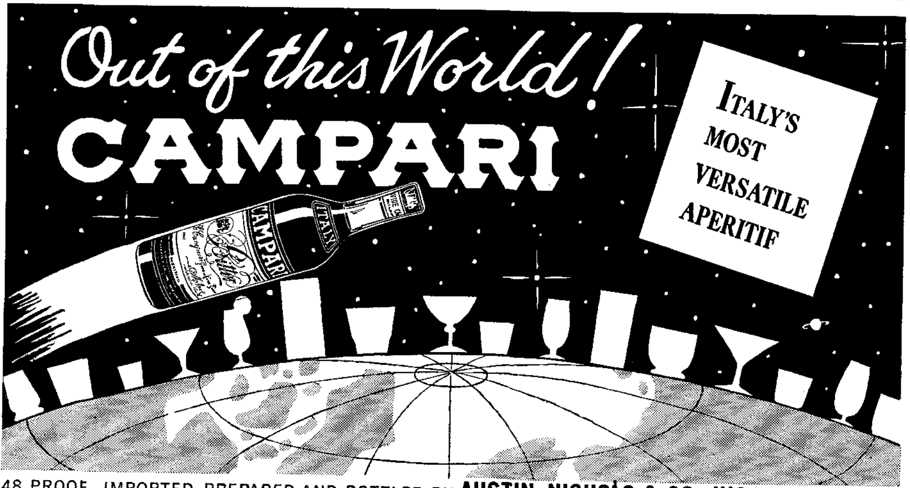

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the destruction of their grove. To calm the public agitation over the Broad Walk, the Minister of Works in 1954 appointed an Advisory Committee on the Planting and Preservation of Trees in the Royal Parks, which today has as its chairman Sir William Ling Taylor, a former Forestry Commissioner, and includes eminent arboriculturists and other experts from the Royal Botanical Gardens, at Kew. Another member is Lord Hurcomb, chairman of the Committee on Bird Sanctuaries in the Royal Parks, which seeks to extend the same careful solicitude to the inmates of the trees. From time to time, the Advisory Committee inspects the aging avenues like a group of doctors going around a geriatrics ward, prescribes treatment, and advises on the species that should be planted to fill the gaps. The noble but now warily regarded elm, the horse chestnut and the sweet chestnut, the lime, and, above all, the faithful London plane, with its beautiful dappled bark and clusters of dancing black bobbles, are among the trees that flourish happily in the local fogs and fumes, and reach splendid heights. Some of the oldest and most interesting trees in Kensington Gardens are a colonnade of sweet chestnuts, which may be part of a great planting operation carried out in 1727 under George II or may be survivors of an even earlier planting, ordered by George I. They give an impression of tremendous antiquity and of aristocracy—brittle but tenacious. But even these bicentenarians are in good health, and the leafiness of the parks at the height of summer, when the foliage has almost the density of architectural masses that might bruise a flying bird, is dazzling in its emerald light.

It is strange that while poets and writers have written about these places, few great painters appear to have found them paintable, though today you often come across a girl in sweater and jeans squatting on the grass, her water-color box on one of the park chairs beside her, or a young man frowning above his easel at the evening light on the willows by the Serpentine. At certain times of day, everywhere you look is a Corot, and on a hot summer afternoon the grass under the trees waits to enfold a "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe" instead of a jolly picnic party from East London, settling down with their bottles protruding from shopping bags, or moving out into the sun to take off as much clothing as is compatible with the proximity of the Hyde Park police and to lie there while white areas of skin slowly stain strawberry pink, the children fish for tadpoles, and the

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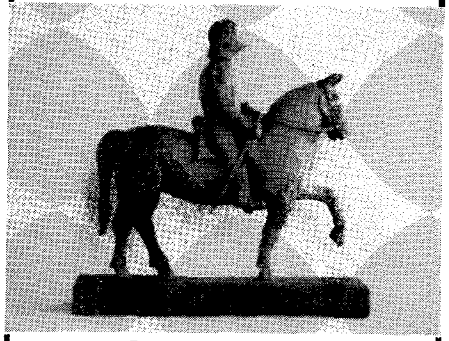

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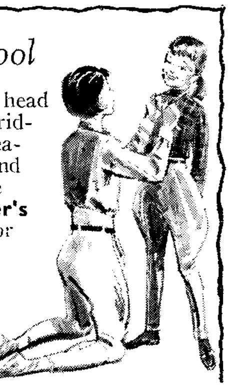

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outing wears to an end. Every summer, more and more Londoners pour across the Channel for their vacations, but to thousands of others the Lido is the one on the Serpentine where they swim; the sailing season is on the so-called Round Pond (contemporary with the 1727 planting operation and actually oval, like a scalloped tea tray), where the solemn skippers of model yachts are mostly not children but middle-aged men, wearing jaunty knitted caps as a nautical touch, who run around the Pond anxiously following their yachts' progress; and the exotic stranger is a feathered one, who can be watched parading on the lawns beside the St. James's Park lake, lifting webbed feet with the deliberation of an alderman marching in a procession to a City turtle-soup dinner, and glinting, more richly than any magnate, with olive or chestnut or snow-white plumage.

To a bird in the air above London, the heavy treetops and the glinting water of the Central Parks must look as inviting as an oasis to a traveller in the desert. Some find their way there by flying in from the suburbs along a sort of corridor of the remaining large private gardens of big houses. Many follow the loop of the Thames and then drop down on St. James's as though into a green club—a delightful ornithological White's or Boodle's—where they may stay for a few hours, a few days, or the whole season. A number of the species are permanent Londoners, but others look in for the summer or winter months only. In winter, for instance, as many as two thousand gulls, mostly black-headed, come up the Thames to settle on the lake in St. James's Park, and occasionally such rarer birds as smews and puffins join them. In spring, the mallards come to nest among the reeds of Duck Island, and sail, with strings of fluffy ping-pong balls bobbing behind them, to receive crusts of Whitehall typists' lunchtime sandwiches. The flotillas of imported ornamental waterfowl who live there permanently—mandarin and Carolina ducks, red-crested pochards, pintails, pelicans, and various kinds of geese among them—are in direct historical continuity with the collection that Charles II made when he laid out his beloved St. James's Park. Then, as now, there were pelicans, for in a stroll around Duck Island in February, 1665, John Evelyn examined the capacious throat of a *Pelicanus onocrotalus*—"a fowl between a stork and a swan," he noted, "a melancholy waterfowl, brought from Astracan by the Russian Ambassador." Until recently,

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the pelican population consisted of two American whites (*P. erythrorhynchos*), called Wilfred and Daphne, who were given to the park in 1957 by the lieutenant-governor of Louisiana, and one Eastern white, Paul (the same *P. onocrotalus* observed by Evelyn), who was presented by the Amir of Bahawalpur in 1951. Wilfred died this spring, and there were questions in the House of Commons, in the best urbane Parliamentary tradition, as to how the widow and the melancholy Eastern friend were adjusting to the situation. Lord John Hope replied reassuringly that they were now sharing the same rock [applause]. In summer, the pelicans scoop up roach from the lake; in winter, they and the gulls parade for the herrings dispensed by Mr. May, a cheerful blue-eyed, brown-faced London man who has his being on Duck Island, among pails of corn, stacks of stale loaves, incubators, moor hens, coots, decoy pools, and a strong smell of soft mud and duckweed. The birds on the Serpentine and the Round Pond also come under his care, but his headquarters is Duck Island, which is not really an island, any more than the Round Pond is round. It is connected with the bank of the lake by a causeway, and barred from the public by gates crowned with high wire netting to discourage small boys, who are judged to have a natural affinity with birds' eggs. Some manage to get in anyway; a few years ago a young Hungarian stole a Chinese goose and took it away in a sack after, it was alleged, drugging it with whiskey. He was traced and fined five pounds; the goose, suffering from hangover, was returned to the simple life and clean living of Duck Island. It is a strange, shady place, covered with trees and underplanted with low shrubs to give the birds cover, and full of plaintive reedy cries from the inmates bringing up broods among the willows or in the nesting boxes placed along its shores. The young birds hatched out by Mr. May from the incubators are kept in wired runs on the Island until they are completely fledged, and he hoses them down frequently to prepare them for their début on the water. Mr. May often spends all night on the Island when the breeding season is on (he lives a ten-minute bicycle ride away), but a normal day for him begins at 6 A.M. and ends around 8 P.M. He prepares his own meals along with the birds', and snatches them in the company of a tame moor hen or two, or a clutch of Carolina ducklings running about on his desk as they learn to feed. All the introduced species and their progeny who are reared on Duck Island, and

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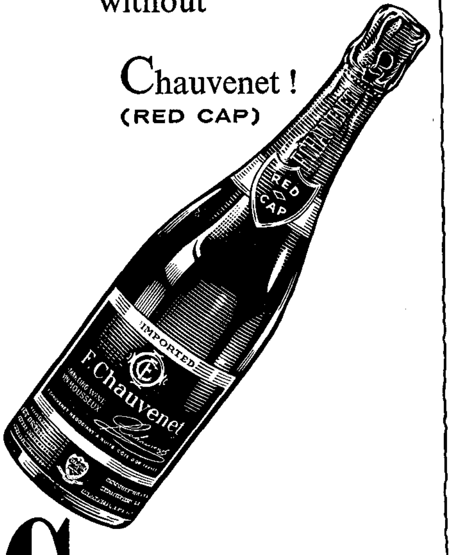

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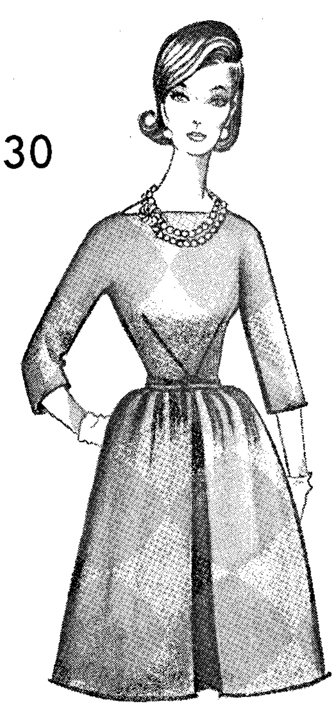

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some of the wild waterfowl as well, are banded with a special blue tag, so that they can be identified by bird watchers elsewhere. Tufted ducks banded in St. James's Park have been reported from Sweden, Finland, and Russia, and black-headed gulls wearing the blue ring have been recovered in Germany, Denmark, and Holland. Every evening, the population of the Island is swelled by clouds of starlings, who come in from the suburbs like commuters in reverse, wheeling in the dusk in their thousands and uttering their eerie, high-pitched clamor before coming down to roost in the trees. Herons drop in here, and stand gazing meditatively at the Foreign Office looming across the road, and kingfishers can sometimes be spotted shooting across the water.

The birds and the human beings in St. James's and the other Royal Parks have long regarded each other amiably, with pleasure on the human side and astonishing tameness on the part of the wild birds—even blackbirds and chaffinches have been observed taking food from people's hands—though there have been setbacks. In the war, the racket of the guns in Hyde Park, where over a hundred bomb craters were recorded, hardly encouraged the migrants to seek out their old nesting spots. According to the excellent report that is published every two years by the Committee on Bird Sanctuaries, it was, not surprisingly, the summer of 1953 before even such stout, seasoned, knowing Cockneys as the wood pigeons, who breed in all the parks, began "regaining their prewar confidence in the public" that had been carrying on in such a frightful way, and once more started accepting food trustingly from this unpredictable species' hands. The Committee, which, besides making its own reports, collects information from official observers and from ordinary bird watchers, has found that the number of species that live in or drop in on these open spaces is diminishing as the number of human Londoners flocking in to enjoy them is increasing. Seventy-three species were noted in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens in 1948; in the Committee's last report the number had dropped to fifty-eight. The principal reason, which confirms all Hudson's gloomy predictions, was said to be the gradual felling of the old trees. This is nothing new, of course. Every age has had its casualties among birds that used to nest freely in the London parks. Ravens were once as everyday a sight as, earlier, the kite had been, when it was protected by law as the hovering scavenger of the garbage in the filthy streets and

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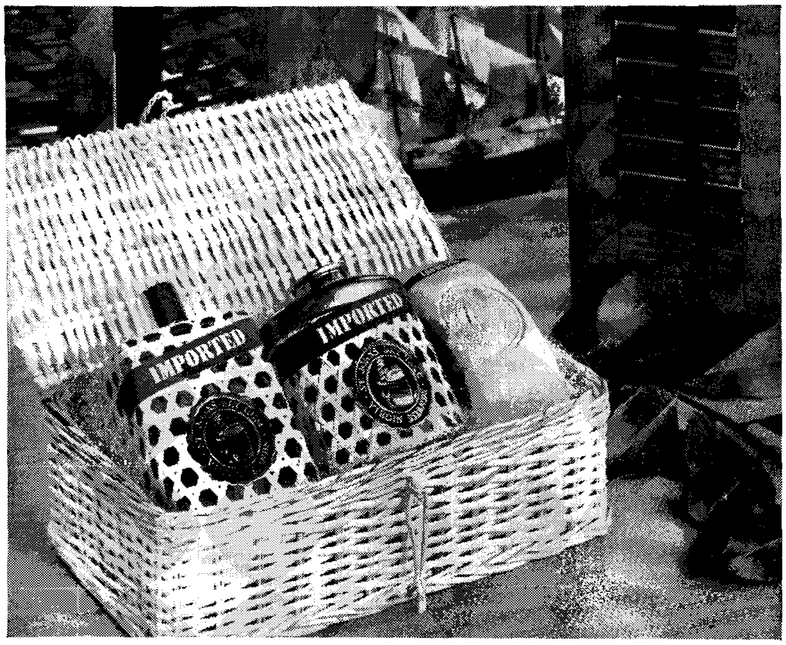

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alleys. Hudson remarked that a pair of ordinary black ravens raised a family annually in a certain elm in Hyde Park until about 1826, when an "injurious wretch" of a park keeper pulled down their nest, and the old birds left the park forever. Hudson called down his usual blistering maledictions on the fellow. "Doubtless he has long gone to his account," he noted in "Birds in London," "and let us add the pious wish that his soul, along with the souls of all those who were wanton destroyers of man's feathered fellow-creatures, is now being driven, like a snow-flake, round and round the icy pole in that everlasting whirlwind described by Courthope in his 'Paradise of Birds.' " The Committee is constantly suggesting ways in which birds can be encouraged to raise families in the parks and return yearly. For instance, its opposite number, the Advisory Committee on Trees, is asked to replant with an eye to the housing needs of owls and others, and to choose, in some places, berry-bearing trees and shrubs, which will give the birds a square meal and good cover combined. This program was recently rewarded by the sudden return of the nuthatch, a charming little bird who had been absent on out-of-town business for over fifty years, and by the appearance of a wryneck, a rather rare visitor, in St. James's Park. Though the figures in general show an undeniable drop, there is still a great variety of natural life going on in the Central Parks, undeterred by jet airliners passing overhead to London Airport, the traffic racket in the distance, and human beings. Early risers walking across Green Park have sometimes heard a cuckoo shouting among the dells that George Moore, who was repelled by perfectly wild nature, thought so beautiful, and skylarks have been heard pouring down their finespun thread of sound upon Kensington Gardens. Bustling, strong country birds like the song thrush, which Hudson lamented as having absented itself from the inner London parks in the late nineteenth century, breed there cheerfully and perversely now that the noise on the outskirts of these retreats has increased so enormously. (Hudson particularly mourned the disappearing thrush because of its loud voice, which could successfully cut through any noise, like a café singer triumphing over an orchestra of cutlery, glass, and jaws.) Goldcrests, wagtails, tree creepers, warblers, flycatchers, wrens, finches, and coal, blue, and great tits still visit or nest in the parks, indifferent as to whether the trees through which they flit were planted for them by Cardinal Wolsey or Charles

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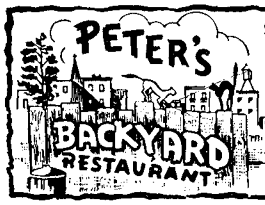

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Stuart, Queen Caroline or a modern Minister of Works.

THE Serpentine attracts many birds and large numbers of Londoners. This broad, formal lake begins in Hyde Park, flows beneath a bridge that was designed in 1826 by the brothers Rennie, and ends in Kensington Gardens, where it becomes the Long Water. Finished in 1733, it is the principal legacy left to London by George II's Queen Caroline. To make this long sheet of water, the marshy little Westbourne brook, which ran down to Hyde Park from the heights of Hampstead, and various springs in the park were diverted. The job took two hundred men and three years to complete. Like many husbands, George was tolerant of his wife's little schemes of doing over the property, especially since, like many wives, she gave him to understand that she was paying for the new lake out of her own pin money. After Caroline succumbed to her unwise early-morning constitutional, it was said that Sir Robert Walpole, then Prime Minister, had financed her secretly with funds—twenty thousand pounds, at least—from the Treasury, which may have altered the King's view of the project. She is believed to have been responsible for the Serpentine's name—a misnomer, one might think, since it has a single, gentle curve, until one remembers that all ornamental waters of the period and earlier, including Charles II's canal in St. James's Park, looked as though they had been designed by a neat child using his pencil-box ruler. Groves and streams were geometrically severe; beauty had to rest on a solid statement that could be followed all the way to its logical conclusion of a well-placed statue or a little temple. To eyes trained on such chaste classicism, the new pleasure lake must have wiggled like a real water snake. Londoners flocked to see it, and the Royal Family embarked on two yachts and tacked proudly up and down it. Over the years, Queen Caroline's Serpentine gave a bit of constructional trouble. In 1737, following a violent thunderstorm with an accompanying tropical cloudburst, it overflowed its banks, rushed down the slope of the park into Knightsbridge, flooded houses, and drowned the horses of a hackney coach. During the next century, London grew at such a rate that the little Westbourne stream became noisome with sewage from the houses crowded around it. As late as 1850, wrote R. H. Mottram, a stroll along the Serpentine sometimes ended in "sudden fever, collapse, and

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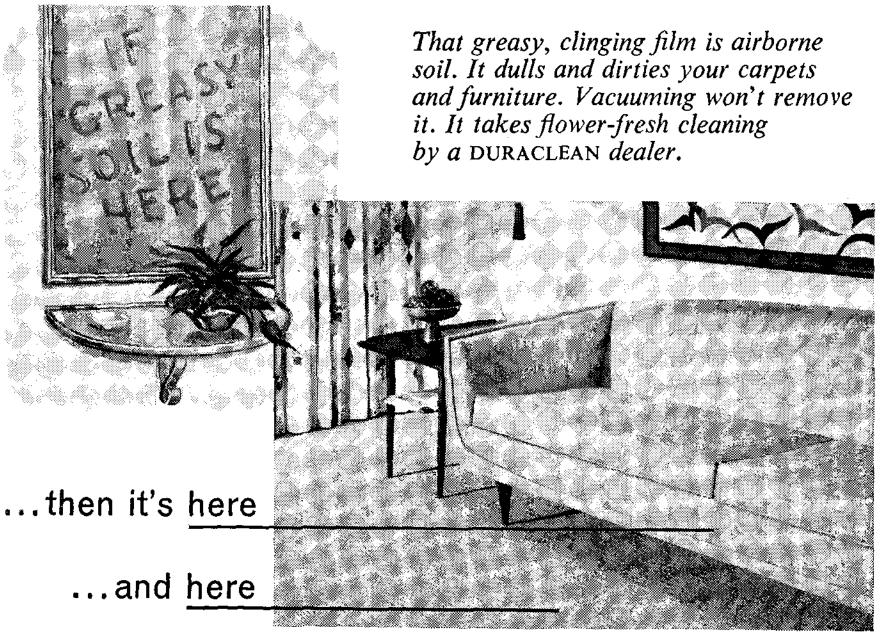
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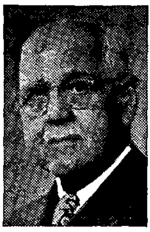

Tale of the Capricious Clock

by
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Alben Barkley used to tell about the clock his father borrowed from a neighbor.

"He kept Mr. Dunn's clock a week," Mr. Barkley related, "but could never tell the time of day or night.

"'I should have told you about that clock before I let you have it,' the neighbor explained. 'When the hand points to eight and she strikes twice, that means it's half-past three!'"

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death!" The Westbourne was piped off into the Thames, thereby no doubt adding to what Dickens described as the "head-and-stomach distending nature" of Thames odors; in the eighteen-sixties a horrible fifteen-foot layer of stinking mud was removed from the bottom of the Serpentine, and the Chelsea Waterworks took over the job of pumping in supplies. In places, the water is very deep, and soon after the Serpentine was completed it became a notoriously popular spot for the disposing of illegitimate babies. Poor Harriet Westbrook, Shelley's first wife, came here in 1816 and threw her beautiful and unhappy self into the water. Perhaps Princess Lieven, writing to Prince Metternich in the middle of a London heat wave a few years later, remembered Mrs. Shelley when she complained that Kensington Gardens was the only place where one could breathe in comfort, but that unfortunately it had become impossibly middle-class. "Good society no longer goes there," wrote the Princess, "except to drown itself."

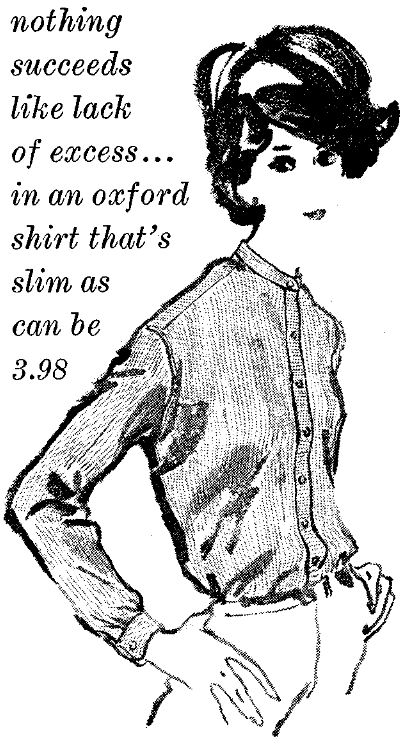
The view from the bridge at any time of the year has the charm of an eighteenth-century aquatint. In summer, the water edged with willows, the little wedges of ducks bobbing in the green shadows, the boats, the great trees, and the people strolling along the banks all seem to float in a cool, flat wash of color. At the Kensington end, a church steeple rises above the trees, and though it has been joined in recent years by a modern office block of the kind that Max Beerbohm, paying one of his disenchanted visits from Italy to an unfamiliar metropolis, described as "improper workhouses," the landscape is still one of the loveliest in London. It is also a good place from which to get a bird's-eye view of the four parks. Looking down the Serpentine toward Westminster, the eye follows the greenery to the distant towers of the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament, hazily romanticized, as though they were pinnacles of Camelot, and the imagination can skim the whole length of the long green oasis and come down, like a bird, on the water of St. James's, where everything started.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

U.S. Army doctors say a good treatment for heat stroke is to inject two drugs—dipyrone and chlorpromazine—by vein. They not only reduce body temperature, but reduce the need for to swim, golf or bowl.—*Amherst (Nova Scotia) Daily News-News & Sentinel.*

Welcome news indeed.



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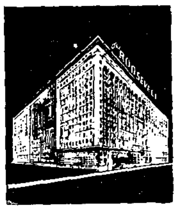

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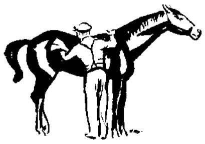

AFTER a struggle that I'm sure left everybody who watched it breathless with excitement, Jaipur beat Ridan in the Travers Stakes at Saratoga Springs last weekend. From beginning to end of the mile and a quarter, the two colts went stride for stride, lengths ahead of the five other three-year-olds, and they flashed past the finish line so close together that many people thought it was a dead heat. The margin, according to the chart, was a nose. Military Plume was third, Smart was fourth, Cyane fifth, Flying Johnnie sixth, and Cicada last, ten lengths down the course. Jaipur has been a favorite of mine ever since he won the Flash and the Hopeful Stakes at the Spa a year ago, but I can't help wishing that the Travers *had* ended in a dead heat. In my book, Ridan deserves as much praise as Jaipur, because it takes quite a horse to set a cracking pace for more than six furlongs and then hold on gamely for another two, as he did when Jaipur took over at the end of a mile, which they ticked off in 1:35⅗. The final time—2:01⅗—equalled the track record for the distance, set by Lucky Draw in 1946. From now on, nobody is going to say that Ridan can't go twelve furlongs with the best of them. Jaipur, of course, stands out above all the other three-year-olds. Apart from the fact that he has won six of his seven starts this year, among them the Choice Stakes, the Belmont, and the Withers, he has earned $360,937 in prize money—more than any other racer so far this season. No doubt George D. Widener, who owns him, will announce his plans for the colt soon. Hazarding a guess, I'd say that he might run for the Woodward Stakes at Aqueduct on September 29th and the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont Park on October 20th, both of them hundred-thousand-dollar races. Anyway, Jaipur is my candidate for Horse of the Year.

Cyane's performance was far below expectations. Although he had a bit of trouble getting into a good position, when he did he moved up so smoothly along the rails on the stretch turn that he looked a certainty to be in the picture; then he seemed to go all to pieces in the last furlong. Cicada's fadeout was no surprise. She'd had a hard go on a

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muddy track in the Alabama Stakes the previous Saturday (she ran third to Firm Policy and Lincoln Center), and had had too little time to recuperate. Besides, I have a notion that she's jaded from too much racing, for she swerved and slammed Military Plume and Cyane shortly after the start, and showed no willingness to run. It was the first time she had finished out of the money in—believe it or not—twenty-nine starts. Too bad; she's been such a lionhearted little filly.

THE victory of Firm Policy in the Alabama Stakes was anything but a bolt from the blue. She'd just won the Test Stakes, which is the traditional preliminary to the Alabama, and about a month ago she beat eight other three-year-old fillies in the Monmouth Oaks. A strapping, handsome daughter of Princequillo, Firm Policy won three of her six starts last year, and this season she has won five out of seven. In the Alabama, Cicada took the lead soon after the start, but Firm Policy gradually caught up with her, and after they straightened out in the stretch, Firm Policy drew away easily. The footing may not have been the muddiest of the meeting, but there was enough casual water on the track to float a new contraption the management is trying out for drying it—a sort of flat-bottomed boat with an airplane pusher propeller on it. Its sponsors say the wind machine will take care of the wettest track, and maybe it will. There's progress for you!

Speaking of boats, there has been a canoe on the lake in the infield for as far back as the oldest Saratogian can remember, and it was always painted blue. On Saturday, it was red, in honor of last season's Travers winner, Beau Prince, who carried the devil's-red Calumet colors. Well, thanks to Jaipur, the canoe is blue again, to match the Widener silks.

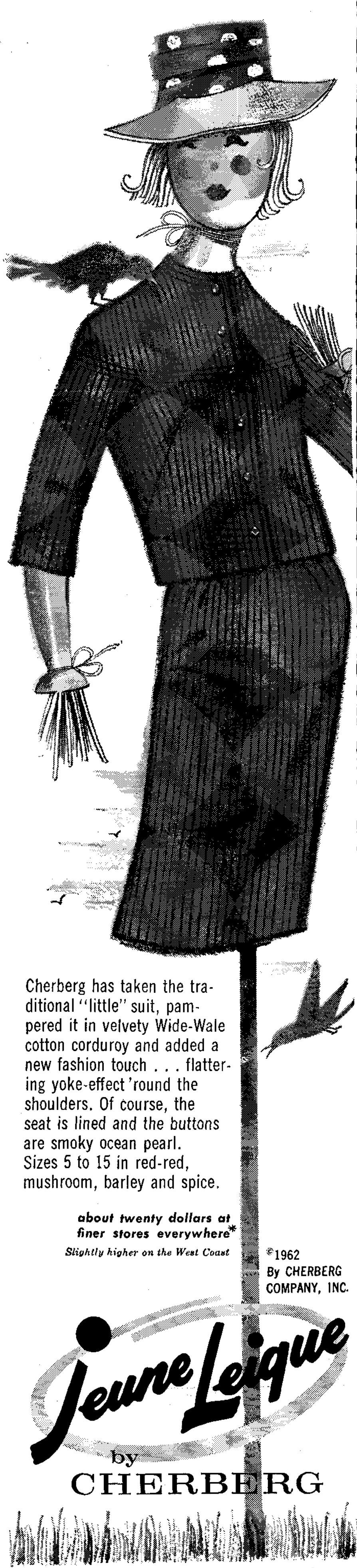
I regret to report that the Saratoga Special, which used to bring out the top two-year-olds and was worth going a long way to see, is beginning to show its age. Only six runners, none of them really first class, came out for the sixtieth renewal the other day, and the winner turned up in something named Mr. Cold Storage. Heard enough?

—AUDAX MINOR

•

The satellite is spinning round the world every 90 minutes, at an angle of 65 degrees from the equator. Its orbits is between 229 and 130 miles from the earth.—*London Observer.*

There it goes again!



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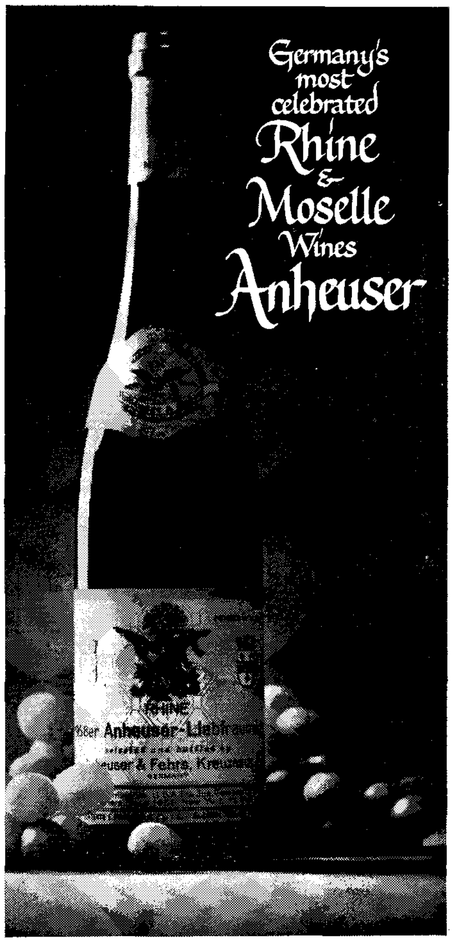

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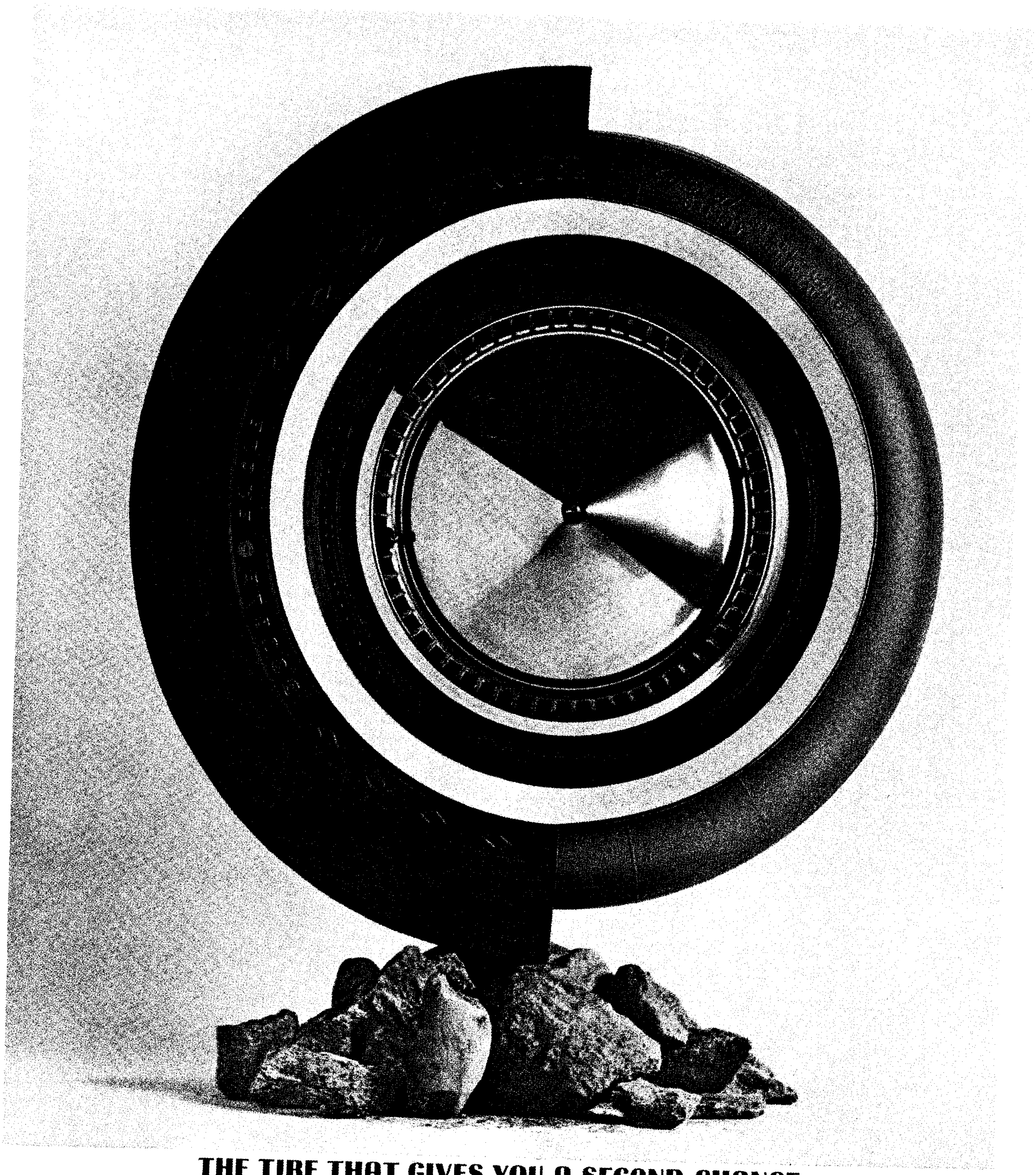

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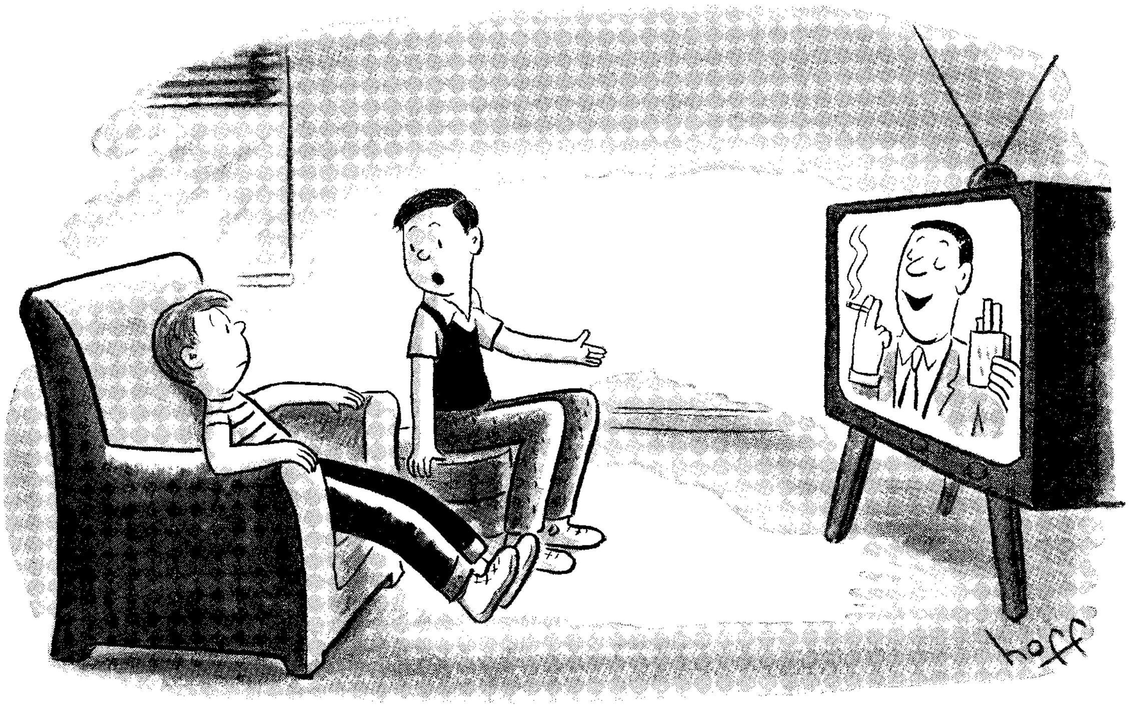
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

AUGUST 16

IN his address to the nation last Monday, the President said he was certain that his fellow-citizens would agree with him that there was no point in proposing "an emergency tax cut tonight [that] could not now be either justified or enacted." The formulation was an interesting and quite artful one. Plainly, no one would want the President to sponsor any measure that could not be "justified"—and this quite apart from the question of whether or not it could be "enacted." Nor would many people want him to spend much time and energy on a scheme that couldn't possibly be adopted—whether or not it was sound in principle. A feeling persists here, though, that the situation is by no means as simple as the President made it out to be. If it were that simple, he would not have found it necessary to make the speech. He has, after all, delivered these special reports to the nation on only three previous occasions, and on each of them he dealt with matters of grave and immediate urgency—with the chilling prospects that arose in his talks with Premier Khrushchev in Vienna, with the tension over Berlin last summer, and with the decision last winter to resume nuclear testing in the atmosphere. This week, he went before the nation to say that while economic conditions were far from satisfactory, no true crisis was at hand; that the trend of things was slightly upward; and that he didn't plan to ask Congress to do something that, in the first place, was not necessary and that, in the second place, Congress would not do. The element that seemed to be glossed over was the relationship between the economic case for a tax cut and the political difficulties of getting one. The common opinion here is that the President, with all his figures and charts and graphs, was not so much illuminating the economic side of the question as concealing its political side, which was the more important one. His speech—in part, at any rate—illustrated the well-known habit of politicians, and most other human beings, of finding arguments to justify the view that a goal shown to be unattainable really isn't very desirable.

In both the executive and legislative branches, the pros and cons of a tax cut have been debated for some months now. There has been widespread agreement in the administration and in Congress that a drastic reduction would be proper if the economy were in a headlong decline. Among the economists upon whom the President calls for advice—excluding some in the Treasury Department—the case for a tax cut rests not simply upon the imminence of a "recession" (though at least a few of them believe that the economy may be in serious trouble this winter) but upon what they feel is the need to improve the present rate of economic activity and to mount an attack on the problem of unemployment, which in recent years has persisted through good seasons and bad. The idea was to put somewhere between seven and ten billion unexpected dollars into the pockets of consumers and have them create a demand for certain durable goods that would lead manufacturers to take on extra hands. ("Ask not what your country can do for you," the President said in his Inaugural Address. "Ask what you can do for your country." The answer, as it was heard earlier this summer from the President's Council of Economic Advisers and from certain other consultants, was "Live it up. Get more take-home pay and buy more gadgets.") Some doubts were raised about this argument, even in the White House. There was uncertainty as to whether consumers would actually use the extra money on durable goods. And in view of the fact that the most serious unemployment was among unskilled and semiskilled workers, there was a question whether the increased demand would greatly relieve unemployment. But the consensus was that the proposal had enough merit to be worth trying—if, of course, the Congress would be willing to coöperate. Whether the President himself ever went along with this line of thought is not certain. But there are a number of reasons for supposing that he found it congenial. In his campaign, he spoke often of the need for stimulants to economic growth and movement. He has repeatedly said that he regards our unemployment rate—currently at 5.3 per cent—as scandalous. And in his speech this week, he said that in January of next year he would ask that a sizable "across-the-board, top-to-bottom" tax cut be made part of a general plan for tax reform. Since he said that he did not anticipate a recession at the start of 1963, it seems reasonable to assume that he accepts in principle most of the arguments advanced by the economists who favor a tax cut today, or as soon as one could be arranged. He himself advanced still a further justification, and one that is warmly endorsed by many of his



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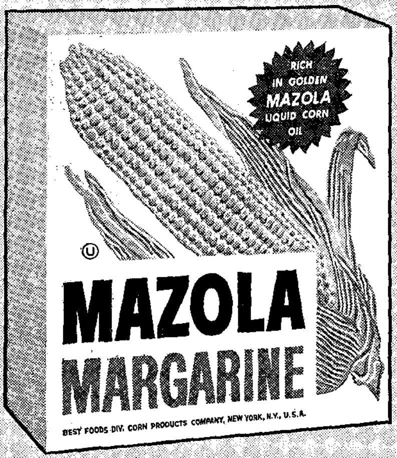
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critics—that our present tax rates are *oppressive to begin with*, and "weaken the very essence of the progress of a free society, the incentive of additional return for additional effort." It would appear to be only "now"—when a tax cut cannot be "enacted" anyway—that a reduction is not "justified."

Since the President does not expect any radical change in the economic situation, and since most people here do not expect any large change in the composition of the next Congress, the question arises as to what will make January, 1963, so different from August, 1962. The answer, of course, is that we are now less than three months away from an election but by January will be almost two years away from the next one. A Congressman who voted for a tax cut this summer could be accused this fall of having voted for an increased federal deficit, and thus of having helped to move this unfortunate republic closer to the brink of insolvency. It used to be axiomatic that an American politician could do himself nothing but good by voting for lower taxes, but this, evidently, is no longer true—or at least it is no longer believed to be true by some astute politicians. The White House reports that its mail is running two-to-one in favor of the decision announced by the President this week, and many Congressmen report that the soundings they have made at the grass roots reveal that the people, however burdened by taxation they may feel themselves to be, would sooner go on paying their heavy tributes to Caesar than feel themselves in any degree responsible for enlarging the national debt. At Yale a few months ago, the President tried to show that the idea of fiscal responsibility can be carried to excessive, and even damaging, lengths, and the Keynesians in the government and in the universities are constantly explaining that deficits can lead to all sorts of good things—that public indebtedness, like corporate and personal indebtedness, can result in increased wealth and a higher standard of living. It seems, though, that Americans in large numbers cherish the economic doctrines of the Eisenhower years, then more honored in the breach than in the observance, and think that allowing expenditures to exceed revenues in any twelve-month period is a crime against unborn generations. The public-opinion polls tend to be in conflict with one another on the matter. A few weeks ago, Dr. Gallup reported that seventy-two per cent of the people opposed a tax cut that would enlarge the govern-

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ment's deficit, but other surveys—including one made by Elmo Roper in the vintage Eisenhower year of 1958—have shown that the public approves of deficit spending in slack seasons; at a time when the Keynesians had been relegated to the classrooms, fifty-six per cent of the public, according to Roper, endorsed one of their central doctrines. The one safe conclusion is that Will Rogers would never recognize an America in which millions of voters and hundreds of Congressmen oppose a tax reduction. At all odds, many politicians believe that the people agree with them in their disapproval of a cut. And, from a President's point of view, public opinion must, in general, be defined as what Congress believes the people believe.

THE President said that "the right time" for Congress to pass a bill embodying tax reductions, together with tax reforms, would be January, 1963. He spoke as if he were confident that the Eighty-eighth Congress would see the wisdom of this and make it its first order of business. He said that "the leaders of both Houses" had assured him of their coöperation, and that, in addition, the Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, Representative Wilbur Mills, of Arkansas, had pledged himself to help in "steering such a bill through the legislative mill" with all deliberate speed. By "the leaders" he meant, of course, the Democratic floor managers in the House and Senate. Naturally, if the Republicans should capture the House in November, there would be a new Speaker and new Majority Leader. But this does not seem a very lively prospect at the moment. The coöperation of the present leaders will undoubtedly prove valuable, but these loyal and worthy men have been unable to put together majorities for most of the legislation that the President has requested. Representative Mills is a good man to have on one's side in Congress, but the President made no mention of the Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, Senator Byrd, of Virginia, who opposed both tax reform and tax reductions this year and is well known here as a man of uncommonly steady ways. There are, to be sure, plenty of people in Congress who regard consistency as a mean virtue, and who, though they oppose a tax cut now, are likely to be more sympathetic toward one that could be presented in the next session as part of a large scheme to reform the entire tax system and to produce—through more efficient collection

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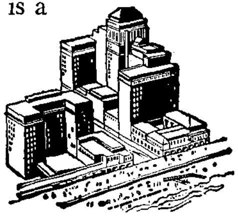

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methods and the elimination of inequities—revenues that might offset the losses caused by a cut. Moreover, the campaign this fall may be used by the President and other members of the administration to bring more people around to an appreciation of the approach to public financing that was outlined in his speech at Yale. It is difficult to believe, though, that his expectations are really as high as he made them out to be in his address last Monday. The administration may suffer a small net loss in the elections this fall, or it may make a small net gain (which could have a considerable effect on matters that reach the floor), but one thing certain is that most of the ranking members of the important House and Senate committees will be on hand next January. They are ranking members because they hold safe seats. Presidential lectures and opinion polls may divert them, but the security of their position enables them to withstand whatever currents of change and opinion they choose to withstand. Those of them, including Senator Byrd, who killed off this year's tax legislation early in the session, will surely attempt the same thing next year. If the President really is confident of his ability to prevail, the sources of his confidence are a mystery to most people here.

At a meeting last week with the Congressional leaders who have promised their coöperation next year, the President, then in the process of making up his mind about asking for a 1962 tax cut, listed ten measures whose adoption, he felt, could not wait for another Congress. This led the Minority Leader, Senator Dirksen, to say, "Is he kidding?" In the President's speech to the nation, the number was reduced to six. Newspaper correspondents who have canvassed Congressional opinion in the few days since the speech feel that only one of them has a really good chance of passage. This is the foreign-trade bill, which, to the surprise of a good many observers, passed the House with ease earlier in the session. Extensive hearings before the Senate Finance Committee have delayed its appearance on the Senate floor, where there are known to be more than enough votes to guarantee its passage in its present form. It will reach the Senate floor before adjournment, but it now seems probable that it will be subject to a good deal of committee tinkering. A compromise bill will be worked out between House and Senate leaders, but the administration, while it will have an acceptable law, will not be able

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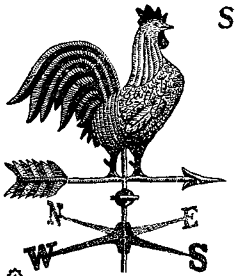

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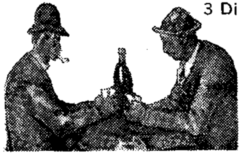

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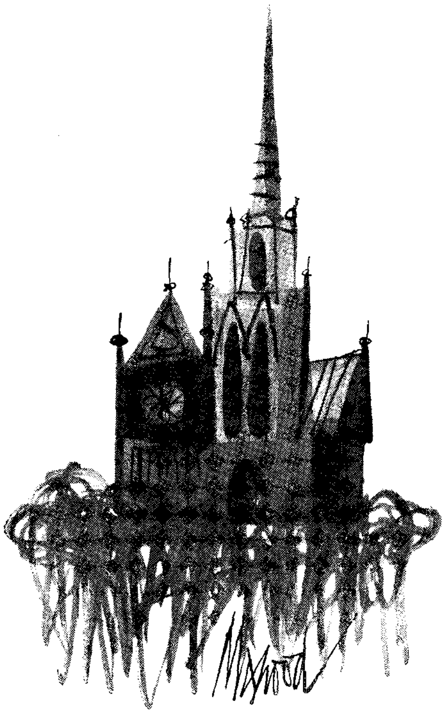
to claim even one solid legislative victory. The outlook for the other measures (aid to education, tax credits for industries undertaking extensive modernization, extended coverage for unemployment insurance, authorization for the President to set large public-works programs in motion at his discretion, and funds for the training of unskilled and unemployed young people) is said to range from dim to hopeless. One bit of legislation that was not on the President's list but that is certain to pass is the Communications Satellite Act. The Democratic leadership worked with skill and cunning to break the Democratic filibuster that threatened this proposal. In a period of crisis, it found the strength to put down a revolt of a half-dozen senators in its own ranks.

INTIMATES of the President are fond of pointing out that he is familiar with the ways of Congress, after fourteen years of service in it—a record unmatched by any of his twentieth-century predecessors—and the great amount of reading in Congressional history he undertook before writing "Profiles in Courage." He did not, they say, enter the White House unprepared for the possibility that the legislative branch might oppose just about everything the executive branch considered to be in the national interest, and he did not for a moment suppose that either his friendships on Capitol Hill or his knowledge of the patterns of behavior there would be of very much help in overcoming determined Congressional opposition. When, in his 1960 campaign, he at-



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tacked what he regarded as the complacency of the Eisenhower years and deplored the slow rates of economic, political, and intellectual development of that period, he was not naïve enough to think that his adversaries were alone responsible for everything that offended him; on the contrary, he felt that to a large degree they mirrored the age, that it was his age, too, and that his impact on it might—if he were easily discouraged—be discouragingly slight. He felt this all the more when he saw by how few votes he had won, and when he learned that his opponents had actually gained seats in the Congress. According to his staff, he has taken his difficulties with Congress far more philosophically than the other members of his administration; although these men are too sophisticated to spend much time damning the political weather, they are given to wondering just how far civic virtue and their loyalty to the President require them to go in braving—and, more often than not, yielding to—hostile elements. In a sense, of course, it is inevitable that the leader of a movement should take defeat—even repeated and almost steady defeat—more calmly than his subordinates. He gets what credit there is for the college try. He lives with the knowledge that he may be gloriously vindicated by another generation. If it had not been for a single vote (cast by a man accredited to the American pantheon by Mr. Kennedy himself), Andrew Johnson would have been chucked out of office, but today he is regarded as one of the more estimable Presidents. When this country joined the United Nations, Woodrow Wilson, a quarter of a century dead, got a greater share of the praise than Franklin Roosevelt or Harry Truman. Moreover, Congress, while it can cramp a President's style, cannot suppress it. There are things that a President can do without the advice and consent of either house. Mr. Kennedy, ably assisted by his Secretary of Defense, has been remaking American strategy and the military establishment. In his public pronouncements and in his meetings with other heads of government, he has given American diplomacy a new tone. He has put the prestige of his office behind a number of designs—a closer economic and political association with Western Europe, the Alliance for Progress, and a number of plans for general disarmament—that may be carried forward with bricks and mortar after he has finished his tour of duty here.

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somewhat embarrassing to the President's associates and is now used, when it is used at all, with inflections of irony—approximates dejection. This is, by and large, truer among his advisers on policy matters than among his advisers on political problems, for his own political standing continues to be high—outside of Congress—and he may improve it somewhat this fall. Still, among those who came here hoping for high adventure in public service the disappointments seem far weightier than the satisfactions. It is not only Congress that has blocked their boldest projects; the executive agencies have frustrated many administrative plans with an ingenuity and stubbornness that more than a few Congressmen must admire. Secretary McNamara has enjoyed considerable success in the Pentagon, whose bureaucracy is supposedly more difficult to manage than any other department's, but the State Department and most other agencies that are theoretically the President's to command have proved to be as difficult to reorganize as the Democratic majorities in the House and Senate. Congressional opposition to a lowering of taxes this year was undoubtedly the largest factor in the administration's decision not to ask for a cut, but Congressional opposition might have been somewhat less if the Treasury Department had been in sympathy with most of the President's own advisers, and if it had not feared that a cut would lessen the chances of some of its own pet projects for tax reform. The establishment of diplomatic relations with the military junta in Peru may be taken as a triumph of the State Department over Latin-American experts in the Alliance for Progress and elsewhere—and over, it is said, the President's own instincts.

Not long ago, one New Frontiersman said that he thought it wrong to suppose that the powers of the United States government are always divided among the three branches. When the White House is occupied by a President who is bent on change and reform, there are four branches, he said, since the executive branch divides into the Presidency and the executive departments and agencies, with the latter ranged as solidly against what the press calls "the administration" as ever the Congress is. There have, of course, been active Presidents who have, in time, established control over their own branch of government (sometimes, as in Franklin Roosevelt's case, by simply setting up parallel bureaucracies staffed with their own people), and Mr. Kennedy, a man prepared for a good deal of disappointment, may in time find a way of being the kind of President he wishes to be. No one, however, expects this to happen very soon. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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SEA BURIAL FROM THE CRUISER "REVE"

She is now water and air,
Who was earth and fire.

"Reve" we throttled down
Between Blake's Point and Western Isle,

Then, oh, then, at the last hour,
The first hour of her new inheritance,

We strewed her ashes over the waters,
We gave her the bright sinking

Of unimaginable aftermaths,
We followed her dispersed spirit

As children with a careless flick of wrist
Cast on the surface of the sea

New-cut flowers. Deeper down,
In the heavy blue of the water,

Slowly the white mass of her reduced bones
Waved, as a flag, from the enclosing depths.

She is now water and air,
Who was earth and fire.

—RICHARD EBERHART

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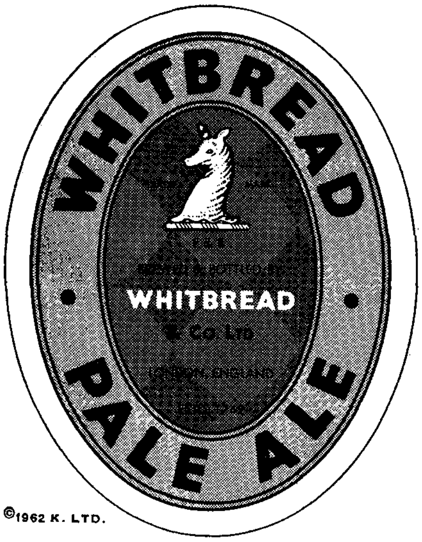
To our American friends
who discovered in London
the inimitable character
of our pleasant pale ale—
WHITBREAD
is now available in America
—at many fine hotels,
restaurants, and grocers. This
week-end treat yourself
and your friends to this
very special ale

from London



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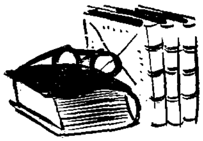
BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DIAMOND, by Brian Glanville (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). This big, restful novel centers on the marriage of Jack Diamond, a Jewish doctor from Ireland, whose family is well-to-do, and Dolly Ruben, the daughter of poor Polish Jews. The scene is London, and the story begins in the nineteen-twenties and ends in the present. To say that the novel is restful does not mean that it is happy. What it is is an everyday book filled with everyday people. Mr. Glanville has many characters here, but no one is dominant. All of them are without surprises, although they are capable of being surprised, and they soon grow so familiar that we believe we know what is to happen next, but we continue to read contentedly on, because the writer's enthusiasm shows in his work, brightening it and making the details of these ordinary lives interesting, and even engaging.



MISTER MARGOLIES, by James Yaffe (Random House). Mr. Yaffe writes about a poor relation whose chief crime is that he imagines himself to be a charming and decorative fellow who is an asset to his family and to the family shoe business, where he has the title of Public Relations Vice-President. His name is Stanley Margolies, and he is a bachelor of fifty-five. He once hoped to be a concert pianist, but he has spent most of his life working for his brother-in-law—or, as many would say, being supported by his brother-in-law. This is the story of Stanley's downfall, and also of his triumph. It is a simple story, extremely well told and well worth reading. If Mr. Yaffe has a fault, it is that he hurries a little too much, so that some parts of his work have a hard black-and-white, or melodramatic, effect. The scene is New York—*unmistakably* New York.

GENERAL

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!, by P. G. Wodehouse (Simon & Schuster). A collection of delightful letters about the practical problems of writing which Mr. Wodehouse wrote to a former schoolmate and fellow-writer, William Townend, during the years 1920 to 1961. They contain a mixture of gossip, advice, commiseration, and complaint; they lament self-willed characters and recalcitrant plots (Wodehouse's and Townend's); and they lower the boom on capricious editors and fickle publics (ditto and ditto). Wodehouse, by the way, must hold the diligence record among writers—one job done, the next begun, and so it goes down the decades. Apparently, he just likes to write, and even writing letters he's a marvel; no matter how serious he is (and he's very serious about his work), he can't help being funny.

IN-LAWS AND OUTLAWS, by C. Northcote Parkinson (Houghton Mifflin). Another mock-serious examination of the world of business administration by the promulgator of the office law that work increases with the size of the managerial staff. It embodies still another law: "Expansion means complexity and complexity, decay," and this, whatever its value as an industrial maxim, illuminates the trouble with the book. The material that Mr. Parkinson has chosen to deal with (how to climb the company ladder) is so familiar that he is forced to expand his humor so wildly and knot his wit so deviously that what was intended as a meaningful caricature crumbles into the merely silly and farfetched. Drawings by Robert C. Osborn.

WRITING, by David Diringer (Praeger). An unusual volume in the fine Ancient Peoples and Places series, since it deals not with one culture but with a common feature of many cultures. Dr. Diringer writes of the nature and history of written communication, from the most primitive mnemonics to our alphabet, which he regards as an incomparably efficient tool and hopes to see adopted by China and Japan. He is never so caught up in his science that he fails to notice the beauty of a Hittite hieroglyph or an Arabic calligraph, and, in general, his book is a triumph of humane popularization. Extensively illustrated.

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With a camera flash gun he went outside and saw "a huge money-like animal covered with long hair all over its body."
—*The Times.*

Fur-bearing and interest-bearing.

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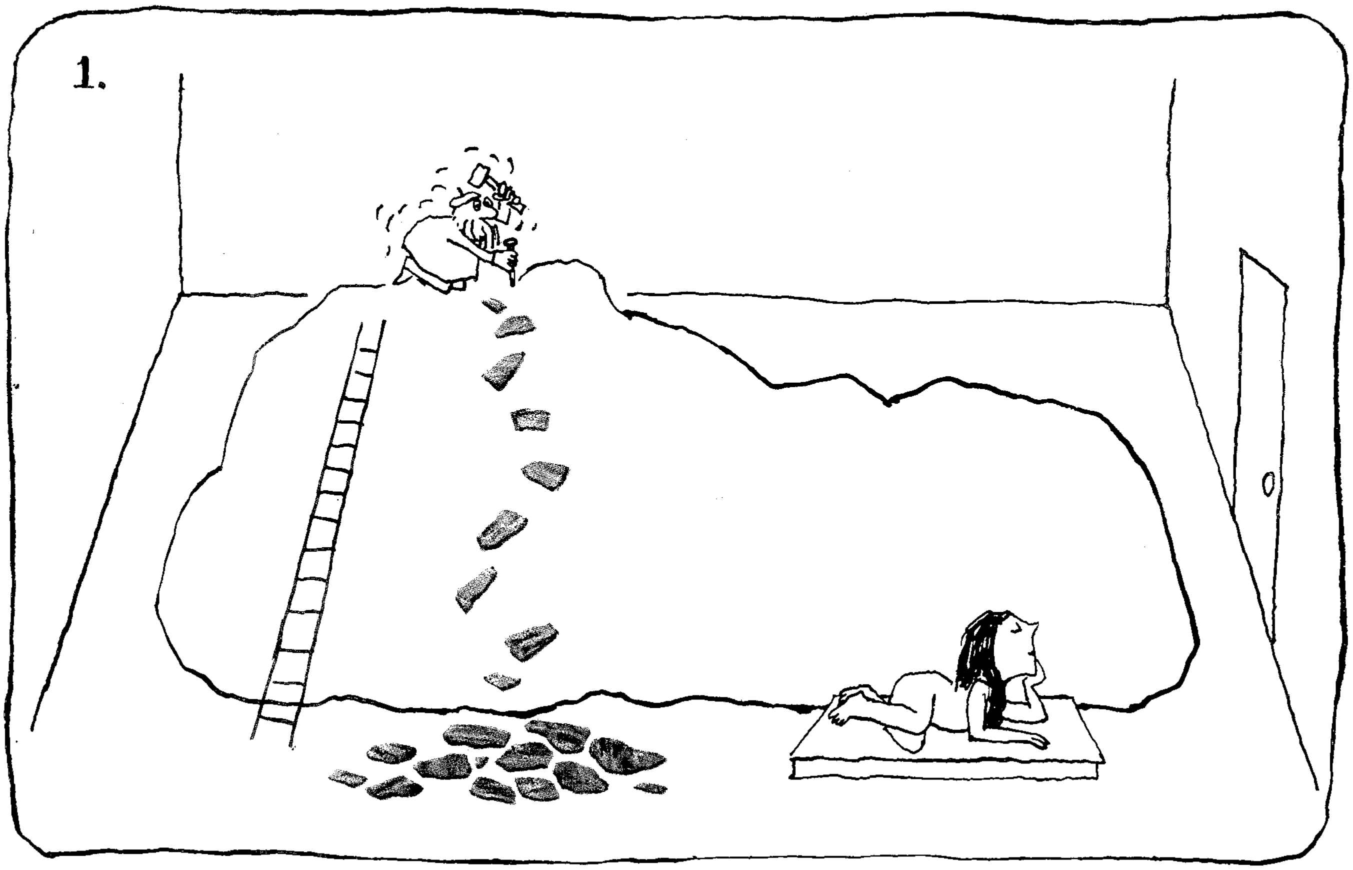

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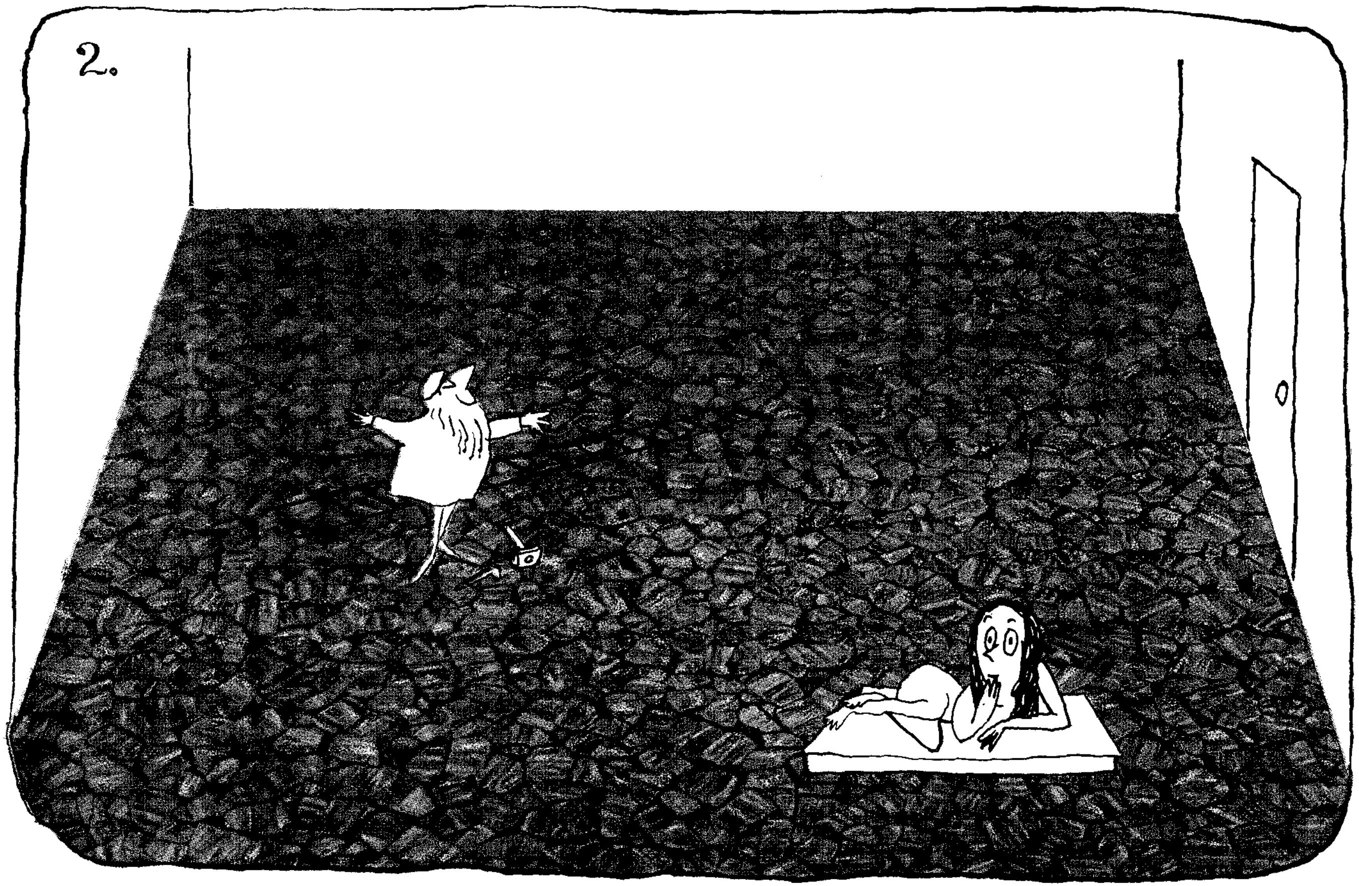

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